

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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A Poem

By Robert Bridges

IN still midsummer night
When the moon is late
And the stars all watery and white
For her coming wait,

A spirit, whose eyes are possest
By wonder new,
Passeth—her arms upon her breast
Enwrapt from the dew

In a raiment of azure fold
With diaper
Of flower'd embroidery of gold
Bestarr'd with silver.

The daisy folk are awake
Their carpet to spread,
And the thron'd stars gazing on her make
Fresh crowns for her head,

Netted in her floating hair
As she drifteth free
Between the starriness of the air
And the starry lea,

From the silent-shadow'd vale
By the west wind drawn
Aloft to melt into the pale
Moonrise of dawn.

The Ballad of Iskander*

By James Elroy Flecker

SULTAN Iskander sat him down
On his golden throne, in his golden crown,
And shouted, "Wine, and flute girls three,
And the Captain ho ! of my ships at sea."

He drank his bowl of wine ; he kept
Those flute girls dancing till they wept,
Praised and kissed their painted lips
And turned to the Captain of All his Ships,

And cried, "O Lord of my Ships that go
From the Persian Gulf to the Pits of Snow
Inquire for men unknown to man !"
Said Sultan Iskander of Yoonistan.

"Daroosh is dead and I am King
Of Everywhere and Everything,
Yet still beyond the seas for sure
The Lion-hearted dream of war.

"Admiral, I command you, sail !
Take you a ship of silver mail,
And fifty sailors, young and bold,
And stack provision deep in the hold,

"And seek out twenty men that know
All babel tongues which flaunt and flow,
And stay ! Impress those learned two,
Old Aflatun, and Aristu.

* Aflatun and Aristu and King Iskander
Are Plato, Aristotle, Alexander.

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"And set your prow south-western ways
A thousand bright and dimpling days,
And find me lion-hearted Lords
With breasts to feed Our rusting swords."

The Captain of the Ships bowed low :
"Sir," he replied, "I will do so."
And down he rode to the harbour mouth
To choose a boat to carry him south.

And he launched a Ship of silver mail
With fifty lads to hoist the sail,
And twenty Wise—all tongues they knew—
And Aflatun and Aristu.

There had not dawned the second day
But the gleaming Galleon sailed away,
And through the night like one great bell
The marshalled Armies sang farewell.

In twenty days the Silver Ship
Has passed the isle of Serendip,
And made the flat Araunian coasts
Inhabited, at noon, by Ghosts.

In thirty days the ship was far
Beyond the land of Calcobar,
Where men drink dead men's blood for wine,
And dye their beards alizarine.

But on the hundredth day there came
Storm, with his windy wings aflame,
And drave them out to that lone sea
That flows around Eternity.

* * * * *

For seven years and seven years
Sailed those forgotten mariners,
Nor could they spy on either hand
The faintest level of good brown land.

Bird or fish they saw not one,
There swam no ship beside their own,
And day-night long the lilled Deep
Lay round them, with its flowers asleep.

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The beams began to warp and crack,
The silver plates turned filthy black,
And drooping down on the carven rails
Hung those once lovely silken sails.

And all the great ship's Crew who were
Such noble lads to do and dare
Grew old and tired of the changeless sky
And laid them down on the deck to die.

And they who spake all tongues there be
Made antics with solemnity,
Or closely huddled each to each
Talked ribald in a foreign speech.

And Aflatun and Aristu
Let their beards grow, and their beards grew
Round and about the mainmast tree
Where they stood still and watched the sea.

And day by day their Captain grey
Knelt on the rotting poop to pray,
And yet, despite ten thousand prayers
They saw no ship that was not theirs.

* * * * *

When thrice the seven years had passed
They saw a Ship, a Ship at last !
Untarnished glowed its silver mail,
Windless bellied its silken sail.

With a shout the grizzled Sailors rose,
Cursing the years of sick repose,
And they who spake in tongues unknown
Gladly reverted to their own.

The Captain leapt and left his prayers,
And hastened down the dust-dark stairs
And taking to hand a brazen Whip
He woke to life the long-dead ship.

But Aflatun and Aristu
Who had no work that they could do
Gazed at the stranger Ship and Sea
With their beards around the mainmast tree.

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Nearer and nearer the new boat came
Till the hands cried out on the old ship's shame :
" Silken sail to a silver Boat,
We too shone when we first set float."

Swifter and swifter the bright boat sped,
But the Hands spake thin like men long dead :
" How striking like that boat were we
In the days sweet days when we put to sea."

The ship all black and the ship all white
Met, like the meeting of day and night,
Met, and there lay, serene dark green
A twilight yard of the sea between.

And the twenty masters of foreign speech
Of every tongue they knew tried each ;
Smiling, the silver Captain heard
But shook his head and said no word.

Then Aflatun and Aristu
Addressed the silver Lord anew,
Speaking their language of Yoonistan
Like countrymen to a country man.

And " whence," they cried, " O sons of Pride,
Sail you the dark eternal tide ?
Lie your halls to the South or North,
And who is the King that sent you forth ? "

" We live," replied that Lord with a smile,
" A mile beyond the millionth mile.
We know not South and we know not North,
And Sultan Iskander sent us forth."

Said Aristu to Aflatun :
" Surely our King despondent soon
Has sent this second ship to find
Unconquered tracts of human kind."

But Aflatun turned round on him
Laughing a bitter laugh and grim.
" Alas," he said, " O Aristu,
A white weak thin old Fool are you.

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“ And does yon silver ship appear
As she had journeyed twenty year ?
And has that silver Captain's face
A mortal, or Immortal grace ?

“ Theirs is the land (as well I know)
Where live the Shapes of Things Below :
Theirs is the country where they keep
The Images men see in sleep.

“ Theirs is the land beyond the Door
And theirs the old ideal shore.
They steer our ship : behold our Crew
Ideal, and our Captain too.

“ And lo beside that mainmast tree
Two tall and shining Forms I see,
And they are what we ought to be,
Yet we are they, and they are we.”

He spake, and some young Zephyr stirred :
The two ships touched : no sound was heard ;
The Black Ship crumbled into air.
Only the Phantom Ship was there.

And a great cry rang round the sky
Of glorious Singers sweeping by,
And calm and fair on waves that shone
The Silver Ship sailed on and on.

The Dead Dryad

By Wilfrid Thorley

DID she murmur here where the crisp leaves patter
And pray for dawn with the world yet dark ?
Did she taunt with laughter the loveless satyr
Whose face was grey as the shrivelled bark ?
Did she pause, and muse, and forget to hark
The slow sure tread of his stealthy feet,
Till the dry branch snapped and her wild limbs trembled,
And fled thorn-rent from his vengeful heat ?

Did her laughter chime in the dew-fed lilies,
And thrill with music their roots asleep ?
Did her shy eyes glance as a wild fleet filly's
That threads her way on the forest steep,
Through filéd pines where the ivies creep ?
Was her torn thigh cleansed on the pool's clear brim ?
O ! happy waves that her live warm splendour
Shone bright on you as she dipt her limb.

For the flood of her golden hair that ripples
The marble chill of her shoulders bare
And the smooth numb breast and the bloomless nipples
And shriné sweets that no man may share,
Are crownless now ; and the grey eyes stare,
But not with the glory of dawn enrapt ;
The weary limbs that were spent and wounded
The waves of Lethe have cleansed and lapped.

I will cull thin leaves of the slim wood-sorrel
Still sweet with the press of her pale limbs coiled,
And frailer-stemmed than the sombre laurel,
For death has chilled her but not despoiled ;
And drop her down, ere the winds have soiled
Her brow with dust, in the waters cool ;
And I shall see, in the morning's dawning,
Her eyes shine out from the liliated pool.

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I shall wander in pray'r aloof and lonely
To seek her spirit that is not dead,
Her voice that thrills not with sorrow only
For fadeless coronals round her head.
Unseen she travels with noiseless tread ;
Her silk locks trail on the wind afloat ;
She draws the air through her sweet wide nostrils
And swells the chords of her supple throat.

I have waited and watched her at dawn re-issue
From her ivy bower in some wide-boled tree
Rain-chiselled smooth as her body's tissue,
Green-veiled in leafage from nape to knee.
And, swayed to a lowly melody,
The boughs moved soft in the cradling wind,
As she plucked their fruit and the wild birds gathered
To glut their fill on the shredded rind.

She would heal all drought, and the thirsting panthers
Grew moist with a subtle anodyne
Distilled from the honeyed purple anthers
Of poppies limp on the dewless green ;
Till they slept and forgot how, with limbs grown lean,
The shy fawns followed the antlered steers
In the endless sun, and beyond the mountains
The snow lay chill on the frosted meres.

Now must they pine and the lilies wither
Scum-fed and girdled with many weeds,
And never the sound of her voice float hither
With whispers low in the plume-tipped reeds ;
Frayed hinds a-limp on the arid meads
Lament her loudly ; and now the mare,
In her broad womb feeling the unborn filly,
Shall neigh in vain for her soothing care.

Her care that failed not the barbed thistle,
With light breath freeing its filmy rounds ;
Or warned the herds with a mellow whistle
Were Dian leashing her eager hounds
For frolic hunt on the forest bounds.
The fleet hares knew her ; and things of sloth
Were thrilled anew with the sacred ardour
And mirth of her wild love never loth.

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And all shy creatures that fear espial
For her would loiter, for her would fly
To scare dull hours from the dreamy dial,
Were sleep withheld from her weary eye ;
For her nightlong would the squirrel pry,
(Not witless, he, of the good she wrought)
To sleek his fur where he found her smiling,
Athrob to some freak of her slumbrous thought.

She will train no more on the slender trellis
The vine to cling nor the rose to climb,
The red-lipped rosebuds whose holy smell is
As kisses crushed on the mouth of Time
To ransom Beauty. Her sin sublime
Was tameless love of the world she filled,
With lips alert for life's brimming chalice
Or taut with grief for the wine she spilled.

She will fly no more from the rampant legions
Of centaurs ranked, nor the lewd faun's lure ;
Nor her soft mouth pant in the pathless regions
Where life is safe and where love is sure ;
Nor twine the reed with her fingers pure ;
Nor draw warm milk from the wild goat's teat.
And happy I, were my fate to follow
And lay my head on her dear dead feet !

What is the Dual Alliance?

By Diplomatist

THE impaired worth of the dual alliance and the impending collapse of the European State system form the burden of a message to the French nation which I would fain deliver through the English. For reaching its destination thus circuitously, it will command a more favourable hearing than if communicated direct. My main object is to induce the French Government, and all whom it may concern, to face the new situation boldly and to readjust themselves to its conditions. The means I dispose of for the purpose are the fresh data I adduce and the new light which they shed on the nature of our alliance with Russia.

First let us look at the problem with the eye of the man of business. The Tsar and the Kaiser met at Potsdam last November for the purpose of limning the outlines of a political programme which would allow them to work together without friction and to pursue their aims without fear of disturbance from any side. It lay well within their power to achieve this object, because in the field of foreign politics each monarch is absolute, the Kaiser speaking and acting for Germany, and the Tsar for Russia ; and also because once Russia goes hand in hand with Austria-Germany to forswear war, there is no group of States left in Europe which is strong enough to provoke it. The scheme therefore was feasible: if they had but the will, there was a way. Wilhelm II. and Nicholas II. accordingly drew a sponge over past jars and vowed mutual friendship for the future: Russia is never to join with any State or group of States which harbours ill feelings towards Germany, and Germany will turn away from anti-Russian combinations. That is the new covenant. It was immediately applied to concrete politics, Russia opening the Middle Eastern door to Germany, undertaking to connect the future system of Russian railways in Iran with the Baghdad line at Khanikin, and expressly recognising Germany's commercial interests in the Shah's domains. That, in brief, is the Potsdam incident which has set the world talking.

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What is the political effect, actual and potential, of the monarchs' colloquy? Diplomatsists exhort us to hail it with gladness because it strengthens incalculably the foundations of peace, and they add, inconsistently enough, that it also invigorates the Franco-Russian alliance, making it a more efficient weapon against Germany. To the lay mind these two propositions seem to exclude each other, Russia having forsworn all combinations against Germany. Of her sincerity and loyalty no one harbours a doubt. Therefore the Dual Alliance, in so far as it was a partnership against Germany, is virtually dissolved by the Potsdam agreement. The matter is one to be judged with eyes which believe themselves rather than with ears which believe other people.

Before the potentates met at Potsdam there were two international firms in Europe which kept the political scales more or less evenly balanced, the Triple and the Dual Alliance. In consequence of this solidarity between her prospective adversaries Germany had to act on the assumption that France and Russia were bound to stand by each other in any and every contest with herself, however it might come about. For if it were otherwise, if Russia's obligation to espouse France's quarrel were to become operative only when Germany and not France was the aggressor, it would follow that Russia was prepared under some circumstances to see her ally thoroughly worsted—in circumstances that might be artificially contrived by France's adversary. And it would further follow that Russia had no such permanent interest in a strong France, as Germany has, and proclaims that she has, in a powerful Austria. In a word our ally would have no adequate motive to come to our assistance at all. To this *reductio ad absurdum* the only alternative theory was that France and Russia were allies in the same broad sense in which Germany and Austria are allies, in the sense that moves Austria to say *Germani nihil a me alienum puto*. And to this assumption the colour of truth was imparted by the unanimity of France and Russia, which England's adhesion strengthened—during the Balkan crisis.

That was Germany's position down to November last: exposure to attack on the east and west frontiers. In November the two Emperors put their heads together and changed it. They neutralised the Dual Alliance and *ipso facto* dissolved the Triple *Entente*, by decreeing that Germany shall henceforth be immune from attack on the east: which necessarily implies immunity from attack on the west. For Russia, by binding herself over to keep the peace towards Germany, mechanically

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compels France to do likewise, inasmuch as the Republic single-handed is no match for her Teutonic adversary. And this master-stroke, which converts one enemy into an active friend, strikes the other with paralysis, and leaves Germany free to grow and thrive at the expense of small European States, has changed nothing.

It seems fair to affirm that the Potsdam conversation marks the watershed of two political epochs. Since last November the fertilising waters of the Tsardom have begun to flow eastwards in lieu of westwards, and their European beds are fast drying up.

Now it requires no subtlety of psychological analysis to discern that what we shrank and still shrink from was not war in itself. French soldiers in the field and on the march give at least as good an account of themselves as Germans. What alone we dreaded was the consequences of a defeat inflicted by numerical superiority. And now the outcome of Russia's flitting is to confront us with those very consequences. If Austria-Germany waxes so mighty that we and our available allies are unable to cope with her, we had better throw up the sponge without more ado and appeal to her ruth. And these are the straits into which the Potsdam covenant is thrusting us. Russia, by withdrawing from all alliances pointed against Germany, by embracing pacificism and fostering friendship for her whilom adversary, has deprived France of the means of checking Germany's encroachments. It was the Kaiser's alarming programme of political expansion that first moved France and Russia to combine to thwart it, if necessary at the risk of war. That was the origin of the Dual Alliance. Last November the end of it was reached when Russia promised implicitly not to make that programme a *casus belli*, and to cherish friendship for Germany while it is being carried out. Yet diplomatists hope to hearten us with the announcement that the alliance is still intact!

To argue that the Tsar's Government is incapable of playing us false, is an unfair way of stating the issue. It takes for granted that if misgivings as to Russia's good faith be shown to be unfounded, fears for the objects of the Dual Alliance must be equally groundless. Now the plain truth is that Russia can fulfil all her treaty obligations towards us without swerving from her newborn friendship for Germany by a single hair's breadth. Or will any of the few persons initiated into the mystery of the Dual Alliance maintain the contrary proposition? It is untenable. What might be advanced with some show of

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reason is that affection for Germany would not keep Russia from taking the field against her, if the occasion seemed to warrant such resistance. But it is precisely that *if* which the Potsdam bond of brotherhood has eliminated. Optimists who cling to their hope should look around for some worthy task in Europe—some aim to be pursued, some wrong to be redressed—the attainment of which would, in Russia's eyes, outweigh Germany's goodwill in Europe and her partnership in the Middle East. Is there such an aim?

A little reflection will convince us that if Slav interests are not powerful enough to nerve Russia's arm, no aspect of European affairs or interests is sufficiently powerful. And recent events have borne in upon us the significant fact that no Slav strivings, no Slav grievances can tempt Russia to take the field against an adversary who is more formidable than Japan. Thus Russia recently stood inactive while the Southern Slav race, like Andromeda bound to the rock, was being seized by the monster. Since then the fate of Serbs and Montenegrins, of Bosnians and Croats, has been sealed. And one and all they have lost their faith in the elder brother of the North—Czechs, Croats, Bosnians, Serbs, Montenegrins. Ferdinand the wily is going further. He has asked the Great Sobranie, which will shortly come together, to confer upon him power to conclude secret treaties. Russia, who warned him off the warpath a year ago, admonishing him that peace must be his watchword for many years to come, does not need to be told with what Power Ferdinand, the ex-Hungarian officer, contemplates an alliance. Dutch and Belgians, Danes and Norwegians, are Hecuba to her now. Of this painful renunciation the agreement with Germany is the practical corollary.

Underlying every political alliance of worth there is a policy. At the basis of the Dual Alliance there is none. And therein lurks its fatal weakness. The cement that holds Germany and Austria-Hungary together is visible and palpable to all. It was made up of many ingredients. But there was only one common ground on which the non-German State could take their stand and combine their forces: the preservation of the balance of power and the prohibition of hegemony, in other words, the maintenance of the *status quo*, which favours at once national well-being and the peace of Europe. Unhappily the conception is too abstract for democratic peoples bent on making money or hoarding it. Placed between the alternatives of the heavy sacrifices demanded for the preservation of Europe's present State-system and the enjoyment of the fruits of peace, France,

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England, and Russia displayed a decided leaning towards the latter. The Tsar has now definitely chosen it.

The old framework of Europe is mouldering and ready to fall to pieces. Germany has honeycombed it, as the destructive piddock 180 years ago bored and broke up the piles of the dyke that kept out the sea from Holland. The Franco-Russian Alliance, narrow though its aim seemed at the time to many of our countrymen, was at bottom an instrument for checking the ravages of the Teutonic piddocks. But thanks to Russia's plight they can now resume their work without hindrance or let.

The fact is that Russia has never been much of a stickler for the balance of power. It is a conception for which she has no sense. She ought not to be blamed therefore for making light of it. From the day on which Alexander III.—who was a jealous champion of Europeanism—concluded the alliance with France until to-day, she has always gravitated towards Asia. Her only ties in Europe were the Balkan Peninsula and the Slavs. And now that they have been severed, Russia is drawn towards the east irresistibly. If during the ten years that preceded the war instead of laying up stores there that either rust or else accumulate for the enemy, she had used her money and her soldiers in Europe, the political currents of our Continent would have set in a different direction. But even after the alliance with France, the first aim of Russian statesmen was to strengthen their position in Asia. That was the origin of the Transiberian Railway, of the Yalu Concessions and of the catastrophes of Liao Yang and Tsushima to which those enterprises led. But if the Tsar's counsellors committed a sequence of blunders so too did the statesmen of the French Republic.

Our political leaders in France are easygoing. They pursue no systematised policy; they often have merely a will o' the wisp for a goal and no routes but a bog. They were therefore not concerned to devise a cogent motive to set over against Russia's attachment to Asia. To-day every one is sensible of the result, and every one is ready with counsel. Publicists eloquently exhort our Government to bring more life into our relations with Russia without whose co-operation Germany becomes the mistress of Europe. But publicists are not always systematic thinkers. Otherwise they would have perceived the central defect of this advice.

Before Russia can enter or re-enter into any fruitful form of political partnership with France, she must acquire the

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conviction that vital interests of hers are bound up with the perpetuation of the State-system of Europe. That was the groundwork on which Alexander III. built up the Dual Alliance. He made this point clear. On the strength of that groundwork depend not only the stability but also the diplomatic and military worth of the partnership. So long as the Tsar, who is Russia, held fast to the European dogma, it mattered little to us whether the Dual Alliance was defensive only or offensive as well. We could always reckon on Russian succour in case of need. On the other hand, once the Tsar abandons that dogma, our convention with Russia, to be quite frank, is not worth the paper on which it is written.

Glance at those acts of the two Emperors which may be accounted exponents of their respective views, and you will find that while Alexander III. reasonably deemed his might adequate to enforce his designs as thoroughly in Asia as in Europe, Nicholas II. was made painfully aware that he must choose between the two Continents. Unhappily, even under Alexander, Asia claimed and received the lion's share of attention. The Transiberian Railway is there to prove it. But after his death the vast sums which we had lent to Russia were wasted recklessly on grandiose far-Eastern projects which, whether successes or failures, must obviously have incapacitated her for the successful pursuit of European affairs. Yet our statesmen connived at these eastern quirks. Nay, they actually fanned the flame of folly. Encouraging French capitalists to lend money to Russia on the understanding that she would keep her powder dry for European emergencies, they applauded her for transporting her powder magazines to the uttermost extremities of Asia, where they were lost wholly to Europe. The Franco-Russo-German intervention in Japan is of too recent date to have been forgotten by the public. The Powers were then stricken, one might fancy, with some psychic disease—call it political kleptomania. And I regret to add that at one time we ourselves caught the infection. We even contrived to burn our fingers in cold water, removing the theatre of the Dual Alliance from Europe to the Far East!* Certes, we soon grew alive to our error and corrected it but not in time to stave off its effects—Russia's rout by Japan, the disorganisation of her army, the ruin of her navy, enormous financial losses, the domestic revolution and her subsequent expulsion from the political arena of the Far and the Near East.

* This Declaration, meant as a cutting retort to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, was issued on March 19, 1902.

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But even after Tsushima and Portsmouth all was not lost. If at that late hour Russia had identified her interests with the equilibrium of forces in Europe, she might have been borne on the flood of a strong current to political power and material well-being. And for a time her action conveyed the impression that she was taken with the idea. The hearty support she gave us at Algeciras—in return for which she was rationally seconded by France and England during her hare-brained duel with Austria—the lasting peace she made with Japan, the splitting of her differences with England in Thibet, Persia, Afghanistan; the talk of renovating her army, creating the navy anew and constructing strategic railways, all pointed plumb in the same direction. In France and England the hearts of her friends were filled with gladness at these tokens of a wending towards the European goal. And now it is painfully manifest to all that those tokens have not been read aright.

On the road to France, Russia made a halt in the half-way house at Potsdam, forswore her enmity with our foe and Europe's, transformed her sphere of interest and of action to the Mid East, took Germany into partnership there, and is setting out to build Asiatic railways probably with French money.* Looking dispassionately at the matter one can but say what our War Minister lately said, that Russia has a right to safeguard her interests in her own way. And it is but meet that a similar right should be wielded by France. It might with advantage be exercised in the light of the circumstance that the Potsdam parley puts a new face on the Dual Alliance and relegates the Triple *Entente* to the limbo of things past.

I may be taxed with pessimism. I may be challenged to prove my assertions. It may even be objected that the professional statesmen who are presumably as honest, patriotic and well informed as the anonymous contributor to *THE ENGLISH REVIEW*, have categorically denied that they have any substantial bases. To this objection there is an answer at once simple and adequate. Even if none among the influential politicians of the *Entente* had moved in the matter, it would not be fair to conclude that none among them had misgivings on the subject. Men in power feel their responsibility and are bound to put a good face upon a bad bargain unless they can profitably repudiate it. Bluff is the essence of diplomacy. Suggestion and auto-suggestion are the seven-mile boots of the statesman.

One would also do well to bear in mind that influential

* The Russian Government will certainly not furnish the means, if the reiterated pronouncements of the semi-official press mean anything.

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politicians, if they shared the apprehensions which I express, would probably have sacrificed results to discretion and refrained from publishing them to the world. They would have contented themselves with whispering their fears to their colleagues, domestic and foreign. Will it be maintained that this has not been done? This cannot be asserted with truth. . . .

But there is another answer which clenches the matter. Political watchmen who had to reply to the question, "what of the night?" were struck by the signs of the coming change in the political weather. And they did take action. When in the early part of 1910 the German Government proposed a deal with Russia in the Middle East, the then Foreign Office returned an answer which was brought to the notice of our Government as an additional proof of Russia's scrupulous fidelity to her ally. That rejoinder was to the effect that neither side would gain anything by the proposed negotiations, there being no material for a bargain between the two States. That courteous negative was a sound decision. Not only its tenor but the frank exegesis that accompanied the communication to the Quai d'Orsay constituted a brilliant vindication of statesmanlike foresight and chivalrous loyalty. Falling into rank with the other words and deeds of our ally, it fed the optimism of the many among us and silenced the croaking pessimism of the few. Nobody receiving this announcement and believing it, as all did, to be a link in the chain of Russia's policy would have credited the possibility of the Russo-German deal in Middle Asia which the New Year is bringing in its train. One is disposed to seek for an explanation of the distance between anticipation and reality in a twist in the psychological mechanism of one of the two sides. As a matter of fact the roots of Russia's Europeanism which furnished the cement of the Dual Alliance were lifeless.

There is, however, yet another answer, characteristic and curious, which entirely disposes of the objection and leaves no doubt that the political watchmen who had to reply to the question "what of the night?" read aright the signs of the coming change in the weather. *Some of them took action.* Their action, if not discreet, was unmistakable. It startled the world, bursting like a petard. But it served the purpose, acting as a danger-signal and rousing the anxiety of France and England. I allude to the premature disclosure which appeared in certain press organs. While Russia and Germany were bargaining *à huis clos* about Persia, the fact was blazoned abroad, and a sketch of the transaction was given to the world apparently before an irrevocable step had been taken.

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Truly no more palpable proof is needed that men of political judgment and European feeling understood that the end of the Dual Alliance is at hand, and had the fact proclaimed to all whom it might concern—that Russia's centre of gravity is in Asia.

Since the Potsdam pact, Russia has abandoned all pretence of attending to the equipoise of the Powers of Europe. Her attitude is patent. In view of this change one cannot affect surprise that the danger with which Belgium is faced and the pressure put upon Holland by Germany have evoked nothing more from Russia than a mere shrug of her cold shoulders, and the remark that the Dutch, the Flemings and the Walloons may be left to shift for themselves. The old systems of European checks and balances then may be upset by Germany systematically: Russia eyes the process unmoved. The Tsar's new friend is within easy distance of his goal: the hegemony of Europe with its attendant corollaries.

They are Job-friends who expect us to be comforted by the assurance that Russia will still come to our armed aid *if* Germany should assail us. Germany will not attack us if she can have her way without the cost of a fight.

The only powerful motive, the only binding cement for a truly effective Franco-Russian alliance, is a common resolve rooted in real interests, to keep the balance of power intact. And, Russia having divested herself of those interests—owing largely to our supineness—has disavowed the resolve and set us pondering upon our modified prospects.

What is our new outlook? Self-evidently it is now narrowed down to the compass of our formal treaty with Russia. Now what is the tenor of that treaty?

The text of the Franco-Russian alliance has never yet been published. Nor would friends of France or England bruit abroad any of its clauses, of which the knowledge might be prejudicial to the common or particular interests of their respective countries. To all of us it hitherto meant a set of concrete political, financial, and military ideas and stipulations suitable to the needs and responding to the aspirations of the two allies. Although it has lost that meaning now, and may be looked upon as a fragment of history, I will say of it here only enough to dispel certain dangerous distortions of the truth and to help the friends of these nations either to bring it to life again or to put something better in its stead.

In the first place then the alliance is *defensive* only, not offensive. It is strictly defensive. That has become an *all-important point to-day*. It was not nearly so momentous in

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the year 1891, when the compact was first struck up by M. Ribot on our side, and Baron Mohrenheim for Russia. For at that conjuncture the state of Europe was materially different from what it is to-day. In those days, even without a formal compact—uniquely in virtue of her own interests envisaged in correct perspective—Russia would have hied to our help, not only if we had been assailed, but even if, under provocation from Germany, we had attacked that Power. Authoritative words written and spoken dispel all doubts about that. In either case Alexander III., who had an ear for the voice of Europeanism, would have taken decisive action at once. For he was deeply imbued with the spirit of the political doctrine known as the balance of power.

But since 1891 Russia's destinies have undergone a marked change. New notes have been struck in her feeling and thinking and striving. The very basis of her policy has been transformed. Her apathy about Europe is only less intense than her eagerness for peace. And she has now purchased lasting peace, in the first instance for herself and incidentally for her ally. But it is peace of a kind that nullifies the alliance. For as the military co-operation provided for by the alliance will come into force only in case France is attacked by Germany, and as Germany has insured peace to Russia and Russia has guaranteed peace and friendship to Germany, it follows that both Powers are resolved not to let the alliance be brought into requisition at all. Practically therefore it is dead. This queer consummation might perhaps have been averted if the deed of partnership had been properly worded. But it was couched in language that has to be parsed before being acted upon. France must be actually attacked before she can call upon Russia to perform her part of the contract. Why was that fate-word not qualified at least to the extent of adding that Germany, if she launches out into a course of provocation, shall be deemed to have assailed France within the meaning of the convention?

The question of priority in the matter of aggression and defence is but a poor peg on which to hang a world-cementing alliance. For if the allies chance to be ever so little at variance, it cannot be satisfactorily settled. If one State is inordinately fond of peace the clause can be twisted so as to hinder the other from launching out into war. For where is the line of cleavage between wanton aggression and the onslaught which is but a form of timely defence. Shall the standard be priority in time or in causality? Obviously in time. And that is fatal. If Germany to-day treated us as Prussia treated the Empire in

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1870, we might possibly again declare war. And who would then be deemed to have caused the conflagration? Ask a tribunal composed of men of average intelligence whether France or Prussia was the aggressor in the conflict of 1870, and you will find them split into two or more irreconcilable parties. Nor will the dispute ever be settled if it be taken before a court so constituted. Yet it cannot be laid before any other. Or will any one suggest that it be referred to a tribunal like that of The Hague? In a word, the very essence of our compact is in question.

That is the danger point. Every treaty, whether political or commercial, may be interpreted in one of two ways: expansively or restrictively. In 1891 the interpretation put upon the Franco-Russian alliance would have been expansive. To-day it must be restrictive. For it will now be interpreted by a fanatical champion of peace and a loyal friend of Germany. Our allies, the Russians, are unable to traverse this statement. And I submit that it connotes something different from what we bargained for twenty years ago. It leaves us, roughly speaking, as we were before the alliance of 1891. For what we then had to fear were the effects of a war. And now we are *threatened with these same effects, and exhorted not to mind them because they will be brought about without a war.*

Is not this a distinction without an essential difference? If Russia be disposed to help us even if we be driven to declare war, then why not set our minds at rest in advance and put this readiness down in black and white? Because it would run counter to the Potsdam pact. Yet unless this, or something tantamount to this, be done, we must say to ourselves that we have no real cover any longer, that we have received for our money a horse-chestnut in lieu of a chestnut horse. It is a matter of common knowledge that a nation may be almost imperceptibly provoked to hostilities by another nation which has elaborately prepared for war and desires it, whereas the technical aggressor was yearning for peace. And as we, who set our hearts on peace, may be compelled in the defence of our interests to violate it, we resent making the advantage of our alliance conditional upon France not being the aggressor. For the effect of such agreement would be to constrain us to keep the peace when peace implied an upheaval of the European State system and the annihilation of conditions indispensable to our political status in it.

And let it not be said that these arguments are brain-fancies. They are the misgivings of plain men of business. *And they*

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are shared by signatories of the Franco-Russian Convention. Why go on telling us after this that the Franco-Russian alliance has not been denounced, that it is still a force, that its terms have not been varied? The meaning of those terms is no longer what it was. The authorised interpreters of the convention employ to-day quite different rules of exegesis from those in vogue twenty years ago. Clearly the convention needs a supplement. Is our Government disposed to ask for that? Can our formal ally accord it after the Potsdam programme?

The Dual Alliance then is a purely defensive compact which a praiseworthy leaning towards peace or a fatal conjuncture of circumstance may render contentious at the supreme moment when joint action of the two Powers is the sole alternative to the ruin of one. In view of this essential defect, the form of the diplomatic instrument is of meagre consequence. True, it is not such a solemn treaty as the Emperors of Russia and Germany are wont to conclude and sign with their own hands. It lacks the signature of the Russian Tsar, and also of the President of the French Republic. That, however, may be accounted an insignificant detail and possibly it was so in the year 1891. But at the present moment when necessity compels us to scrape together all our assets and add them up, we cannot afford to disdain even an item of this formal character.

And now we come to the main point. The Dual Alliance is but a military convention drawn up by the chiefs of the General Staffs of France and Russia, obligatory for a period of years and liable to modification after the lapse of that space of time. Nor is it merely capable of being altered. It has more than once been modified since Generals Obrucheff and Boisdeffre first fixed their names to it. Changes in it have been more than once proposed, discussed and carried or rejected. One of these proposed alterations had to do with the mode of its periodic ratification; another dealt with a proposal to erase a certain proper name from the Convention. When General Boisdeffre concluded the agreement in its pristine shape, that name was mentioned expressly. A certain importance was attached to its being placed upon record. Since then and within the past three years the Convention has been modified and the name in question struck out.

Two modes of ratifying the Convention have also been canvassed: one proposal being that it should enter into force as soon as the Ministries of Foreign Affairs had received the assent of the heads of the States; and the other that the Conven-

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tion should be taken as confirmed if, within two months after it had been agreed to, no announcement to the contrary and no further modification of it has been made by the respective Ministries of Foreign Affairs. After some discussion the latter method of ratification was definitely adopted and is at present in force.

Now this Convention is the pith and marrow of the Dual Alliance, and from the Dual Alliance the sap of life has oozed out. The organisation has parted from its roots, since Russia's interests were eradicated from the soil of Europe and transplanted to Middle Asia. And the well-meaning but ill-judged attempts which many of our journals put forth to hide the disaster are working harm not good. *La France Militaire*, for example, has given an authoritative denial to the statement that Russia has withdrawn her troops from the Polish frontier without consulting France. The Russians, we are told, "consulted with our General Staff" on the scheme, and at bottom all they have done is to adapt the French system of mobilisation to their own needs, with the result that they will soon be able to mobilise within a week in lieu of three weeks. What more can even a sensitive Frenchman desire?

This method of soothing public feeling does not strike us as either happy or dignified. It smacks of sophistry, not to say juggling. To make it effective one needs a fuller knowledge of the facts or a fairer statement of the issues.

The plain truth is that between the Dual Alliance and the strategic position of the Tsar's soldiers on the Russo-German and Russo-Austrian frontiers there is no causal nexus. The Convention is a common concern, the frontier defences a national task. And if the Russian military authorities are pleased to "consult" our General Staff on the subject, it behoves us to feel duly grateful for their civility. But whether or no they keep us informed of what they are doing, is quite immaterial to the Alliance.

Looking at the matter from a broad, not a mere military, view one may safely lay it down that the system of Russia's western defences has been, and must ever be, largely moulded by the practical interest she takes in the balance of European power and the value she herself sets upon that. Russia's attitude towards Europe, and therefore towards Germany, whose aim it is to lord it over Europe, has heretofore been and must continue to be the key to the military as well as to the political problem. So long as the Tsars cared nothing for European equipoise, they left their western frontiers inadequately protected against

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invasion. That state of things endured down to the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. After that campaign new conditions arose in the domain of politics. Prussia, theretofore the Tsar's *protégé*, now identified with Germany, evinced a desire to become Russia's protectress. From the eyes of the Slav the scales fell and in the person of Germany he discerned the marplot among European States, the future adversary of European Slavs. The lesson he drew from this revelation was at first strategical. General Obrutcheff and Count Milyutin studied the military problems involved, foremost among which was this: should Russia make a stand against the invader on the river Vistula or on the Boog?

The answers to that question were couched in technical phraseology by the leading military Russians of the day. Field-Marshal Prince Bariatinsky maintained that the strategical advantages that would accrue from having the Boog as base greatly outweighed the benefits to be reaped from a line of defences leaning on the Vistula. Count Milyutin, whose name was a household word among Russians, adduced so many weighty reasons in favour of the Vistula base that his thesis was endorsed by standard authorities and accepted by the Tsar. But the friendly personal intercourse that was kept up between Alexander II. and the first German Kaiser seemed to the former such a trustworthy peace guarantee, that he paid little attention to the defence of his western borders. Alexander III. struck out a new line of action. Turning from the Three Kaiser Alliance towards the Republic he converted Milyutin's theory into facts. Troops were massed on the western frontiers, but more particularly in the kingdom of Poland. As events unfolded themselves, the number of the military grew. And this increase went parallel with the Franco-Russian Alliance. Part of the Caucasian troops were despatched to guard the approaches to Western Russia. Most of the eastern garrisons were also transferred thither until at last more than one half of the men under arms in peace-time found themselves on guard against a German and an Austrian attack.

Of these military movements, which were devised partly as correctives of the slowness of Russian mobilisation, our General Staff was likewise kept informed. It was also asked to appreciate them. And in harmony with this systematic massing of troops and the elaborate preparations for defence went the building of a number of formidable strongholds such as Gondioz, near Bielostok, Grodno, Warsaw, &c. A whole network of strategic railways was simultaneously planned and constructed with a

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view to the speedy mobilising of the troops quartered in the districts, and the kingdom of Poland was reticulated with strategic carriage roads running in all directions. In Warsaw itself General Gurko created a fastness which in war-time would have been to the Germans what Port Arthur has been to the Japanese.

All those measures, pursued systematically and perseveringly for nearly a quarter of a century at an appalling expense of money and labour, were devised in view of an expected struggle between Russia and Germany. No one doubted that the contest was coming; many fancied it was at hand. That is so true that towards the close of 1903, a few months before the outbreak of the war with Japan, General Kuropatkin said to our military attaché at St. Petersburg, "I am much more solicitous about a campaign on our western frontier than on our far eastern. I shall probably have to command the southern section of it myself." Russia was still an active member of the European community of States. She would brook no German hegemony, and no change in the *status quo*. Therefore she could be relied upon to second France in spite of the loose wording of the military convention.

And now all of a sudden these preparations have been cancelled. The troops *have been recalled from the frontiers* to the central or eastern provinces of the Empire. The fortresses, too, it is said, will be dismantled, at the instance of the Russian War Minister himself. He may well be right, for, according to all accounts in their present state, they are useless, possibly dangerous. During the Japanese campaign they were *denuded of every military equipment*; stone, brick and mortar alone remaining. And to put them now in tolerable repair would necessitate an outlay of over 150,000,000 francs, which Russia can ill afford to spend if peace be lastingly assured. The fortresses therefore will be pulled down. That is a certain sign that, in practice if not in theory, the Franco-Russian military Convention is regarded as a dead letter. For the only plan of defence against an Austro-German invasion, which would be compatible with the withdrawal of the troops and the razing of the fortresses, is resistance *à la Kutuzoff*. And that is a chimera in the twentieth century. That popular General allowed Napoleon's army to march into the bowels of the land, where it was frozen, starved or shot. But the times have changed since 1812. A contemporary Moltke, even if he took Napoleon as his model, would hardly adopt his tactics in a campaign against Russia. He would probably content himself with occupying all the

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strategic positions in the kingdom of Poland and the Western Provinces.

To sum up: between the Autocracy and the Republic there is a military Convention which entitles us to the support of the Tsar's forces in a Franco-German war *provided that France is not the aggressor*. This proviso is so worded that it would be an arduous task even for hair-splitting lawyers to determine under what circumstances our claim would lie. Consequently Russia's voice in this matter and therefore also in the negotiations preceding war would be decisive. She would have it in her power to veto anticipatory defensive action on France's part, however strong the German provocation. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, it was still conceivable until quite lately that contingencies might arise which would bring the two armies into active co-operation. But the Potsdam pact, or the policy of which it is but the outward and visible manifestation, eliminates this contingency. For it neutralises the Dual Alliance altogether without vetoing Germany's expansive policy, to counteract which that Alliance was concluded. To the Austro-German *perpetuum mobile* it opposes a Franco-Russian *perpetuum immobile*. It reduces the rôle of the Republic to the narrow compass measured by the maxim, "bear and forbear." It moves Germany to give us benevolent peace. And by way of burning her ships or of showing that she has no further use for them, Russia has denuded her Polish and western frontiers of troops and decided to dismantle her fortresses. Those who hold that her comradeship with Germany in the Middle East is an act of restricted scope and local interest should remember that the *opposite view* was held by all these Governments a twelvemonth ago.

This state of things cannot be altered by banquets or speeches, or by the visits of Ministers or by conferences among members of the General Staff. For it is itself only a set of manifestations, the efficient cause of which is Russia's loss of interest in the political equilibrium of Europe.

If M. Pichon and Sir Edward Grey will acknowledge this frankly, as some of the best diplomatists on our side of the Channel do, their quest for a remedy may not be unfruitful. As it stands, the military and diplomatic value of the Dual Alliance is as the force of a spent wave.

Renan: The Romance of Religion

By Frank Harris

It was in 1889 or 1890 that the late Sir Charles Dilke gave me a letter to Renan. "You should call on him in the Collège de France," he said; "he talks wonderfully; if he takes to you, you'll have a treat."

I sent the letter of introduction with a note, and called on Renan shortly afterwards by appointment. I was shown into a very ordinary room, a room of the French middle class, and in a moment or two Renan entered. He was very amiable; it was kind of me to come, he said: would I not sit down and take coffee; Sir Charles Dilke was one of the politicians whom he most esteemed; his intimate knowledge of France and his liking for things French seemed to promise a more cordial understanding between the two peoples. . . . While he talked fluent amiabilities of this sort, I tried to take a mental photograph of him.

Renan was a short man, not more than five feet three or four in height and very stout. Fat had swamped all the outlines of his face except the forehead, which appeared narrow in comparison with the large jaws and porky jowl. Yet looked at by itself the forehead was not narrow, of fair size indeed and shapely, and the eyes, which at first seemed small and watchful, were more usually intent and a little sad, as of one who had had his share of life's disappointments and disillusion. The nose was of good form but thick and fleshy, suiting the face. The mouth was a better feature; a little small, the upper lip firm, the lower sensitive and sinuous—the mouth of a born orator and artist. The voice was more than worthy of the lips, a sweet clear tenor, pleasant and supple, with a myriad graceful inflections in it and significant pauses—the soul of the man to me was in his charming, flexible, light voice.

As Renan sat on the edge of the chair, his pear-shaped stomach appeared to keep his short legs apart; he had a trick of planting his hands palm downwards on his stout thighs, or

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of interlacing his fingers across his paunch, while twirling his thumbs. His nails were ill-kept, and the front of his frock-coat had grease stains on it ; his hair, worn in long locks and fringing his collar behind, was dirty grey in colour, and looked untidy.

Altogether he was the very model of a French village priest : easy-going and good-natured, careless of cleanliness and neatness as if lax conduct had been further relaxed by years of self-indulgence. Nothing distinguished in his appearance ; nothing beyond fair intelligence and much patience in the brooding regard ; hardly a trace of will-power to be found ; but plenty of fat kindness and ample tolerance, and a shrewd reading of facts and men with the searching intent eyes.

His talk that first afternoon was not remarkable : fluent and graceful with here and there a touch of irony curving the fine lips to a smile. He seemed rather to evade knotty points, to wish to keep in the shallows of ordinary social intercourse. Behind his smiling amiability I divined a colossal conceit quick to suspect and resent any lack of reverence. I paid him compliments, therefore ; praised his *Life of Jesus*, his *Dialogues*, and even his plays effusively. He lapped it all up with smiling satisfaction : evidently he had been very well treated in life, this priest who had turned worship into one of the graceful arts.

I made my visit short. At first he had seemed a little on his guard, but at the end of our talk he showed himself most kindly, amiable. My praise must have been grateful to him, for he pressed me to come again : he would always be delighted to see me, he repeated.

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A little later I called on him again and heard all about his travels in Palestine. He insisted on the obvious fact that topographical knowledge is of the utmost importance to the historian.

“When you see the Plain of Gennesaret, or the Lake of Galilee or Jerusalem,” he said, “your understanding of the events and of the personages is enormously vivified and quickened : the *milieu* explains the man much as the soil explains the tree. The best part of my *Life of Jesus* was written in Palestine. It was there Jesus became completely comprehensible to me.”

In spite of myself I smiled a little at this flattering self-estimate, but outwardly I was quite polite, and followed his lead by saying that Carlyle had told me the same thing ; he had gone to Dunbar before writing the history of the battle, and Curtius always said that his history of Greece was inspired by his travels in the peninsula.

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Renan was interested in this, and generalised the experience at once :

"The literary and artistic movement of our day," he said, "is towards realism ; the wish to see the thing as it is : everywhere the love of the document, trust in the fact—very interesting."

Sometime after this I happened to mention casually that I was going to see Renan, when an American acquaintance asked me whether it would be possible to introduce him ? He assured me he would enjoy it above everything. I knew him only slightly, but he seemed so eager about it that I took his desire for half-proof of knowledge and understanding, and accordingly wrote to Renan that I would call on him on a certain day, and if he would allow me, present a friend who much wished to know him. We called ; Renan was cordial and charming, but the American turned out to be a terror. Again and again he tried to impress Renan with the fact that life in Paris was exceedingly immoral, that incidents took place there every day which would not be tolerated in an Anglo-Saxon town. Renan smiled, and listened politely for some little time ; but at length his patience was exhausted ; looking up at him under his grey brows, and evidently taking him for an Englishman, he asked in his silkiest voice :

"Have you ever seen anything in Paris, Monsieur, more immoral than a leader in your great dailies ?"

"What does he mean ?" the American asked in English. "There can be nothing immoral in a leading article in an English paper."

"Oh yes, there can be," I gasped, "and there often is, and the American newspaper is just as immoral as the English."

After this I cut the interview as short as possible and ended it with the most flattering things I could say to Renan. I told him how I admired his celebrated letter to Berthelot and how right it was that the first artist in creative criticism should write to the first master of synthetic chemistry on such a subject as the life of Christ.

A day or two afterwards I called again to apologise to Renan for having introduced my compatriot. I found he had understood everything. He had seen that the American did not mean to be rude, and he was desirous of explaining to me that he had not wished to reprove him, but just to induce him to think of the shortcomings of his own race.

"It is the rudeness," Renan continued, "of Germans and Englishmen that always astonishes us Frenchmen. They are rude unconsciously ; it is not a rudeness of self-absorption or

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of excitement—that we could easily pardon; but the rudeness of a lower plane of thought and feeling, the rudeness of selfishness or want of consideration . . .

“I sometimes think that it takes a civilisation of thousands of years to make a nation polite. When you tell a Frenchman that he is impolite he is shocked, he insists on your proving it. Even when he is most angry he understands that it is a grave offence. But I am informed that if you tell an angry Englishman or an American that he is impolite, he simply laughs at you; it would not seem to him a disgraceful charge at all. He sees nothing in impoliteness, and therefore does not resent the accusation. . . .”

“Your English civilisation is too young; it is only four or five centuries old, and the German civilisation in the sense of national life is shorter even than yours. Our civilisation on the other hand goes back to Roman times; we have been civilised for two thousand years, and the Italians, whose civilisation is still older than ours, are still more exquisitely polite than we are. We Latin people have a great inheritance,” he concluded, pursing his lips; “we ought therefore to be very considerate of others. . . .”

I remembered something Matthew Arnold had written once on this subject, and I told him of it. He classed the English and French civilisations together, saying that in literature and art they have the same canons, the same understanding of high artistic work, the same keen feeling for faults and shortcomings, even in masterpieces, because they both possess an old and rich national life: they have a long rule wherewith to measure.

“It is no doubt conceit,” I added, “that made Matthew Arnold assume that our language goes back to Beowulf, and that our civilisation dates from the landing of Augustine in the sixth century.”

Renan was quick to take it that I was putting forward my disagreement with him under the shield of Matthew Arnold.

“But your language,” he said, “surely began with Chaucer about the middle of the fourteenth century?”

“Our Saxon Chronicle is, of course, far earlier,” I remarked, “centuries earlier, and there are poems and things before that.”

“But can you read them?” he asked.

“They are difficult,” I replied, “but I think they are as easy to read as your oldest poetry written in the Isle de France.”

“Really, really,” he replied, while apparently seeking for a telling rejoinder. “At any rate you will admit that Rome was the hearth of civilisation from which radiated all this pleasant

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intellectual warmth and light, and we are a little nearer the centre than you are."

"Much, much nearer," I replied politely.

Was it possible I asked myself, as I went away, that the nation of Racine and Victor Hugo should think itself superior to the race that had produced Shakespeare and Bacon and Emerson? I could not help smiling a little at Renan's amiable condescension.

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I had seen him many times, talked with him on many subjects, become almost an intimate indeed before we grappled finally over *The Life of Jesus*. I must confess that my ideas at first were not very clear on the subject. I admired Renan's book, but I took it rather as a romance than a biography. In its own way it was very interesting and worthful, but there seemed to me appalling mistakes in it, misconceptions even, as well as faults of irreverence and impiety which put my back up. No one I thought should approach that theme save on his knees. I could not pardon the easy careless condescending treatment of the subject. All sorts of men have handled it, great and small: Rubens and Rembrandt, Velasquez, and Fra Angelico. But the best presentations have always been the most reverent: *The Stranger at Emmaus* of Rembrandt, *The Master with Judas* of Fra Angelico.

I did not want to discuss his book with Renan: he had always been particularly courteous and kind to me, and I was afraid I should hurt him. But there was in him an irrepressible curiosity as to the position he and his work held in other countries. He saw, as Bacon saw, that the judgment of other peoples had in it something of the detachment and impartiality necessary to a definitive decision. One day he pressed me to tell him frankly what Englishmen thought of his *Life of Jesus*.

"They don't think of it," I replied laughing, "but," I hastened to add, "there's no class in any country; is there? at all able to judge your work."

"Perhaps you're right," he rejoined, smiling at the implied compliment, "tell me, will you, what you think of it?"

"Oh I love it," I replied. "It is a charming and beautiful work of art: the romance of religion."

"I see," he took up the thought gravely; "you think it is too artistic, not true enough, eh? Please be frank with me. It would be the truest kindness."

"As you insist upon it," I said, "that is something like my meaning. The Life is written by one more occupied with

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the idea of painting a complete picture than by a man who is resolved to set down just what he sees, no jot more, no tittle less. . . .

"In face of that world-tragedy I think we English want the actual story with all its gaps, the fragmentary truth and the truth alone with nothing added, rather than a story pieced out by the imagination. We're afraid of a syllable beyond what is implicit in the known facts."

"You must give a concrete instance," he cried. "What you say interests me enormously. Where have I put in patches that swear at the rest of the cloth?"

"I did not go so far as that," I replied, smiling in deprecation; for I felt that my frankness had touched him on the quick; "sometimes even when the patch is of the same cloth, I dislike it because it is not the actual garment, and I will not have that added to by any artist in clothes however clever."

"An instance, an instance," he cried, "one instance. Don't torture me."

"You will excuse my memory," I stipulated, "if I try to quote you without the book? (He nodded.) Comparing Paul once with Jesus you say, 'he had not his adorable indulgence: his way of excusing everything: his divine inability to see the wrong. Paul was often imperious and made his authority felt with an assurance that shocks us. . . .'

"Now Jesus may have been of an 'adorable indulgence'; but he did not excuse everything; he was not unable to see the wrong, nor would that inability be generally regarded as divine. Jesus was indulgent to sins of the flesh; but he was very severe to sins of the spirit. 'Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! . . . for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cumin and have omitted the weightier *matters* of the law, judgment, mercy and faith. . . .' Jesus saw the wrong very clearly and did not excuse it."

"Ah," replied Renan, as if relieved, "you can take a brush-stroke and say it is too heavy, but in comparison with Paul, I maintain that Jesus was of an 'adorable indulgence.' It is all right enough; but each sentence must be looked at as part of a whole."

His happy carelessness, his invincible resolve not to see himself as I saw him, or the faults in his book, as they would be seen by others, challenged me to continue: he would not judge himself though severe self-criticism is the first condition of great work. I answered lightly to be in tune with his manner.

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"I do not want to make a point unfairly," I replied. "I chose what I regard as a most characteristic passage. You appear to think that the inability to see the wrong is a divine virtue. I regard that indulgence as merely the softness of a good-humoured sceptic. But what you have written all hangs together," I went on, "and forms a whole—a fine French picture of the world-shaking event."

"What do you mean?" he cried, "why do you say a 'French' picture? Do deal frankly with me," he pleaded. "The question interests me greatly; why not treat me as you would wish to be treated?" and he looked at me gravely.

The appeal was irresistible.

"You say that Paul was 'ugly'—'an ugly little Jew,'" I replied; "you use the epithet again and again as a term of reproach. You dwell with pleasure on the personal beauty of Jesus—'a handsome Jewish youth' are your words." (He nodded.) "Well," I went on, "this is another instance of what I mean. We do not know whether Jesus was handsome or not. One feels certain that no one could have lived habitually in communion with the Highest as He did without bearing signs of it in His face. On the other hand, His disciples never speak of His personal beauty, so we must take it that His message was infinitely more important than His looks. A biographer, it seems to me, would have done well to follow their example. The spirit-beauty of Jesus must have been infinitely rarer and more impressive than any regularity of feature."

"You will admit," said Renan, "that the beauty of feature must add to the spirit-beauty, and the weight of evidence is on my side."

He then went on to talk of the various traditions of the Greek and Roman churches with what seemed to me great learning. He discussed the question with such a wealth of special knowledge, that the same evening I could not recall a tenth part of what he had said, and he summed it all up by declaring that whatever evidence there was, seemed to him to favour the idea that Jesus was personally handsome.

His argument left me unconvinced. The Silenus ugliness of Socrates always appeared to me to increase the effect of that death-scene in the *Phaedo*, while the emphasis laid upon the personal beauty of Mahomet seems to show that his influence was rather one of personality than of spirit.

"Why should we even ask ourselves what Jesus was like?" I questioned. "What he said was so ineffably beautiful that we assume everything else was in harmony with it."

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Renan was just as obstinate. "We must agree to disagree on that matter," he said shortly, "but if this is your chief objection to my *Life of Jesus* I shall be glad, for you admit that in the main the book is very interesting."

Renan's longing for praise seemed to me almost childish. What can praise or blame matter to one who knows he has done the work? His cawing like a hungry baby-rook for a morsel of praise, stiffened me.

"Oh, no," I said, "it is not my chief objection; it is only one small instance of what my chief objection is. The main thing is I would not have the story added to or improved even in any way."

"But you would round his life to completeness?" Renan said, "fill up the gaps in the story?"

"If the facts are implicit in the story," I said, "but not otherwise. I would not use my own imagination at all."

"I do not quite follow you," he replied. "You would not have one merely rewrite the story set forth in the Gospels? Besides, they contradict one another again and again on essential points. You have to use your judgment, your sympathy, your imagination even, when deciding between flagrant contradictions."

"Certainly," I admitted reluctantly, "that is only reasonable and necessary. What I mean is that the divine figure is there in the Gospels: at least it seems so to me. It may be relieved out from the encumbering dross by judgment and sympathy; but should not be altered."

"But in what way have I altered it?" he cried impatiently.

"Just as you have made Him beautiful," I replied, "so you have made Him heroic. He is the saint to me and not the hero; the conscience and not the courage of humanity, or, to put it in modern terms, the impulse of the plant upwards to the light, and not the struggle of the plant with other plants to live."

Renan dismissed my objections as insignificant.

"All great men have something of the hero in them, and so had Jesus in spite of his self-abnegation. It is like the question of his handsome person. He went up to Jerusalem though he must have known what would happen to him; he dared death then as he endured it later—heroically. . . .

"But of course all these are small matters. The important point is, have I understood the miracles aright? Was he self-deceived in regard to them, or did he deceive others? His character must suffer in the one case, his wisdom in the other. . . .

"I have shown, I think, that it was the people about him

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who desired the miracles. He did not like wonders ; refused indeed to give his enemies any sign, and appears only to have yielded to the desire of the disciples now and then, and with reluctance. Again and again he requests those he has healed to keep his work secret, to tell no one. I hope you agree with me in this view that he only became a wonder-worker late in life, and against his own inclination."

"I am prepared to go further," I confessed, "though I am at least as sceptical as you are about so-called miracles. I feel certain that He healed the sick again and again: that virtue went out of Him and was felt by those who came near Him ; much more by those who touched His garment, and still more by those who had His divine hands laid upon them. . . .

"How far He worked what we call miracles I don't know, or even care greatly. The word itself is hard to define. We live in the midst of miracles. How the unconscious seed can carry in it the experience of a thousand thousand years ; how a baby can hold in its comprehension all the thoughts and peculiarities of its myriad forefathers, and thus be an epitome of the race, I can't even imagine: our living and 'being are a perpetual miracle. Jesus was, no doubt, adverse to gratifying the childish desire of His disciples for signs and wonders ; but——"

"Then I was right," cried Renan, "on the main point, though I do not quite follow what you mean by virtue coming out of him, or your insistence on his divinity. Surely you do not believe in that ?"

I did not wish to push our disagreement to a dispute.

"We have all something of the divine in us, have we not ?" I replied. "Virtue comes out of you even in a discussion. . . .

"One cannot but agree with the greater part of what you say about miracles and other occurrences, and you have said it all wonderfully. Every one acknowledges that you are one of the great masters of French prose ; the garment of your thought is so easy, so graceful, so musical. Besides you have dared to appeal to the heart, and yet avoided mawkishness by deft touches of irony—spangles on the robe. . . ."

He swallowed it all greedily, smiling and twirling his thumbs. The "spangles" on the robe even pleased him. The theatricality of the phrase he put down to my weakness in French, whereas I really meant that the Parisian touches of irony were revolting mistakes in a life of Jesus—"One can't always be a son of God"—I remembered, and the touches of amused superiority which please the Parisian offend our English taste.

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But it was not worth while to try and chasten his illimitable conceit.

It now remains for me to discover the reason of Renan's partial failure; to show why he was unable to see Jesus as He was. I might do this through his intellect or through his character, or both. I should perhaps first trace his philosophy to its sources and show its inadequacy, demonstrate that the conclusions on which his mind rested were not certainties, as he imagined; but self-deceptions, that at bottom he was an absolute infidel, incapable of believing in miracles or in prayer, or indeed in virtue, in any vital distinction between good and evil. And a man by nature incredulous is constitutionally incapable of understanding a believer, much less a prophet or a saint.

Renan is a sort of glass in which one sees the reflection of all the important thought-waves of his time: he had learnt from Kant to believe in the spiritual or, rather, in the mental world; from Hegel a certain tinge of mysticism and a desire to reconcile contradictions in a higher synthesis; but it was Schopenhauer's pessimism which had affected the very current of his blood. All this, his own intellectual limitations and the various influences which had played on him from different angles, so to speak, can be traced in his philosophic writings. He shows his naïve youthful enthusiasm in *The Future of Science*, and his later complete disillusion in *Metaphysics and its Future*, and in the famous *Letter to Berthelot*.

A glance at his so-called contradictions will lead us to the heart of the mystery. One critic complains that Renan's contradictions are "wilful." But do they arise, as Renan asserted, from a desire to show all the different facets of truth? Another condemns his "liking for contradictions" as having degenerated into a trick of manner, and this is a friendly French critic. The thinker should resemble a lighthouse, according to Renan, and throw the white radiance now through green and now through red glasses in order to attract the inattentive; but the high seriousness of truth hardly lends itself to such illusion. Many of Renan's contradictions are not accidental or formal, but of the essence; the assertions of a Gallio who will use fact or fiction as they may chance to suit his immediate purpose.

His treatment of Moses is typical of his whole method. First of all, he states the problem admirably, without shirking any of its difficulties: coolly, dispassionately, as a scientist and historian he tells us that Moses, unlike Jesus, is not a historical personage. St. Paul assuredly had good reason for his belief

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that Jesus had lived and had suffered on the Cross, and St. Paul was a contemporary whose good faith it is impossible to doubt. On the other hand, the oldest mention of Moses occurs four or five centuries after he was supposed to have lived and led the Israelites out of Egypt. No one could state the case against Moses more forcibly. Renan even asserts that the whole story of the Exodus itself may be a fable, and that all we can feel sure of is the bare fact that the Jews left Egypt and took possession of the Holy Land. Nothing could be clearer or in closer accord with truth; but as soon as Renan begins his narrative he forgets his scepticism and tells us of the "burning bush," and the way the bitter waters of Marah were rendered drinkable; he will even point out the place where the leaders of the expedition appear to him to have formed precise plans for the conquest of Canaan. Renan is a sceptic backed by an artist, and as artist he must have affirmations and beliefs, visions even; and so extraordinary contradictions creep into his work. He is like one of those lunatics who is utterly indifferent to money and yet persists in amassing false coins and collecting spurious notes on the "Bank of Invention." As a sceptic and critic he will tell you that the history of Samson has suffered by being touched up (*d'étranges retouches*); twenty pages further on the artist assures you that the story has not been touched at all (*n'a pas été retouchée*).

The truth is Renan has the creative imagination of a poet, and he uses fact as a spring-board by means of which he may rise higher into the air.

His real creed is to be found in his philosophic *Dialogues*; they start with what he regards as "Certainties," then pass to "Probabilities," and finally rise to "Dreams." But Renan's most cherished "certainties" would be "dreams" to less imaginative natures. It seems certain to him that "this world has a purpose and a goal," that "we are the playthings of a higher egotism which uses men as pawns in a game," and that "we are often duped cunningly by nature to fulfil some purpose which transcends all our imagining." It is a "certainty" forsooth that nature "is moving towards some end"; it is a "probability" that such motion is a progress not only through the ages, but from "world to world."

And if you ask him for the inspiring cause of this evolutionary process or for the objective to which we are tending, he will confuse things with words, and assert that "this cause is the desire to be, the thirst for consciousness, the necessity that the ideal should be realised." ("Cette cause fut le désir d'être, la soif

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de conscience, la nécessité qu'il y avait à ce que l'idéal fût représenté.") He insists that the "evolution of the ideal is at once the object and moving cause of the universe. The pure idea is only a potentiality; matter in itself is powerless; the idea can only reach consciousness by incarnating itself in matter." And then, if you please, he calmly sums up: "everything comes from matter; but it is the idea which is the soul, the animating principle which aspires to self-realisation, and thus reaches to life—*Voilà Dieu!*" To try to criticise such Hegelian rhapsody would be just as profitable as the attempt to dissect moonbeams. But that *Voilà Dieu* is beyond price, a jewel of French art.

It must be perfectly plain to any careful student that Renan's mind is saturated with opposing and contradictory hypotheses: at one moment he is in love with the "idea" of Hegel, at the next with the Darwinian theory of evolution, and then he falls back into the crudest anthropomorphism and talks of "the object and purpose of the universe" as if he had just been listening to a sermon by Bossuet.

But this net-like eclecticism is characteristic of the age, and, curiously enough, in his "Dreams" Renan reaches beyond his own time to the thought of our day. Starting with the idea that the object of the universe is an ever more complete self-consciousness, an ever increasing vitalisation of matter by thought, Renan, with his poetic imagination, is forced to realise this abstract purpose by clothing the general consciousness in a personality who, concentrating in himself all human knowledge, becomes in some sort omnipotent. Renan invented the *Superman* before Nietzsche. But it is a mere supposition that science and its applications will fall to the control of an ever smaller number of people as Renan believes. None of the myriad discoveries of our time has this esoteric character; none of the military inventions tends to concentrate power in the hands of an individual; the *Superman* is just as subjective a fancy as "the aim and purpose of the universe," which can be traced from æon to æon, and from planet to planet. The whole thing is a bubble blown by a supersubtle sceptic who will console himself for the shortcomings and obscurities of reality by accepting his fancies for facts.

And just as in Renan's philosophy one is forced to find the sceptic-artist utterly indifferent to truth, so in his plays the artist nature reveals itself with entire frankness. Again and again one is brought up with a shock by his extraordinary, abnormal sensuality. Here are really the two poles between

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which the man swings. He was a hopeless unbeliever, and at the same time given over to all pleasures, pleasures of thought, pleasures of sentiment (his heroes love to weep like women), pleasures of the senses. As we have seen, he was gross in body, indolent physically; altogether unable to appreciate finely either an athlete or a saint, much less a hero. His plays show us this side of him with astonishing naïveté. One needs only to turn over the leaves of *L'Abbesse de Jouarre* to find Renan in his habit as he lived. In this play he lets himself go and reaches the zenith of absurdity. The Abbess, who gives herself for the first time in prison to the man she loves, declares in the morning that "fate never accords twice to any human being such pleasure" as she has enjoyed. Her assertion is as general as her experience is limited. The play does not need further description: it is an object-lesson in the ludicrous weaknesses of abnormal sensuality.

Renan believed that if the inhabitants of the world were informed that they were destined to perish within two or three days, every Jack of us would rush at some Jill or other, and insist on embracing her at the supreme moment; "the last sigh would become a kiss," he says, "and we should all 'die of pleasure.'" Nothing could be more laughably absurd or further from English notions. Some men would meet death in prayer; some in cheering their loved ones; some with smiling courage; others with cursings and despair, or in sullen patience. It is safe to say that not one in a hundred would justify Renan's ridiculous forecast.

He takes himself for a measure of the ideal, and he is not justified. The reason of his failure is unmistakable. First of all, he is a Frenchman, and the French are somewhat obsessed by the sense of sex, apt to be too much given to sensual delights. Then, too, Renan was brought up as a priest, and his natural desires thereby subjected to unnatural restraint. In consequence of this he seems to have found sex-attraction quite irresistible; he is weaker even than the ordinary Frenchman; he does not only yield to temptation; he seeks it out.

There is one sentence of Renan's which I regard as his most characteristic confession. He declares that "modern philosophy will find its last expression in the drama or, rather, in the opera: for music and the illusions of the lyric stage are admirably adapted to continue the thought into the vague region which lies beyond the reach of words."

("La philosophie moderne aura de même sa dernière expression dans un drame, ou plutôt dans un opera; car la musique

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et les illusions de la scène lyrique serviraient admirablement à continuer la pensée, au moment où la parole ne suffit plus à l'exprimer.”)

I always think that if Renan had had any gift for music he would have expressed himself most fully in some modern opera. In reality he was a sort of sister-soul to Gounod, and might have written the passion-music of another *Faust*.

His limitations can best be seen in his work on St. Paul. For there he is face to face with a real person, and we can judge him as against a known standard. Paul is not only a real historical personage; but he lends reality to the other chief actors in the world-drama, to Peter and James and John, even to Jesus Himself—all owe something to Paul's intense vitality. For Paul is something more than a historical figure and contemporary witness of the Gospel story; he is his own biographer, and has revealed himself in certain of the Epistles with an extraordinary particularity and clearness. We know his beliefs and his opinions on the most important questions; we can see them growing even, for his letters were dictated, and have therefore all the characteristics of familiar and passionate speech. Paul has given us a series of photographs of his very soul, all the truer and more interesting because they are unstudied and unconscious; we know his indignations and his loving-kindnesses; his blessings, and his cursings, his bold self-assertion and profound humility, the flaming spirit of him, and the great tender heart.

His style is the man. What eloquence there is in the unadorned bare enumeration of his labours and sufferings; what lyric power in his apocalypse of the resurrection; what grace and charm and sweet-thoughted poetry in his praise of charity. And yet, when not upborne on the broad wings of some intense emotion, what a style! Is there anything in all literature so inchoate, so barbarous. What a mixture of haste and repetitions; of violent assertions and of hair-splitting quibbles: here an elaborate argument broken off in the middle and left unfinished; there antitheses of thought dragged in by assonances of language; quotations from the Old Testament tossed together with stories of travel and shipwreck, all foaming before us like a mountain-torrent in spate—headlong, muddy, irresistible.

Yet no one has pictured himself in every line as this man has done. We recognise his very voice, his Jewish accent, his contempt of grammar, his harping on one or two favourite words; his vehement abrupt magnificent talk like hot scorix shot through with veins of gold. He moves before us and casts a shadow; the little, stout, bow-legged Jew, with the bald head and

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black beard, the prominent hooked nose and thick eyebrows, and his eyes hold us and inspire; are we not told that at one time he seems like a man, and at another time has "the face of an angel."

In a thousand pages Boswell has not managed to show us Johnson as clearly as Paul discovers himself to us in a couple of letters. There is no man in history or in literature so well known to us, no other figure of such intense vitality, moving in so searching a light.

Renan has his own way of classifying great men, and Paul does not find favour in his sight. "In the sacred procession of humanity," he says, "the good man comes first, and after him the servant of Truth, the savant, or philosopher, and then the priest of Beauty, the artist or the poet. . . . Jesus appears to us with a halo, an ideal of goodness and beauty. But what was Paul? He was not a saint. The dominant trait of his character is not goodness; he was proud, harsh, obstinate; he defended himself and asserted himself; he used wounding words; he thought himself always in the right; stuck to his own opinion and alienated many. . . . He was not a savant. . . . He was not a poet. . . . What was he? A great man of action: a fearless enthusiastic, conquering spirit, a missionary, a zealot. . . . But the man of action, even at his noblest when struggling for a noble cause is not so close to God as he who spends himself in the service of the Good, the True, or the Beautiful. . . . Paul is inferior to Peter or to St. Francis. . . . He is like Luther; the same violence of speech, the same passion, the same energy, the same noble independence, the same fanatical attachment to a thesis which he regards as absolute and eternal truth."

Interesting as all this is, it is inadequate and unfair: a judgment of Paul to-day must at least found itself on the judgment of the past eighteen centuries: we are prepared for a modification of that judgment; but not for a contradiction of it. And what is the judgment of the centuries about Paul? Let us listen to Scherer, who is a safer guide on such a matter than Renan. After telling us that Paul gave himself much trouble and wasted a great deal of eloquence in order to put himself among the disciples of Jesus, Scherer decides that Paul was "greater than any of the twelve. . ." and he adds, grounding himself on that secular judgment of which I have spoken, that "posterity regards Paul as the bravest of the soldiers of Christ, the first of the Apostles, the immortal missionary to the Gentiles."

Renan knows all this; no one better, but the knowledge

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does not conciliate him: he is an amiable, pleasure-loving unbeliever, a French artist, who touches sainthood, so to speak, only through soft tolerance.

The daring and force of Paul; his devotion to the truth as shown for example in his reproof of Peter, and his touching confession of his own nervous weakness and sexual impotence; his immitigable resolution, his stubborn-proud poverty, and self-denial are all intolerable to Renan.

"Paul was too aggressive," he cries again and again; "he had not the persuasiveness, the tenderness, the gentleness of Jesus."

That is true to some extent; but as Scherer has well said, "Paul is the complement of Jesus: Paul is nearer to us; he is of our flesh and our spirit, and we are accordingly better able to measure his greatness."

Renan does not overlook the great chapter on Charity, or Paul's constant solicitude for the faithful, but he will not accept anything as proof of the great Apostle's exceeding tenderness of heart.

In fine, Renan's portrait of Jesus is as I have tried to show a French portrait; but still it is a portrait inspired by sympathy and a certain comprehension; his picture of Paul is a mere caricature; he had no love for the heroic fighter, no understanding of his unique value and importance. Without Paul, Christianity, it seems to me, must have perished in obscurity as a flower too fragile-fair for this harsh unfriendly world.

Renan does not even notice the most astonishing thing in Paul's history—the confession in which Paul discovers his own defect relentlessly. Paul was converted by Jesus Himself. The first thing he should have done, one imagines, was to hurry to Jerusalem to interview the disciples, to talk with the brethren and above all, with the mother of the Master, and thus collect at first hand every scrap of evidence, every particle of knowledge that could throw light upon the Divine Figure. It would then have been his duty and his joy to have set forth the whole story in the most complete and convincing way.

Paul did nothing of the sort: he went off into the desert, he tells us, for three years by himself; as an unbeliever would say, to evolve Jesus out of his own internal consciousness. And when he went to Jerusalem it was only for a casual visit of a fortnight and not as a pilgrimage to the Holy of Holies.

What a book Paul could have written on such a subject with the knowledge he might have gathered had he wished. Paul with his passionate soul and his genius for expression! He was

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the greatest man then living on this earth, and he might have given us a book as much finer than the New Testament as the New is finer than the Old. It was Paul whom Dante should have charged with "the great refusal."

This confession of Paul makes several things plain to us. First of all, he must have known a good deal about Jesus and his preaching, even when he was persecuting His followers. Again and again he must have been pierced by this shaft of divine wisdom and by that; suddenly he was stricken to the heart. He needed no further knowledge: Jesus had taught him to take counsel with love as the supreme infallible guide, and in a moment he had learned the lesson; the light blinded him. Paul then must have been nearly on Christ's level—a fact surely borne out by the divine chapter on Charity. It was Paul who took the gold of Christ's Gospel, mixed it with hard alloy, broke it up into convenient forms, and so gave it currency among men.

I always avoided talking to Renan about Paul: I did not want to dispute with him again, so I contented myself with praise of his learning, and the immense labours he had undergone, and left it at that.

It was impossible not to be grateful to him for what he had done: why should one be annoyed with him for being what he was? His *Life of Jesus* is there and holds the field till a better shall appear, and a better is not likely to be written for many a year to come.

For both as a scientific historian and an artist-writer, Renan is in the first rank. I have dealt mainly with his shortcoming as an artist, for every one is acquainted with his extraordinary achievement, and in the same way I have tried to show some of the mistakes into which his duality of nature led him. It is only fair therefore to remark that now and again the scientific spirit of our time found perfect expression in his pages. He has a passage on the immortality of the soul, which might be recommended to all those who are inclined to take their desires as a forecast of fulfilment. He says:

"The belief in the spirituality of the soul and in a personal immortality, far from being a product of profound reflection, is at bottom a relic of the childish conceptions of the savage who is incapable of careful analysis of a mental process. Primitive man in his naïve realism imagines a soul in whatever moves; he speaks therefore of the spirit of the fire or the spirit of lightning." Immortality to Renan is nothing more than the shadow cast by desire, and the Happy Hunting Grounds, or the jewellers' Heaven, are only the mirage of unsatisfied appetite.

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The truth about Renan holds praise enough for most mortals. He approached his great task with an extraordinary stock of learning and a far rarer fount of admiration and loving sympathy, and though born of a sceptical, pleasure-seeking people, in an unbelieving age, he nevertheless came into more intimate relations with Jesus the Christ than any of the Fathers of the Church, and has given us a better picture of the Divine Master than can be found anywhere outside the Bible—"By their fruits ye shall know them."

The Appalling Marriage

By Richard Whiteing

NEW CALEDONIA asleep in the sunshine of a day in the Tropics, and a convict settler, from the up-country, in town at Bourail to look for a wife.

He had the air of a superior person of Parisian melodrama. He was tall, straight, correct in dress and deportment ; but with the blond complexion proper to the part tanned into a manlier colour by the sun. The eyes were in the same note of character, for their blue was the blue of tempered steel. In spite of a grey hair or two he was still only midway in middle age.

His first quest was to the lieutenant-governor of the district—a little round man, spectacled, and struggling desperately for a waist in order to do honour to his uniform.

“All going well, Poirier ? But I need hardly ask.”

“All well, *Monsieur le Gouverneur*.”

“And what brings you to town to-day—not tired of the country, I hope !”

“No, *Monsieur le Gouverneur*, only a little tired of the solitude.”

“The solitude ! Why you’ve a whole colony of neighbours ?”

“It is true, *Monsieur le Gouverneur*, but they are not altogether the sort of persons——”

The Governor frowned. “I don’t like that spirit. We must give and take. The Administration sets the example. Why should——?”

“*Monsieur le Gouverneur*, I want permission to marry.”

“Ah, now you are coming to the point. I like that better. Have you any one in view ?”

“No : that is precisely why I have ventured to trouble the Administration. I want permission to visit the sample room—the women’s quarters at the convent,” he added in hasty correction of the slang of the hulks.

The other took down a book of official forms, filled in ticket and counterfoil, and handed the ticket across the table.

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“There! Good day, Poirier: Good luck!”

It was the Administration, paternal to the last with its bond slaves, and accepting the obligation to find a wife for them at need, as it accepted the obligation to find them rations, doctors, or handcuffs. It was not enough to say that men who had passed through the penitentiary at Noumea, and earned their right to a grant of land, might marry if they chose. It took two to make a marriage; and what about the yokefellow? Those who were already married might send for their wives, if the wives would come; but the others? The Administration had to become a matchmaker, in spite of itself.

It was quite equal to the occasion. Forlorn women under sentence were enabled to shorten their term by volunteering to take convict husbands in this French penal isle of the Tropic of Capricorn. The wives on offer were on view, under the care of a Sisterhood, to every duly qualified suitor furnished with a pass from the authorities.

Poirier bowed himself out, and in a few minutes—this time with a warder in charge of him—he was ringing at the convent door. They were not quite alone. A wretched-looking Arab waited outside, as at a gate of Paradise, evidently in the hope of slipping in along with them. He had the clear olive complexion and the lustrous eyes of his race. A padded turban, however, was the only race note in his dress. The rest was but a suit in slop-made tweeds. The porter drove him back with scant ceremony, as though knowing him of old, but he admitted the man with the certificate. In a few minutes more, the latter, under the guidance of a nun and still in charge of his keeper, had taken up his position in a long bar room, to pass in review eighty possible women candidates for the honour of his hand.

This bevy of crime was of a wide range in age, in manners, and especially in looks. There were terrible faces, foolish faces, impudent faces, with one or two of creatures who seemed ready to sink into the earth for shame. Most of them gave him stare for stare, and eyed him up and down as though to make him understand that he was just as much on approval as themselves. The visit was simply one of preliminaries on both sides. The man was to signify his wishes by an offer to keep company, and, if they were favourably received, other visits were to follow—still without prejudice to a final right of refusal, if he failed to make himself agreeable.

The women filed languidly into the room, and languidly out of it, at the other end; and most of them had a sufficient sense of their part in the game to regard him with a stare of at least

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well-feigned indifference. There were exceptions—one little embrowned creature, who might have been a peasant from Brittany, seemed to try to win his notice, and even made a timorous step towards him, until nudged into propriety by the nun. The nun was so busy with this offender that she missed a graver delinquency on the part of another who favoured him with a hideous grimace. At others, he almost grimaced, himself.

The defile was nearly at an end when his eyes rested on one who was still on the right side of middle age. She was slight and graceful; and something in her whole bearing, and especially in her step, seemed to proclaim the *Parisienne*.

He advanced and made her a low bow, but she seemed to be unaware of it, and was about to pass out with the rest.

"*Voyons !* Sidonie," said the nun. "Monsieur has offered you a salute."

"I ask pardon of monsieur. I was not looking at him; I return his salute;" and, with a perfunctory nod, she vanished with the rest.

The door closed upon them; and he was left alone for a moment, with his keeper, until the Sister re-entered the room.

"Do you desire to recommend yourself to anybody, monsieur?" she asked.

"Yes, my sister—to the lady to whom I paid my respects. If the Sister would deign to interpret my wishes——"

"I have spoken to her already. You may call again to-morrow, at eleven, if you desire to pursue the affair."

"*Merci, ma Sœur*—with pleasure, and without fail."

The warder tapped him on the shoulder; the ceremony was at an end.

To-morrow at eleven was for courtship, and there would be no time to make the double journey, home and out again, for the rendezvous. So he put up at an hotel for the night.

The landlord was a convict; and Poirier remembered him as an old chum of the chain-gang. The landlady, untainted with crime, had come out with the children to join the husband and father, and to guide him on his way to redemption. It was a desperate venture, but it had turned out well. The cooks and the waiters were convicts also. A Kanaka was the boots. All, but the wife and children and the savage, had passed through the mill of Noumea, and had had their souls ground small as a probation for the full return to civil life. The host was as other men of his calling—grave, discreet, and withal of a geniality tempered by discretion. He could be cheerful in the way of business without ever taking a liberty. Nothing was said about the

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chain-gang by host or guest, but they shook hands as persons who had previously met in society.

After dinner Poirier went out for a stroll through the town, and bought a present or two for to-morrow's meeting. He recognised many a face behind the counters of the well-appointed shops. The grey-haired jeweller's assistant was the comrade who had felled the warder, years ago, at evening exercise, and had expiated the offence in torments of darkness and solitary confinement which had taken all the mischief out of him for ever. He was slavishly deferential, and of a mealy mouth. He handled precious trinkets as one who had earned the right to be trusted with them; but he watched his customers hard.

Poirier paused on the threshold, as he left the shop, hesitated for a moment between the theatre and the *café-chantant*—both run by convict labour—and finally decided for the smoking-room of the hotel.

Here he mused—for awhile in the way proper to his new status—on the little *Parisienne*, and his chance of liking her still better at second sight than at first. He was not exactly in love with her; he hardly hoped for that; but she might do. The system had taken too much out of him for any fiercer tumult of the sense at this stage.

The system!—his reverie soon turned on that. It began when they boarded the transport at Toulon, and were driven into the long cage between decks which, for months to come, was to be their poor substitute for the boulevard, with its sense of adventure, and its braveries of the show of life. Your soul, as well as your body, belonged to the Administration, and you had forfeited the free use of both for fifteen or twenty years, or for a whole lifetime of penal servitude, because you had made the mistake of being found out. The Administration exacted its due to the uttermost pang. It began as it meant to go on. A sentry with loaded rifle paced outside the cage; a small gun stood ready to sweep the whole promenade fore and aft.

At the other end of the tedious voyage was Noumea, capital of the convict island, with its penitentiary where you were to pass the next half of your term, or, at any rate, the next ten years, if you were a lifer. You stepped ashore as from cell to cell, and—with no break in the pitiless discipline. The gang was with you still, with a supplement of new acquaintance of the same sort—the ex-dandy, generally the most horrible wreck of all, the chained incorrigible, the native warder who dressed and undressed him at need, and who did all the lowest work of the prison for the warders of the dominant race. It was the business of this rude

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valet to search his subjects through and through, to the very inside of their mouths, and, when they tried to starve themselves, to pump the food into them by main force.

Your first trial was the fagging at the hands of your fellow gaol-birds. Apart from the obedience exacted by authority was the lower deep of conformity to the public opinion of the gang. Pride, or strangeness, or a stiff upper lip might entail a thousand humiliations, some of the most disgusting kind. A cry for redress, or any other betrayal of the professional secret meant the sly thrust of a knife into your vitals, or, at a pinch, of a scrap of rusty iron or of broken glass, which you might never be able to trace to the murderous hand.

After this came partial freedom in its first stage—labour outside the walls for the settlers, free or convict, scattered all over the island. It was a great change, the pure air for the prison air, the gorgeous tropical landscape for the prison yard, the recovery of touch with the old life, as you played with the master's children, and had your say after sundown with your fellow underlings of the farm.

Then finally, after all the probations, it was the grant of land at one of the rural convict settlements—by preference, Bourail. It was not mere field-work, for everybody: the townsman might take his chance at the local capital, and work his way up to a shop and business for himself. Poirier had opted for the plantations, and had done well there. But he had held aloof from his neighbours as mere professionals of crime. Crime as an accident of a gentleman's career was one thing, crime as a calling was his idea of social degradation. The moral estimate, of course, never entered into the reckoning.

So he had lived in weary isolation, until he could bear it no longer, and here he was looking for a wife.

He was at the convent gate next morning to the minute. This time his warder conducted him to a sort of bower for the love-making, called the kiosque—and then retired, but only so far as to be within hail at need. The kiosque had two issues, one giving on the convent square, another on the door of the prison and under the eye of a sentry on his beat. As Poirier entered from the one side, the woman of his choice entered from another, in the care of a nun.

The nun advanced to the suitor, assured him that her charge was "so humble, so penitent" and would make a good wife; and then sat down within earshot to her chaplet, and left the pair face to face.

It was the old method of French courtship in its integrity,

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with supplementary precautions due to the nature of the case. The mothers of the present generation were never left alone with their adorers, until the knot was tied. A grandmother stood by to serve the office of duenna, and to ensure due observance of the proprieties. The principals were expected to talk of nothing but the weather. A present was part of the ceremonial, and the bridegroom always came in evening-dress, no matter what the hour of the day.

Evening-dress was waived on this occasion, but Poirier, true to the traditions, with a low bow presented his bouquet.

The humble and the penitent one accepted it with a *merci Monsieur* ; and as their eyes met for a moment in the encounter gave a quick glance towards the Sister on one side, the sentry on the other, and signalled "Mind what you say."

"I could not find roses, but perhaps Mademoiselle will deign——"

"They are perfect : oh the beautiful flowers !"

It was his business to lead in the conversation ; that of the *ingénue* to affect the monosyllable of modesty and reserve.

He expatiated on the beauties of New Caledonia. The lady punctuated his observations with a "*Oui, Monsieur ; Non, Monsieur ;*" and no more. The nun suspended her knitting and looked up at them with an approving smile. As she looked down to resume her work, the *ingénue* made a slight grimace and whispered "old cat !"

The lover was not slow in taking his cue.

"We are fortunate, Mademoiselle, in our governors——" he said, slightly raising his voice—"so patient, so thoughtful."

"*Oui, Monsieur.*"

"And in our guardians—the good kind Sisters, especially."

"*Oui, Monsieur.*"

"Can we ever forget what we owe to them ?"

"*Non, Monsieur.*"

An unseen hand turned the handle of the door from the outside—probably in the interest of another suitor waiting his turn—and the nun rose hastily to deal with the intrusion.

Her charge glanced from her retreating figure to that of the sentry, a peasant lout evidently busied with his thoughts of France.

"Will you give me pretty clothes ?" she managed to say, before either of their custodians took the turn that brought them within earshot again.

"Mademoiselle shall choose for herself."

"And be kind to me ?"

"Could any one be unkind ?"

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"And forgive? But no, not that! We are both in the same boat here."

"I forgive everybody, except those who have been unkind to Mademoiselle."

"You don't seem to know who I am," she said haughtily.

"I know you are charming—that is enough for me."

Sentry and Sister were now within range:—"Our excellent Governor!" murmured the suitor.

"The sweet kind Sisters!" sighed the *ingénue*.

The nun smiled again, as though completely reassured; and she now evidently listened less, and gave them more latitude in their talk.

"I wonder what you—you—what you did, *enfin*," said the *ingénue* coaxingly.

"Plenty of time for that. I have not asked Mademoiselle. Why should I? *Des frasques*, I feel sure, some little amiable folly, brave, clever, amusing."

She shuddered a little. "Are you a *Monsieur comme il faut*?"

"What do you mean?" he said, rather fiercely.

"*Enfin*, a somebody—not like most of these horrible wretches here, no education, no manners, dreadful. Men and women just as bad as one another. I can't bear them. That deplorable creature and her Arab—Oh!"

"Ah! tell me about the Arab; I have seen him."

"Well, he married her from here, and took her to his hut, and the very first day she cleared out with all his things, money and clothes. They pinched her again at Farino, and sent her back to him. It was all he wanted; and he put the sponge over the rest."

"So he was happy."

"—Till next week, when she cleared out again, cash and all."

"Then he killed her, I suppose."

"*Pas du tout*: he went to the Governor to beg her back again."

"—Since that amuses him!"

"Four times!—*il a recommencé de plus belle* and he still haunts the bureau for a fifth chance."

"He knows his own mind, anyhow."

"The horrible woman!"

"The horrible Arab!—that makes two."

"I should like to be loved like that," she said.

"You shall be, *ma petite*."

"What did you say about killing just now?"

"My little joke."

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"I mean—to be loved by a *monsieur*, not by a common man."

He tried to take her hand, but she drew it back with a look of alarm. The nun coughed and rose. The sentry turned on his tracks.

"May I come again?"

"How do you know I shall like you?"

"I am content to hope."

"Well—yes, then; and bring me some *prâlinés*; not chocolates, mind."

They were married a week after—courtships are short and sweet in New Caledonia—before the mayor, a convict like themselves.

There were eighteen other couples all of the same status. It was a motley crew. An ex-priest was of the number, unctuous in manner, and, in spite of his unfrocking, with the trace of a tonsure effected by a sort of compromise between the razor and the scissors. The long black overcoat, reaching nearly to his heels, was another compromise of the same kind—with the *soutane*.

The swarthy heavy-jawed heavy-built man, in the broad straw hat, was an up-country farmer, at a guess. The only thing wrong with him was the great scar across his face from the ridge of the brow to the cheek bone, and so on, almost to the ear. It might have been part of the history of his crime; it might have been the result of an old-time brush with the warders, and a swipe across the face with a short sword. He too, was *un frangin*, a pal, as Poirier thought to himself. One caught prison slang in that company, as one might have caught fleas elsewhere.

His bride was a sort of farm wench—earth-coloured as to her clothing; earth derived, without any intermediate stages, in the pitiless stupidity of the face, and the soulless air. Yet even she wore a strip of orange flower in her hat, and most of the others achieved the bridal white as well.

The little dapper fellow with the waxed moustache, the curling-tong curls and the busy tongue was clearly a *coiffeur* who had returned to his first love in the arts, after a more or less unfortunate essay in crime. The only thing that brought them together, as the painters say, was their unmistakable hang-dog air of the person who has "done time." It was not always on their faces. While they chatted together, they were much as other men, at least to any one not familiar with the record. But, whenever they met the glance of authority, it came over them at once. It was the beaten hound at sight of the man with the whip.

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The mayor made them a most edifying discourse on the duties of matrimony ; and, when it was all over, they trooped off to the little church for the nuptial benediction, which was entirely a matter of their own free-will. There was one exception ; Poirier tucked his wife's arm under his, and drove her straight to his own home.

It stood in a large clearing laid out, in the French way, in narrow strips of cultivation with yams, sugar-cane, bananas, maize, sago and coffee, growing side by side like samples rather than crops. Convict cottagers came to the doors to salute them as they passed ; convict children, merry and well cared for, followed them to the very edge of the boundary fence. Native labourers stood at the gate, to lead them in procession to their dwelling, with shouts and a discord of native music, like some music of the future for the damned. They were a rough lot—terrifying in their suggestion of savagery at but one remove of iron discipline—dark skinned, with frizzly hair, broad noses, foreheads that were but an easy slope from the jutting brows to the ridges of sheer animalism in the rear.

The bride trembled, and clung closer to her mate. The bridegroom dispersed his followers with a fierce word of command, and led her to a seat in the doorway.

It was a huge hut of grass—evidently of native build—and in shape like a bee-hive. The roof was supported by a tall pole, covered with grotesque carvings, and hung with charms against evil spirits. The scant light came from narrow entrance holes, cut, as though with shears, at each point of the compass, but there was enough of it to show traces of comfort in the abundance of cool matting and of skins spread about the floor, and in the furniture, which was at least a caricature of European tastes.

The bridegroom clapped his hands and ordered coffee and sweetmeats. The bride sipped, nibbled, tittered ; and seemed gradually to regain the sense of her own importance which was her dominant note, and to nerve herself for the struggle for the mastery of the house.

" I dreamt that you were coming to me," he said fondling her.

" Pa-ta-tra ! "

" Still I dreamt—the hair, the eyes, the walk. The walk above all."

She flushed angrily. " What's wrong with that. They have been talking to you."

" What can be wrong with the walk of a Parisienne ? "

" Out with it : you mean with the walk of a little panther.

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I knew they had been talking to you. It's what they all say, the wretches—the very sentry outside the cage.”

“I don't understand you.”

She looked him through and through. Then:

“What are *you* here for?” she said stopping, and facing full on him in the twilight.

“Never mind me. I want to hear your story.”

“Tellings are tellings, then?”

“Of course.”

“I'm Sidonie Beaurepaire,” she said simply, proudly, as she might have said, “I am Queen of France.”

“I know: but what of it?”

She looked mortified. “Is it so bad as that? You've never heard?” and, after a pause:

“What a big world it is. I thought so all the time I was on the ship. All those leagues of seas and climates, and stupid people. What's the use of them? What's the use of anything but Paris?”

She uttered a strange inarticulate noise, that began as a sob, and ended in a bitter laugh—neither quite human. “What's the use of crying, even? I'm here. *Vogue la galère.*”

“A lifer?”

“Something worse, *mon ami*: twenty years at least, and what good shall I be after that? The brutes!”

“You might tell me.”

“I have told you I'm Sidonie Beaurepaire. If that won't do find out the rest for yourself. *They* know. You saw how the Mayor stared?”

“I begin to feel you are something great,” he said softly.

“Go on—go on like that.”

“Something original, a genius of what the hypocrites call crime, and we others, will and energy, and the sense of our rights.”

“I begin to like you,” said Sidonie.

“You've done something strong and daring, some magnificent *coup*. You are no love sick *blanchisseuse*, with a bottle of vitriol hidden in the week's washing.”

“Listen,” she said, “I settled the old notary in the rue du Bac. Dieu! what's the good of talking? Perhaps you've never heard of that.”

“How long have you been here?”

“Five years—yet they're talking of me in Paris still; I know it; thousands of them. How I'm blushing, *mon bonhomme*, if you

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could only see. I hate to have nobody talking about me; it lowers one."

"It was a great *coup*," he said slowly, "I'm sure of that."

"You will have it then. Well, here goes! The old notary, he was Jolivet—did you ever hear of such a name? We don't speak to people with names like that, unless we've something to get by it. The other one, my man, he was Armand—Armand de Morville. Quite a good family: cast off because he liked to amuse himself: you know, *vive la joie!* a splendid type. And as for the way he loved me—*non*—I could never tell you, but, if you're worth talking to, you'll understand.

"Well, Jolivet was supportable when he did not come too often, but at last he became troublesome, a perfect bore. The bell seemed to be going all day; and half the time it was only Jolivet. At last nothing would do for him, but we must run away together. It was insupportable, a long voyage, Jolivet in perpetuity, like something out of one of his own parchments. We couldn't face the idea, Armand and I. I wept, and then Armand was ready for anything. Wait till you see me weeping: I'm irresistible, so they all say.

"Armand said, 'Let him come and bring all the money he wants for the journey, and have all your boxes packed and sent to the station in advance and then'——

"'And then—drive off with him, and leave you behind! Ah, you love somebody else!' I couldn't help it.

"And then we'll drive off together; and sing the ballads of the *Chat Noir*."

"'Big child!—what about the money?'

"'What about your savings, and your jewels, and—and——'

"'Go on!'

"'His cash in hand?'

"'How are we to get it?'

"'Leave that to me.'

"Then I understood, and I leapt on Armand's neck, and it was settled so.

"He came—Jolivet—punctual to the day and hour, and more hideous, more vulgar than ever in his brand new travelling suit—just as if you could make a real Monsieur out of a thing like that!

"The maid had been sent on a long errand to my villa at Suresnes, so I opened the door to him myself, and showed him into the *salon*. Ah, how pretty it was! all tapestried in blue; I see it now. And I made him sit down between the chandeliers

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and the fire, with his face to the window. The wretch wanted a kiss: I told him to wait.

"There was a curtain between the drawing-room and my dressing-room; and who should be there behind the curtain but Armand, playing at bo-peep through a little chink in the folds. Oh he was so clever—Armand; he had managed everything; and so devoted to me! I had scarcely anything to do.

"Armand held in his hand one end of a little cord, quite thin but oh so strong! The cord ran along the ceiling of the *salon*, which was tapestried like a tent, you know, and we made it look like one of the cords of the tent. Then it went through a—what do you call it?—swivel, in the ceiling, and then down the pipe of the chandelier till it ended in a festoon of flowers in one of the globes, so that you could reach it with your hand. It took us days and days to do, but Armand was such an amateur mechanic; and we both worked with a will.

"Then the old wretch began worrying once more for his kiss. So I came behind him—my little creepy step, you know, the step they all talk about,—and put one arm round his neck—mind you, I didn't let him kiss me from first to last. And, with the other arm I took the noose out of the cup of the chandelier.

"Then, suddenly, I felt all of a tremble, I'm such a silly little fool sometimes: I don't know what makes me so. Trembling—with all our happiness at stake!

"I could hardly have gone on with it, even for that, if I hadn't seen in his eyes that he thought I was trembling for love of him.

"Then I slipped the noose over his neck.

"Armand did the rest. In another moment the noose was tightened with all his might, in a moment more, he was tightening it at close quarters, and I ran into the next room.

"We never opened his pocket book till we got into the train. There were 30,000 francs.

"They caught me in Brussels trying to cash one of the big notes. They guillotined Armand, the wretches! but I had '—extenuating circumstances' because, they said, it was all his fault.

"One of the jurymen was blubbing all the time. I had several offers of marriage in the course of the trial.

"I am Sidonie Beaurepaire—who are you?"

There was a pause as between two scenes of a drama. Then he said:

"I am Poirier, Madame, Jules Poirier, as I have already had the honour to tell you—the same name as Madame's now."

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"There are so many Poiriers," she said disdainfully.

"Alas!—But Madame may perhaps remember what they are pleased to call the crime of *Nid d'Amour*."

"Oh!" she gasped, "Oh!"

Her whole manner changed to respect, admiration, the deference of the disciple in presence of the master.

"No!" she cried again, receding a few paces to get a better look at him in the moonlight which had now found its way into the hut.

The crime of the riverside villa called *Nid d'Amour* was the worst that had happened in France for many a long day. It became the starting-point of fresh theories, of fresh attacks on the accepted scheme of Providence. God or Devil, who was responsible for its cruelty of cold blood? There was a difficulty either way. If the Devil, then he was master; if God, why did he yield such mastery to the other one?

She drew near, and fawned upon him.

"Then it was you who laid that trap in the little house by the Seine."

"Little sentry box—it was hardly more. I took it just for the job I had in hand, and partly for the sake of the name—*Nid d'Amour*, painted in white on the green gate. Everything was right about it, even the distance, a stone's throw from Paris, a thousand leagues from the world."

"And you who made your wife help to entice her lover there, when you had found them out. Oh the *coup*!"

He pinched her cheek, took the chin in his hand, and turned the face upward till their eyes met.

"With everything against you. You only her husband; the other the one she loved. And you to make her work with you after all!"

"She had her choice—death for two, if she said no."

"She could have warned him?"

"I have such sharp eyes, little wife: look at them—all steel."

"Yes, but——"

"And such nice little ways."

She shuddered.

"You see I wanted her as the lure. I couldn't do without her. Besides it wouldn't have been much of a work of art without that: it would have saved him his worst pang!"

"Was it a very lonely house?"

"It might have been the only house in the world."

"A very dark night?"

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"Dark enough, but the loneliness was the worst. He must have had good pluck to come; but risk, you know, counts for nothing in a rendezvous. It might have counted, perhaps, if he had known the rendezvous was with me."

"And he never suspected? *pauvre garçon!*"

"It was not for want of an omen: he stumbled over the threshold as she opened the door to him. It was very considerate. We had him pinned in a moment after that; bound and gagged, in a moment more."

"We!—She?"

"No, my brother. It might have been two to one on the wrong side, without him."

"And then?"

"We took him into the front room and laid him gently on the floor. Then I turned the light up, and he saw all of us nicely—especially me and—her. He couldn't speak; but I enjoyed the look in his eyes."

"And then?"

"What a lot of questions. You might be a *juge d'instruction*. But *you've* got the first of it, for all that. It was all guessing at the trial; and a pretty mess they made of it. I just kept my mouth shut, and let them go on. You're getting the true story now: the first time it has ever come out—absolutely *inédit*, as they say."

"Then I talked to him. I'd been wanting to talk to him for such a long time. And I had such a lot to say."

"And she?"

"She turned her head away, and fell in a corner, and combed the floor with her hands. I enjoyed that too—both birds with one stone: you understand."

"—But presently she began to turn squealy, so we had to gag her too, and lock her up in a back room."

"Did you love her very much?"

"I hated him!"

"Is she alive now? Tell me true or——"

"Repose yourself, my little wife: she died in a madhouse."

"Go on."

"There isn't much more to say. When it was all over we packed him up in three big parcels, with stones inside, and some early spring vegetables on the top of the heap. Then my good brother rigged himself up like a market gardener, and wheeled him in a handbarrow towards the bridge on the Paris road. It was rather a heavy load for one, but I had to stay behind to look after her. If she had slipped the gag, and got her voice again,

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we might have been in the devil of a mess. I had no end of trouble with her ; somehow she quite broke down.

"There was nobody about, so my brother lowered his merchandise quietly into the water with a double line. One ! two !—I heard that afterwards at the trial—the parcels went clean to the bottom. But he was nervous, I suppose, and in a hurry to be off, with number three ; and he thought that was in the river bed, when it was only on the abutment of the pier. He ought to have looked over to make sure, but there is always some little hitch in matters of this sort.

"It was found there by an early boatman, and the police were at *Nid d'Amour* next morning, before we had time to slip off. You see the place was so lonely that there was only one house to suspect.

"However, my brother got clean away in spite of them. He may be alive now for aught I know, but I never saw or heard of him again. Of course, it would never have done for him to write."

"How did you manage to come out of it so well ?"

"I don't quite understand."

She smiled, and drew her forefinger halfway round her throat.

He kissed the finger. "Just as you did, Madame—, 'extenuating circumstances'—'injured husband'—and so on. Our dear old French law : it is not as bad as it seems."

He mused awhile ; then laughed. "Perhaps most of the jury were married men. There's always the luck. Two of my chain-gang down there"—pointing at Noumea—"were Russians, and they told me that when they had something of this sort in hand, and all their plans ready, they went to church and burned a candle apiece to their saints, just for the luck."

For a long time neither spoke. A savage came in with a lamp, bustled about aimlessly, and withdrew.

"I gave the world something to talk about, at any rate," said Pourier. "Only the other day I saw in the paper that there never had been anything like it for centuries. It beat old Italy in the Middle Ages. *Vive la France !*"

Her skittishness had all deserted her now, with her vain-glorious belief that no possible mate on the island could be her equal in sensational crime.

"You are a man," she said, and she threw herself vanquished into his arms.

"I struck for quits," he muttered, as he held her there, "you, for a living. We were both within our right. But see how your society has struck back at us. Our children may yet make a vendetta of it, *Madame ma femme*. Come !"

On Fairies

By Maurice Hewlett

I SHOULD like to think that I was to be the man to write upon this subject seriously—that is, without going to literature for my data, and with the notion definitely out of my mind that the fairy godmother has ever existed. But I shall never be that man, although the documents await their historian, and I can lay my hands upon most of them. The title of his book should be *The Natural History of the Supernatural*, or, to borrow part of another man's, but only for his sub-title, *The Invisible World Discover'd*. That will convey, in brief, the line he is to take, which is the only possible line to the sincere student. Its author must be appreciative, expectant, nay, agog for the mysteries he is about to unveil; but he must be cheerful without assumption, respectful without any tragic airs. Let him not stand as the priest in the Orthodox Church, a looming hierophant; let him avoid the rhetorical pose, any hint of the grand manner. Nor shall he wear the smirk of the conjurer when he prepares with flourishes to whip the handkerchief away from his guinea-pig. Here is one who condescends to reader and subject alike. He would do harm all round: moreover, he would be a quack—for he is just as much of a quack who makes little of much as he who makes much of little. No! Let his attitude be that of the *contadino* in some vast church in Italy, who, walking into the cool dark, gazes round-eyed at the twinkling candles ahead of him in the vague, and that he may recover himself a little leans against a pillar for a while, his hat against his heart and his lips muttering an "Ave." Reassured by his prayer, or the peace of the great place, he presently espies the sacristan about to uncover a picture not often shown. Here is an occasion! The tourists are gathered, intent upon their Baedekers; he tip-toes up behind them and kneels by another pillar—for the pillars of a church are his friendly rocks, touching which he can face the unknown. The curtain is brailed up, and the blue and crimson, the mournful eyes, the wimple, the pointed chin, the

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long, idle fingers are revealed upon their golden background. While the girls flock about papa with his book, and mamma wonders where we shall have luncheon, Annibale, assured familiar of Heaven, beatified at no expense to himself, settles down to a quiet talk with the Mother of God. His attitude is perfect, and so is hers. The firmament is not to be shaken, but Annibale is not a *farceur*, nor his Blessed One absurd. Mysteries are all about us. Some are for the eschatologist and some for the shepherd; some for Patmos and some for the *podere*. Let our historian remember, in fact, that the natures into which he invites us to pry are those of the little divinities of earth, and he can't go very far wrong. Nor can we.

Certain hints may be given him, perhaps, by one who has seen many fairies. Nearly all of them, I think, tend to the same point—the discarding of literature. Literature, being a man's art, is at its best, and also at its worst, in its dealing with women. No man, perhaps, is capable of writing of women as they really are, though every man thinks that he is. A curious consequence to the history of fairies has been that literature has recognised no males in that community, and that of the females it has described it has selected only those who are enamoured of men or disinclined to them. The fact, of course, is that the fairy world is peopled very much as our own, and that, with great respect to Shakespeare, an Ariel, a Puck, a Titania, a Peasblossom are abnormal. It is as rare to find a fairy capable of discerning man as the converse is rare. I have known a person intensely aware of the spirits that reside, for instance, in flowers, in the wind, in rivers and hills, none the less bereft of any intercourse whatever with these interesting beings by the simple fact that they themselves were perfectly unconscious of him. It is greatly to be doubted whether Shakespeare ever saw a fairy, but almost certain that Shelley must have seen many. If our author is to have a poetical guide at all it had better be Shelley.

Literature will tell him that fairies are benevolent or mischievous, and tradition, borrowing from literature, will confirm it. The proposition is ridiculous. It would be as wise to say that a gnat is mischievous when it stings you, or a bee benevolent because he cannot prevent you stealing his honey. There would be less talk of benevolent bees if the gloves were off. That is the pathetic fallacy again; and that is man all over. Will nothing, I wonder, convince him that he is not the centre of the universe? If Darwin, Newton, Galileo, Copernicus, and Sir Norman Lockyer have failed, is it my turn to try? Modesty forbids. Besides, I am prejudiced. I think man, in the conduct

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of his business, inferior to any vegetable. I am a tainted source. But such talk is idle, and so is that which cries havoc upon fairy morality. Heaven knows that it differs from our own; but Heaven also knows that our own differs *inter nos*; and that to discuss the customs and habits of the Japanese in British parlours is a vain thing. "The Forsaken Merman" is a beautiful poem, but not a safe guide to those who would relate the ways of the spirits of the sea. Their ways are not ours, and the right relation of them is to each other, and not to us. I described in this Review the other day a curious case of what in one of our own species would have been called, and rightly called, shocking cruelty. The act was witnessed by me as a boy, and has never been forgotten. I saw a strange youth in a wood holding a rabbit between his thighs and pinching its throat to make it curl back its lips and shoot its tongue out. The thing was being done idly, almost unconsciously. I was not shocked at all, child as I was, and quickly moved to pity and terror, because I knew that the creature was not to be judged by our standards. From this and other things of the sort which I have observed I judge that, to the fairy kind, directly life ceases to be lived at the full, the object, be it fairy, or animal, or vegetable, is not perceived by the other to exist. Thus, if a fairy should die, the others would not know that its accidents were there; if a rabbit (as in the case cited) should be caught it would therefore cease to be rabbit. We ourselves have very much the same habit of regard towards plant-life. Our attitude to a tree or a growing plant ceases the moment that plant is out of the ground. It is then, as we say, *dead*—that is, it ceases to be a plant. But it is not dead, and has not ceased to be a plant. So also we never scruple to pluck the flowers, or the whole flower-scape, from a plant, to put it in our buttonhole or in the bosom of our friend, and thereafter to cease our interest in the plant as such. It now becomes a memory, a *gage d'amour*, a token or a sudden glory—what you will. This is the habit of mankind; but I know of rare ones, both men and women, who never allow dead flowers to be thrown into the draught, but always give them decent burial, either cremation or earth-to-earth. I find that admirable, yet don't condemn their neighbours, nor consider fairies cruel who torture the living and disregard the maimed or the dead.

Life, conscious life, in the fairy kind is so abundant, so exuberant, that it is also exorbitant. That fairies sleep I know, for I have found them asleep, and so profoundly that my clumsy tread or breath has not awakened them; but when they are awake their activity is incessant. The perpetual rise and fall, the

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myriad movements of a swarm of gnats above a pool, the un-resting and purposeless flights of butterflies in a sunny border : such parallels occur. The puzzle is to accommodate apparent lack of design with the implied fulness of it. They are as swift as swallows on the wing, but not so immersed in business ; they are as inconsequent as bats at dusk, but not so seemingly frivolous. These distinctions are subtle, yet very necessary to be made ; and to any one who has seen fairies they will appeal immediately as being just. Intense vigour, the perfection of graceful ease, light-hearted vehemence, a business in pleasure, joy as a religious exercise : such are the best definitions I can give of the exquisite beings who, unseen by nearly all humanity, throng our woods, hills, and valleys, people our gardens, flash down our running brooks, and whisper to each other in the swishing sedges of our lakes and streams.

It were not convenient here to enter too closely into the nature, properties, and parts of these lovely, swift, and secret people. The question of their engendering would lead me far, for how consider that without the due preparation of the student by a treatise upon their sexes ? That fairies love and bear children, that they feed upon air, that they can assume varying shapes, that they die and are resumed into the æther we know. I recommend these studies as indispensable to the work which is some day to be put forth by publisher not of the common breed of mortals. Let me rather deal in this essay with those romantic cases where the fairy nature, apprehended by the human, can mingle with it and assume it, and with those also, no less entrancing, where the human is sought by the fairy and loses mortal vesture or some part of it. In all cases of this kind it is important to remember that beings of different natures can only appear to each other at certain times and in certain apparently wayward manners. A fairy may appear to a young man as a beautiful girl, and then all is well. There is the poet's opportunity. But she may appear (owing to some flaw in himself or in her) as a wrinkled crone, in which case the love that draws her to expression is crossed, and she must bear her torment as she may. The converse also is true, that a human youth or maid may see a fairy, and love, and be unable to reveal himself or herself. Poets are very liable to the agony of this defect in them.

When a fairy marries a human being, if the wife is a fairy she gradually loses her powers, and the children have none of them, or only vestiges, which disappear in the next generation, unless they are revived by a similar union. This is not un-

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common, for (as I suppose) the offspring of such a marriage is more able to discern fairies than a clean-bred mortal. I heard of one case in Redesdale, in Northumberland, where a yeoman named King married a sea-woman, undoubtedly a fairy. Their son in due season disappeared into the fells and returned with a fairy wife, who was dumb ; that is, she was unable to converse with humans. She communicated, however, with her mother-in-law in ways impossible for mortals to understand. The details of their manner of conversation, recorded by the parish clergyman, are extremely interesting. She bore children to her husband, and gradually learned his speech. Her offspring, I believe, are alive at this hour and have married among their father's kind. So much for the fairy wife. If the wife is a human being and is carried away to dwell with the fairies she gets some, though not all, of the attributes, and her children have them in full. Agnes Jackson, the wife of a solicitor in Cheltenham, is a case in point. Such a wife bears her children in our manner, but does not nurse them, since they are fairies and cannot assimilate our food. She herself is much to be pitied. She can only rise and fly in the air when a fairy is with her ; but her children can help her almost as soon as they are born. She can only conceal or reveal herself as she wishes by the aid of a fairy. Her husband nourishes her at first by breathing into her mouth, but I am assured that in a short time she can support herself in his manner. Owing to the imperfect state of her being it has often happened that a girl carried away by a fairy has been rescued by human friends, whether she wished it or not. There was the well-known case of Mary Wellwood, who was wife to a carpenter near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, and was twice taken by a fairy and twice recovered. She had children in each of her states of being, and on one recorded occasion her two families met. In all cases it will be seen the wife takes the nature of the husband, or as much of it as she can, and it is important to remark that *in all cases* the children are of the husband's nature, fairy or mortal as he may happen to be. So far as fairies are concerned it seems certain that union with mortals runs in families or clans, if one may so describe their curious relationships to each other. There were five sisters of the wood in one of the western departments of France (Lot-et-Garonne, I think) who all married men : two of them married two brothers. Apart they led the decorous lives of the French middle class, but when they were together it were a sight to see ! A curious one, and to us, with our strong associations of ideas, that tremendous hand which memory has upon our heart-

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strings, a poignant one. For they had lost their powers, but not their impulses. It was a case of *Si vieillesse pouvait*. I suppose they may have appeared to some chance wayfarer, getting a glimpse of them at their gambols between the poplar-stems of the road, or in the vistas of the hazel-brakes, as a company of sprightly matrons on a frolic. To the Greeks foolishness! and be sure that such an observer would shrug them out of mind. My own impression is that these ladies were perfectly happy, that they had nothing of that *maggior' dolore* which we mortals know, and for which our joys have so often to pay. Let us hope so, at any rate, for about a fairy or a growing boy conscious of the prison-house shades could Poe have spun his horrors.

In Cupid's Garden

By M. P. Willcocks

At the door of the Coach and Horses John Metherall slipped right foot from stirrup to dismount. By this time the mist had changed to a drizzle and the minute drops from the thatch were the only sounds to be heard except the babel of fiddle-squeaks that issued from the door of the inn like froth from an ill-corked bottle. It being Saturday night, merry-making was to the fore. John Metherall was a famous "musicer" on the clarionet and, his heart warming to the sounds within, it took him but a few minutes to stable his horse and lift the latch of the bar-parlour door.

At his entry the old gaffers cricked their necks round the corner of the settle and the concertina-player stopped for a moment, while the two figures that were dancing a double-shuffle across a pair of broomsticks laid feet to the ground and stopped their zigzag. Then suddenly some one laughed, and with a sigh the greybeards turned to the fire, the player whirled forward with a swoop to his music, and the landlord started to fill the tall beer-glasses. Metherall drew out his clarionet and the trumpet-notes of it began to put an edge to the flat careering of the concertina. Eyes in the heat grew bloodshot and half-closed, till even the heads of the old ancients waved and their beards swayed like barley-heads in an autumn gale.

"Drinks all round. Each man put a name to it," shouted Metherall, laying down his clarionet at last and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. There was a largeness of movement in the gesture that was imitated by every man in the place as they stripped to shirt-sleeves and leant back in the glow of firelight, lamplight, and the misty exhalations of heated bodies.

The capable landlady, her stout hips driven to lissomeness by the excitement of a brisk trade, bustled between the bar and the cellar; the tall host performed yeoman service with thin-stemmed glasses of ginger brandy.

"Ay," said Metherall, winking at the buxom landlady, "'tis

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by looks you size up a woman or a fowl. Now, Mrs. Prickman, here, has been putting on flesh since I saw her last. You're one that pays for keeping," he finished, as she came up to him.

Tamzen Prickman had her code of manners that varied from the curt nod for the tramp to the hurrying footsteps for the farmer. She hurried now, for Metherrall was a very "warm" man indeed.

"Well," she retorted, "and you wouldn't have me looking like a kidney-bean stalk!"

"You don't look none the worse for it, my dear," said Metherrall, smiling broadly on the red cheeks and strong black hair. He could never speak two words to a woman without drawing out the tender stop.

"Now," he added, almost in a whisper, "I'm here on a bit of business to-night. Only just you put a drop of strychnine in your husband's beer and I shouldn't need to go no further, but I suppose that's a little too much to ask?"

"'Tis that," nodded Tamzen.

"The fact is," said Metherrall, dropping into a cosy aside, "that I'm on the look-out for a partner. You see, my missus left me with two chillern and they're a rare trouble to rear without a woman. And, since I've got they two, I've made up my mind I'll be bothered with no second family. Yet, all the same, 'tis lonely, evenings and that, for a widow-man not so much over thirty."

"But," protested Tamzen, "if 'tis a family you're against, I don't see how you can take up with a woman-partner."

"I'll tell 'ee what I thought," said he, "for I'm a rare thinker when once I put my mind to it. I've set my mind on a widow-woman that's never had a family, nor's like to have. A briskish sort of a body that'll run the dairy and the chillern and sweeten up things for me, too."

Metherrall's grey eyes glinted with the gaze of a prowling fox.

"Would'ee go upon a recommend?" asked Tamzen.

"Well, I do and I don't. If I'm in want and anybody recommends a woman, I pass my opinion. And then, if I thought 'twould fit me, I might go further."

"Some are for looks and some for money."

"Well, I wouldn't take a partner for money, if she didn't fetch my eye. But I've no objection to loaves and fishes."

"Maria Shaddick might do," said Tamzen musingly.

"Now, I'm a free-speaking sort of a chap and if I find no love come on when I've seen her, well, I won't have her. That's all there is to it."

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Mrs. Prickman began to laugh in slow, side-shaking mirth.

"Iss, Maria Shaddick's a taking sort of a toad," said she.

"Sounds promising," said he. "But what I'd like to be sure of is the health. I'd a deal of trouble with my first wife's health. There wasn't a drop of good blood in her veins when her died. It had all turned to humour."

"Ay, Maria's healthy, if that's your trouble. I can recommend her every way, whether 'tis for looks, or brains, or character," said Mrs. Prickman, now thoroughly warming to her task.

"I want all that," said Metherall with a laugh. "The more you ask, the more you get. So the widow's got handsome looks and a good character, then? For brains, I'll trust to my own head-piece."

"Ay, and a bit of money, too. I'll send round for her this very minute. I'll not say who you be, but I'll just ask her to step round."

"But her'll have to shift her clothes before seeing company," said Metherall, judging from his extensive knowledge of women.

"Not her. 'Tis a homely body, and if you see her Monday, you see her Sunday."

Metherall's face fell somewhat, but he murmured gently: " 'Tis no harm done."

After the messenger had been despatched he stood at the entrance of the yard till he saw a tall woman coming in.

"Mrs. Shaddick?" he asked, lifting hat gallantly. "'Tisn't a bad-looking maid in this light," thought he, "and six feet two, if an inch."

"The same," said the widow with a bow, "Mrs. Prickman sent word that I was wanted."

"You're one of the sort that's always wanted," said Metherall, turning back to walk by her side. "'Twas me that wanted 'ee and now that you'm here, 'tis wanting I am, more than ever."

"What's your meaning?" asked the tall figure that walked by his side.

Metherall began to feel the excitement of wooing a partially invisible grenadier.

"I'm on the look-out, being a widow-man," began he, "and if I could see a woman that suited me, I shouldn't be long in coming to an understanding with her."

"I've a bit of money myself," said the widow, "and so there's no call for me to take a partner."

"But where's the joy of it, my dear? What good's your life to 'ee without a man? I don't press you, but just think it over."

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As they stood at her gate, the pump on the green threw a long derisive shadow that reached to the feet of the courting pair.

"I'll be over to see 'ee to-morrow, please God," said he, "and then we'll know how things look."

"Then be sure and come early," said she with a flutter.

"Takes to it like a calf to new milk," chuckled Metherall to himself. "'Tis a weedy sort of a woman, too, seemingly. But 'tis as good as a play to go a-courting of a woman you've only seen in the glimpses of the moon. 'Tis plain, too, that if I say snip, her'll say snap. I must mind what I'm about."

But he was so elated that all the way down the village street where candlelight shone from the upper window-squares, he sang the old song that still clings to these North Devon uplands, where the roar of the pebble-ridge sounds forty miles inland of a winter night. And, punctuated by stumbles, this was his song :

Oh, it was a brisk young lady,
And a young apprentice boy,
So loving they were courting,
For he was all her joy.

Her cheeks were like two roses,
Her humours were so free.
She said, "If ever I marry,
My dear, it shall be thee."

The next day, when Mrs. Shaddick opened her door to John Metherall, he stood at gaze for a second, while the winter sunlight shone full on stolid figure, red hair, thick lips, "muffling spots" (freckles), chenille hair-net and—fifty years of life.

"It won't do," said Metherall to himself. "I don't like the looks of her. Too old! And look at her boots! Clumsy, lace-up hobnailers and never a bit of smartness anywhere. My Lord! I'll wring Tamzen's neck for her."

These were the days of elastic-sided boots, when lace-ups were the depths of dowdiness.

"Good-day," said he, while the sleek, well-oiled head of him sent shivers of pride through Mrs. Shaddick.

"Will your horse carry two?" she inquired, "because, if so, we could ride pillion-like down to my cousin Cole's. Will he carry double?"

"No, my dear, he won't," said Metherall firmly, shuddering at the vision of that sack of womanhood behind his trimness.

"Never mind, then. Us'll sit and have a talk before tea. You take 'en round to stable, while I just run upstairs and shift my clothes."

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"That's good hearing," thought John, "couldn't so much as get an arm round the waist of her, as 'tis now": he eyed her brown gingham gathered in bunches round the hips. Then he sat down by the fire and looked about him. What struck him most was the absence of a square of looking-glass by the side of the funeral cards. Then his glance was caught by the sight of an old velvet bonnet on the wall.

"Be darned if her wouldn't make a good gipsy," he chuckled, as he smacked his knee zestfully, recalling the black eyes and tanned skin of his intended.

Simpering to herself, Mrs. Shaddick descended the creaking stairs.

"You've shifted," remarked he approvingly, "and you look all the better for it, my dear."

"Well," asked she, as they settled by the fire, "and how do 'ee like the looks of things here? I've a bit of a house over to Hartland besides, and I've a matter of £20 coming in from the funds."

"So far, so good," said Metherall in non-committal tones.

"I think," said she, "that now you've seed what there is to be seed, I'd better come over to Winslade and see how it looks on your side. Then, there's another thing, too. I wonder what sort of a farmer you be. All for new-fangled ways, machines and that, by what I hear tell. But have 'ee tealed (planted) your potatoes yet? I don't hold with tealing 'em too late."

"No, I haven't," snapped John.

"Ah, well, I'd better come over and see how things be, afore I can give 'ee my exact word."

"I sha'n't take you, Mrs. Shaddick," said he firmly to himself, "though 'tis getting a tight sort of a place for a chap to be in. But 'tis a coolish sort of courting, this, that I never saw the likes of before. 'Twon't do to let a woman think her person isn't attractive. 'Tis the deadliest sort of insult you can put upon 'em, that."

Drawing his chair up to hers, he slipped an arm about her waist and gave her a kiss or two.

"'Tisn't to my taste," thought he, "but 'twill pass off what's going on and make it seem more natural-like."

"We'll be very comfortable, I'll go bail," purred she, having experimented thus far. "And there's my two cows that I've got. I'm paying for the keep of 'em and you might so well have 'em over to your place."

"I think not," said John firmly, "not till you see whether you come over yourself. Mustn't move too quick, you know."

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"There's a deal of furniture here," continued Mrs. Shaddick unheedingly, "and I expect you've good feather-ties. What's the dairy like? We ought to be able to make a goodish bit of money with my headpiece and your farm. Don't you be surprised if I come over to see you Wednesday of next week."

"Ay, that'll do," said John, without enthusiasm.

But Wednesday brought a snow-storm, and as Metherrall stood at noon in front of his window, he rejoiced in the white furrows of the fields.

"She'll never come," said he, "and if she does, anyway, I sha'n't be back early."

He was ready to go to a sale at a neighbouring farm, but his jaw dropped in dismay when he caught sight of Mrs. Shaddick, her skirts kilted high, marching in at the yard gate.

"Why," cried he, "I never thought you'd come in all this snow. And here I be, just off to poor Phil Andrew's survey (sale). I must go, else they'll be selling what ought to be kept in the family."

"Oh," said Mrs. Shaddick placidly, "then I'll just stay the night and that'll give me plenty of time to turn out your cupboards and that."

All that afternoon there echoed through the old rooms of Winslade the sound of Mrs. Shaddick's heavy footsteps, the noise of the opening and shutting of drawers. Her inspection was thorough and after it she felt entirely satisfied with her prospect of conjugal bliss. The children were dismissed from her mind with the reflection that the boy would be useful by-and-by and the maid would save a "girl" at once.

The great key of Winslade interested her far more. For in the ancient, stone-flagged kitchen, where the firelight danced on the barrels of the guns fastened to the rafters, there hung from the ceiling a rust-eaten key, of which no one knew anything, save that it had, like the farm, once belonged to Chief Justice Winslade and that if it were ever removed from its nail all sorts of misfortunes would betide to those who lived at Winslade. Everybody in the parish, from the parson to the rat-catcher, knew *that* story.

Mrs. Shaddick had plenty of time to meditate on it, for it was past eleven when Metherrall returned. She had fallen asleep on the parlour sofa and the lamp had burnt out when she heard the click of the gate and the barking of the dogs. After the bang of the front door there came the clink of a glass being jarred against a decanter. At length she became aware that

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the door of her room was being pushed wide open as a whiff of tobacco stole towards her nose.

"Mrs. Shaddick, be you there?" whispered Metherall.

"Iss," said she, "but speak low, for us haven't been to church yet and the hussy's got ears like a gimlet."

"And how do 'ee like the place?" inquired he.

"I like it very well. I think it will fit me."

"Well, then," said Metherall, "'tis all right on your side, but I dunno that 'tis on mine."

"What do 'ee mean?"

"Mean?" laughed he, "why, that I wouldn't send over they cows of yours yet awhile, not if I was you. For I met some Parkham chaps over at the sale. You come from Parkham, I hear."

In the darkness his voice seemed to flicker from corner to corner like a will o' the wisp.

"And I've heard something I don't like," he continued gently. "'Tis dark and I reckon you won't blush if I tell 'ee, my lady."

"What have 'ee heard? Come, out with it. 'Tis naught to my discredit, whatever 'tis. For I'll allow that I was a spirited girl when I was young, but since I've been a widow I've been very careful about my character."

"Oh-ho, so there's that, too! Tamzen Prickman, see if I don't wring thy neck for this. But that's neither here nor there. 'Tis that money in the funds and that house you said was yours. They was left 'ee by your husband and he tied 'em up, so you shouldn't keep 'em if you married again. No, my dear, I wouldn't bring over they cows. And I sha'n't teal my tetties, not till March, neither. I don't think you'll suit, neither you nor your money."

"No compulsion," said Mrs. Shaddick, in tones that he did not recognise as hers. "You can do as you like."

"I know that," he rejoined, stamping away.

Presently from the parlour there came the spirt of a match followed by the cautious opening of the door. Mrs. Shaddick stepped gently across the lobby into the kitchen and in the dim light stood holding the candle high up against the rafters. Apparently she could not make up her mind, for with a shake of the head she set down the light and poured herself out a stiff glass of rum and water. The drink gave her courage, for she suddenly threw up her hand to the rafter and so displaced a cobweb.

"All cobwebby, too," she exclaimed. "I'd have had things looking better, I'll warn."

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The visions of feather-beds, blankets and stores were as bitter as gall. But vengeance was at hand. "I'll risk it," she whispered, "if the candle goes out pop when it burns down to this."

Drawing a pin from her dress she thrust it through the candle just below the flame and with fascinated eyes sat watching, till the circle of light changed before her intent gaze to red and purple discs. She was filling her fancy with all the superstitious tales about what would happen if that key were once unfastened from its nail.

Would the roof-tree fall, she wondered, and dreading Samson's fate, she moved across the room to open the front door to facilitate her own escape. As it grated on the floor she prayed for a slow judgment on Metherall, something lingering, perhaps the gradual dropping off of cattle and children.

The next moment the candle had burnt to the pin. There was a sputter and then darkness. She laid violent hands on the key and tugged with all her might.

Suddenly there came from the corner of the room a crackle of laughter and a voice that sounded in her ears like the trump of doom.

"It's clamped to the ceiling, my dear," said Metherall. "You could hang a pig of twenty score from it and 'twouldn't budge an inch."

Mrs. Shaddick was heavy as a Michaelmas goose, but she fled like a nymph down the yard. Even outside the gate she could hear him hum ironically:

It was down in Cupid's Garden.
Away to church they bound,
With everlasting pleasure
We'll let the bells go round.

My Idealed John Bulleses*

By Yoshio Markino

Author of "A Japanese Artist in London," &c.

II

"Chopping wood—'To, To' (the sound of axe)
Singing bird—'Ho, ho' (their singing voices)
Coming out from the gloomy dark valley,
He flies to the top of the high trees.
'Ho—Ho,' thus he sings.
He sings to search his mate.
Look at that bird!
Even the bird searches his mate;
How could we humans, then, live without hope?
The Heaven above hears our voice.
It shall sympathise with us,
And we shall be at ease."
(SHIKYO, the ancient Chinese Odes.)

Thus, the human beings used to be anxious of getting companions to marry some three thousand years ago. And so we are to-day. The human love is not science; it is neither progressing nor improving by the age of this world. Therefore some were already very graceful thousands years ago, while some are still very ugly even now. Indeed, we see too often some very ugly news on every day's paper. They ought to be ashamed before the other animals, which are always obeying to their own nature. The wickedness of the humans is to mislead their love in unnatural ways: wild beasts with human faces are living everywhere in this world. Now leaving this question aside, so-called "civilisation" often leads the union of the different sexes into some conventionality, and one who has sincere etiquette always obeys to this conventionality. But each nation has different conventions. In the oriental country—China or Japan—we believed that the proper way to marry was to be fixed by the parents. Confucius or Mencius often said, "How

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to Marry? Ask your parents' opinion first of all." To violate this law meant to be "savage." I, myself, was born in such a country.

The free marriage by love is certainly primitive idea. But England, without being drowned in any conventions, has carried out this primitive idea into the civilisation, for which I pay much of my admiration.

(Of course there are abundant examples of the failure of free marriage, but their causes are not through the real English civilisation.)

Let me now write what different effects the women of West and East have through these different customs. The fixed marriage by parents makes the girls' life something like officers' or clerks', who live on their regular salary; and the free marriage makes her life like the proprietors of some unlimited firms. When one is settled in the position of regular salary, he is no longer so keen on business. Therefore even very lively persons often get into a quite dull temperament. When one starts to invest all his money in an unlimited firm, he immediately becomes very sharp on his business matters. Therefore, even very dull persons become quite plucky.

The marriage is exactly same. The oriental girls are entirely relying upon their parents, and they are not so keen to improve their personality or appearance. In one word, they are indifferent. John Bulleses are quite reverse. Their system of the purely free marriage makes them alert, and it comes out in their appearance, consciously as well as unconsciously. As the good merchants always do much advertisement, so the John Bulleses always try to be nice and charming. Talking generally, the human faces are not perfect, for the facial muscles never work even all over, and the result is that one eye is smaller than the other, and one side cheek is fuller than the other side. To my great surprise John Bulleses know their own face more accurately than most artists. I experienced this ever so often. I asked a John Bulless to let me sketch her left profile, and she immediately said to me, "No, no, Mr. Markino, that is the worst side of my face!"

I looked at her face, and after studying very carefully, I found out there was such a minute difference which was too slight to observe. I said to myself, "What a dreadful country I have come to! Those John Bulleses know their faces too accurately. I shall never become a portrait painter in this country." And I am glad to say I did not.

However, I don't mean to be angry with the John Bulleses

MY IDEAL JOHN BULLESSES

now. On the contrary, I am very grateful, for I can study the real human beauty through them, and I am enjoying it immensely.

Some time ago I saw a little John Bulless looking at the mirror and smiling and laughing all the time. I asked her what she was doing. She told me she was studying how to smile to make herself look prettiest. "!!!!!!!!!!!!!!?" That was my answer to her! Indeed, John Bullesses are always making my mouth silent by over-surprising.

About three or four years ago, it was just the time when they had a new fashion of the hair-dressing, to put a plenty stuff of the false hairs and carry out the hair over the brim of the hat, I saw the illustration of this hair-dress in some paper, and very next day I took the underground train from High Street, Kensington to South Kensington Station. There was a young lady sitting opposite me, and she had already this very latest fashion. So I looked at her head, and no sooner than my eyes were focussed on her hair, than she raised up her hand and patted it. It was quicker than the lightening. I wondered if my eyes and her hand had only one nerve common to each other! This sort of self-beautifying art is very little known among the Japanese girls. Let me tell you more about their differences.

If you give some flowers to a Japanese girl, she would carry them home and put them in flower vases. But if you give flowers to John Bulless, she would wear them immediately. It is not only flowers that John Bullesses want to wear. If I wear my national costume and pay a visit upon some John Bullesses every one of them always wants to wear my Haori (or overcoat). It is very well with Haori for them. But once a John Bulless wanted to try on my Hakama (a sort of skirt). I put it out for her. Immediately she put it on over her head. As you know, Hakama looks very much like skirt, but it is divided in the middle. It is more like trousers, only the both sides are quite full. That John Bulless was entangled with Hakama, and I had to release her breathing by pulling off Hakama from her head. Until this time I did not know that ladies put on their skirt over their head. It was an amazingly new lesson for me.

One evening lately I visited on one of my young John Bulless friends. Her uncle brought a large box in which he was keeping all his curio-collections. He put it on a table and took out those curios one after another, and explained me the histories of all articles. I was very interested, but suddenly I recollected about the young John Bulless. Where was she? I saw her

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sitting the opposite side of the table, so quietly, and she was very busy to try to wear every curio—even the sealing stamps or snuff-boxes!! She was trying them on her hair, then on her neck, on her chest and on her belt, on every part of her body, and she seemed more interested than to have talk with me. Indeed, the John Bullesses want to wear everything—metals, stones, animals' skins, dead leaves and dead birds. I would not be surprised if they picked up a dead snake on a field and wore it on themselves. So far as I remember some John Bullesses used to wear some living lizards about a few years ago.

It can not be helped. For it is their inborn nature that they want to wear everything which is within the reach of their hands. They are exactly like those little babies who always try to put everything into their mouths. Unless the nurse looked after them I don't know what would they do in the end! I am not joking at all. For more than once I noticed that some of my John Bulless friends took out a flower from a vase and wore it immediately. If I did not make her wait and wipe the water on the stem, she should spoil her best new dress. Once I said to her, "What would you say to me if I myself splash a drop of water on your dress? I do wish I were the flowers!"

When I was in Greenwich, I took out that little John Bulless friend to Greenwich Park. We came out to the heath outside the park, and this little John Bulless saw a very very old hat thrown away in a bush. She immediately took off her own cap and put that dirty old hat on her head, and said to me, "How do I look, Mr Markino?" I scolded her not to be so naughty. But in fact, I was struck very much by her beauty. She looked perfectly sweet under that dirty hat. It seems to me anything would suit John Bullesses so well. No wonder why they want to wear everything! When I think about this the poetry by a Japanese philosopher comes into my mind—"Whether it is fine or cloudy, Fuji Mountain is always beautiful." And when the John Bullesses make a good choice on their dresses, they are indeed "Fuji Mountain in fine weather" to me.

I often go to the West End and look at those show windows to study the ladies' latest fashion. One afternoon I took one of my Japanese friends to this study-tour in Bond Street. We saw many dresses, evening cloaks, and then diamonds and other jewelled head-gears, and when we came to the show-window of a shoe-maker I told him, "Now let us finish to-day's work. What do you think of it all?"

My friend pointed to some gilted shoes, said to me, "Look



"Mino mu shu"



Butterfly inside



Success



failure



Her chest or her head
is her flower



Picking up
an old hat to wear



Must try on
Every thing

Natural History
on John Bull's

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at them ! And also those diamond head-gears which we saw a few minutes ago ! What extraordinarily gorgeous things they are ! If any girl wears them in Japan people would call her 'crazy.' But here in London, most wonderful thing to me is that there are some women whom those extraordinary things suit very well ! ”

“ Yes,” I said. “ Every thing suits John Bulleses. And they wear everything. I would not be surprised if a John Bulless wears things which cost the same value with her whole house, and you can study such sciences as metallurgy, Botany, Natural History, and Zoology by the wearings of John Bulleses.”

Seeing John Bulleses I often recollect some Japanese insect called “ Mino Mushi,” or “ Overcoat Insect.” This small insect gathers feathers, dead leaves, bark, and everything, and ties them up together with her silky webs and wears this heavy over-coat. But when she takes off that overcoat, lo, she is a beautiful butterfly. Some John Bulleses bury themselves into such thick fur overcoats in winter. You can hardly see their eyes ; all other parts are covered with foxes' tails, minks' heads, seals' back skin, a whole bird, snakes' skin, &c. &c. They make their size twice or three times larger. But when they get into a house and take off all those heavy wearings, such a light and charming butterfly comes out.

It is quite natural thing that such butterflies are very fond of jewelleries. However busy they may be, they always stop in front of the jeweller's shops whenever they pass by. The time is not counted for them to look at the show-window. Perhaps they are right, because they never get old by spending hours in that way. Nay, they may become younger. I always say John Bulleses are prettiest when they are looking at the Jeweller's shops. For when they so eagerly look at what they are very fond of, they no longer belong to this troublesome world, in which everybody has something to worry. In front of the Jewellers, they look just like six-year old children—so innocent ! The focus of their eyes is fixed upon some special things they want. Some brightness comes into their wide-open eyes, and now and then their mouths break into such sweet smiles. They are exactly like a cat aiming at a mouse. What a perfect pose for portrait painting !

I always wish that they can afford to buy everything they want. What a hard luck for them if they could not buy some dresses and all sorts of nice wearings. I feel this, especially because they are so keen in their self-beautifying arts.

Once I put on some questions to one of my young and charming

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John Bulless friends—"Don't you want to be a millionaire so that you can buy every nice thing which you want?"

She smiled sweetly in silence. Surely she went into a dream—a dream of all sorts of imaginations. But her common sense (I may say the regular British sense) awakened her conscience from her dream. She covered her face with her hands and said to me, "No, no, no. If I can buy everything I want, I may be easily spoilt. Where is my happiness then? You cannot imagine how much my brain is working every time when I go shopping. All these excitements make me feel worth while my living. For instance, sometimes I intended to buy a dress for £10 or £15. But when I go to my dressmaker I see some dress exactly suits me, and it is £20. After a great hesitation I buy it. On all the way home, my mind is very busy—half happy and the other half unhappy. Then when my dress is finished I put it on, and if all my friends admire me in this dress, I am turned into perfect happiness.

"Being much encouraged by this kind of happiness, I try to save more money for the next dress. Don't you think I am much happier as I am now, than to be a millionaire?"

I paid much of my wordless admiration to her. I said to myself, "She is a real John Bulless!"

John Bulless knows exactly her own position, and never dreams fool's paradise. Perhaps in her mind, she may rebel against herself, and may even dream a fool's paradise, but she has a wonderful conscience to come back to herself. Besides this fact, I have learnt a great deal of philosophies through that John Bulless' lecture. That is to say, "to be satisfied in some unsatisfactory condition is the utmost happiness of the humans." We have a proverb, "To be quite fulfilled is the sign of declining." For this reason I love the bud more than fully-blossomed flower, and the crescent more than the full moon.

To-yen-Mei (a famous ancient Chinese poet) did not philosophise himself in this way. For he lamented in his poetry—"How long am I going to keep my human shape in this world? Wealth and fame are not my desire, the Paradise could not be expected in this world!" He ought to be ashamed before the John Bulless who is making this disappointing world directly into her paradise.

I often stand in front of the theatres, 11.15 P.M., for two reasons. One reason is to make sketches, and the other reason is to study the English life—especially about the relation between high and low John Bullesses. No sooner than the curtain drops many upper-class John Bullesses in their beautiful dresses are



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coming out to their carriages, and more numbers of the lower-class John Bulleses are watching the former on the pavement. I overhear the criticisms loudly and freely uttered by the lower-class John Bulleses. They are simply the admiration. It is quite surprising matter to me that there are not many "foxes and grapes." Very seldom I notice some sneering faces. But I think they are not real John Bulleses, so far as my prejudgment goes; they may be some aliens. Anyhow, I am one of the admirers of very orderly and systematic John Bulleses and Bulls. There is one thing I so reluctantly admit. That is to say, you have some circle which denies everybody and everything British. I hear their opinion is "socialistic," and "universal love." It sounds awfully well. I mean, only if they are very sincere to themselves. But I know personally a few people in this circle. To my great disappointment, and more-over to my grievance, they are very insincere. They are only sneering at everything and everybody. Their mind is not in perfect health. It is a kind of dreadful plague or pest. May I call them "the self-destroyers of their own country"? Because I see they are doing much damage to their own country, but I don't see at all that they do any good to this world, I mean, by their so-called "Universal Love."

When I was a school-boy, I learnt the physical geography. The school-teacher said "The Globe is round." I said, "It is impossible. Look at our high Fuji Mountain, and that deep Pacific Ocean!" But he told me those mountains and oceans count very little to this large globe, and that it is quite right to say it is round. Now I think I am quite right to say that Britains are orderly and systematic in spite of those shameful betrayers.

I used to have full curiosity upon the young John Bulleses. If I was introduced to a young John Bulless, she would write me thus: "My mother wants me to tell you she would like to have tea with you on so-and-so date." I visited on them on the fixed date. It was true that her mother had tea with us. But mother would go off immediately after the tea. I had no chance to talk with her. It was the young John Bulless who talked to me all the time. I felt rather strange.

One day the final trick befell upon me. I got the usual invitation of "for the sake of her mother." But this time, to my surprise, mother did not appear at all. I was told she was out. So I came to the conclusion to believe that "mother" meant the young John Bulless herself. I often witnessed more critical event. One of my young John Bull friends proposed

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to a young John Bulless. He informed me her answer was she wanted to ask "mother." The next information was that "Mother" could not agree.

I said, "I say, it is rather a hard line with mother. John Bullesses bring all unpleasant part upon their mother. I am sure I would not or could not be John Bullesses' mother."

Perhaps those mother John Bullesses had the same trick upon their mothers in their youthful day, and the present young John Bullesses shall be mothers, and they shall be revenged by their daughters quite soon. The reason is very very simple. Even in such a free country like England, there are some conventionalities—especially between the different sexes. Surely they themselves are quite safe, but they are much afraid of the outside folks who so often make stupid gossip about them. And tender and gentle John Bullesses are trying hard to be out of the focus of those nonsenical gossips. Indeed, more than once, I heard their complaint, "As long as those foundless gossips are uttered by every one's lips, we can not do our work much in this world."

I sincerely sympathise with them. It must be frightfully awkward for those innocent and pure-hearted John Bullesses. I loudly speak out that those who create stupid rumours have much lower morals themselves. For people always imagine the others with their own heart. I shall call England "really civilised country" when all those rumours and gossips are swept away. Until then I shall hold up my tongue. I say this absolutely and *not* comparatively. I am not comparing England with any other countries, for England is leading this moral far ahead in this world.

Lately, to my surprise, I met a plucky young John Bulless. She never brought her mother as the way of medium. She wrote me, "Will you come to have tea with *me*? I want to talk with you." So I went to talk with her. Certainly she has very progressive ideas, and she can not stand under the old conventions. She ignores all opposition against her. As I cannot describe her accurately with my broken English, the reader may easily imagine she is some sort of advanced woman. I know that kind of woman quite well. They are most unbearable. But this John Bulless whom I am talking, is entirely different from the others. She is well brought up in a good family, and in spite of her pluckiness and progressiveness, she has that sweet and charming nature of all the gentlest woman. Her conversation is pleasant because it is absolutely on literature and art—especially of the latest fashions. I wonder if she is quite an exceptional John Bulless, or are all younger John



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Bulleses progressing in that way? I wish it would be the latter. I know there are quite many ablest John Bulleses. Only I wish the other stupid gossip-manufacturers would not prevent them doing some great works together with men. My idealed civilisation shall come soon then.

Once upon a time in Japan, there was a great poet philosopher called Rikiu. When he was a boy he was working under a high priest in some famous Temple. Some notable guests were to come to that Temple. The priest ordered Rikiu to sweep the garden well. It was early in Autumn. The boy tried to sweep every leaf fallen on the garden. But the more he swept the more were falling. It was hopeless for him to make the ground spotlessly neat. He philosophied himself, and shook all the trees. Lo, the garden ground was thickly covered with red and golden autumn leaves. The High Priest and his guests enjoyed this poetically-swept garden. The moral of the different sexes is same with those Autumn leaves. Indeed, since the day of Confucius we have been trying to sweep off the need for secret meetings. But the more we try, the more ugly events happen. We could not see our idealed garden with pure and spotless ground for the last three thousand years, and we shall never be able to see in future, too. On the other hand, the English gardens of the mixed life is as poetic and beautiful as that of Rikiu's. Only if there were not any silly rumours and gossips it would be still neater.

As I was born in the country of the fixed marriages, I could not imagine rightly about the free marriage system until I came to England and witnessed it with my own eyes. I used to have many a question such as—Sociable people will win everything of course, but how is about those quiet, shy, or modest people, and those slow temperament people?

I hear it is the men's duty to propose women. Then couldn't the women have power to choose their future husband?

After having observed the English life for fourteen years I am now answering to all my own questions. As this book is for the woman, I shall write only the woman's side. Whether they are very sociable or very shy, the luck comes to them quite equally. Indeed, many of my young John Bulless friends have been getting married one after another every year. Every one of them had different nature, though.

One afternoon I went to Hyde Park and I amused myself by watching the storks. They have such a slow temperament. They never chase after fishes, but they are standing in shallow

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water instead, and waiting until some fish comes near to them. Then they pick up their prey. It seems to me they have foolishly slow temperament, but to my delight they are never starved. I saw one of them catch big fish twice in twenty minutes. On the other hand, look at the ducks. They are much harder workers. They dive into the water every minute and chase after fish to catch. I said to myself, "What different natures they have! Yet how equally is their luck! Human life is exactly same! Only the one who faithfully obeys to her nature shall get the best luck."

Now about the second question, whether John Bulleses have power to choose their future husbands or not? I was awfully mistaken. For John Bulleses have more power of wooing than men. If they have the power to control men's passion, they can encourage the men just as well. The women's helm steers the human boat very sharply. It was true what I have heard that men have to propose, while the women are silent. But I have observed definitely that John Bulleses are wooing in every way, and put men into cross-examination to confess. Once I observed a very timid man got courage to propose. It seemed as easy as for me to put my own signature on some finished picture by Turner or Corot! "I see, I see," I said to one John Bulless. "After all, you are not in miserable position as I used to imagine!"

Another question of mine was that in the free-marriage country some plain-looking girls might have harder luck than those beautiful girls. I sincerely feel very sorry for the former that it is so to some certain degree. But there is not much disappointment for them after all. For the gentle and sympathetic hearts conquer the beauty in shape. One might have too short nose or too big mouth, but if she has a beautiful heart that imperfectness of her face sweetens her charms even more. Indeed this sort of charm attracts men more than those beauties of deadly hard marble statues!

Therefore those who have sincere hearts shall win their luck quite easily.

As the result of free marriage I have found most unexpected phenomena in my very idealed John Bulleses. I mean those who are most charming and beautiful, yet who have very sincere and pathetic hearts. Why? Well, let me tell you. Perhaps the beauties who can enjoy the vain life, or who are hard-hearted have the best time because all the men flatter them and flirt them. And if they like they may be able to break hundred hearts. I have nothing to say with this sort of woman. But



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what about those beautiful John Bulleses who have sincere hearts and higher philosophy ? They can not enjoy these vainly flirting lives. Many men would go to them and pay all sorts of compliments for their beauty, after more or less the manner of wild animals. Very few sincere men indeed would go to them. On the other hand, beautiful John Bulleses may have plenty of unsuspected enemies. I know several of this sort of John Bulless. They are often lamenting that it is difficult to get real friends. I know their hearts are rebelling secretly, and I sympathise them very much.

The Mile End Sensation

By A. Neil Lyons

It was in vain that the queer old person in the scarlet dressing-gown reminded Ellen Wake that she was on trial for her life.

Ellen Wake refused to be serious.

She persisted in uttering, over and over again, a certain queer sound—a sound which may be approximately suggested by the syllables “Goo losh.” She persisted in pulling queer faces and in repeatedly protruding her tongue. This action was deliberately and obviously addressed to a bunch of faded poppies which bobbed and quivered amid a sea of faces at the far end of the court. They represented to Ellen’s eager, stoat-like little eyes the one solid, visible fact amid a scene of mystery and inconsequence. They belonged to the Sunday bonnet of old Mar Dowling, and old Mar Dowling belonged conspicuously to this entertainment, being the mother of May Dowling, deceased.

A fool named Maggie Prince—“her what got five pound from the firm for shoving her thumb into the wrong part of a bottle-washing engine”—was now yap-yapping. She didn’t half fancy herself behind them railings there.

Maggie was saying that she saw May Dowling drink some tea. “She drank it,” said Maggie, “same as if it was all right. ‘’Ere’s yere tea, May,’ says Ellen, and May, she took and drank it up. That was all I see; except the next minute I see Ellen—I see the prisoner—begin to laugh, and May, she ’ollers out, ‘Oo er!’ and ’er face come over queer.”

“Goo losh!” gurgled Ellen, putting out her tongue at the poppies.

Ellen’s little bloke, as she called him, then arose, and pushing back his wig, with a gesture of weariness, confronted the witness. “You say that her face looked quee-ah,” said the little bloke. “What do you mean by that?”

“She twisted up ’er mouth and rolled ’er eyes about,” responded the witness; “same as if ’er inside was ’urtin’ ’er.”

THE MILE END SENSATION

"Goo losh!" gurgled Ellen.

"Silence!" cried another "bloke," older and more grave and absurd than any of them. He stood by the railings, close to Maggie, and wore a badly rusted gown, and needed shaving. Also he smelt of gin.

"Oh!" echoed Ellen's little bloke. "She twisted her mouth up, did she? . . . Oh!" Every eye in court was turned upon the little man; he spoke with such an air of portent. Every eye, that is, save Ellen's. *Her* eyes were blinking at the poppies. They were not emphatic eyes, being merely two hot spots amid a tangle of fringe. But they burned and glowed with a furtive eagerness, like the eyes of some bird-killing animal, as they danced around the poppies.

"Goo losh!" gurgled Ellen again, drawing back her thick, cracked lips and exhibiting her almost toothless gums—for she was nearly twenty.

"Silence!" cried the man of gravity again, comprehending his whole environment in one deliberate glance—and an accidental hiccup. "Silence in this court!"

"Goo-ugh!" cried Ellen, mocking him.

"You must keep quiet; you really must," said the other old bloke, the drowsy old bloke in the dressing-gown, looking directly at Emma. "I ask you to keep quiet in your own interest."

"You arst that person over there to stand up," responded Ellen, irrelevantly. "'Er in the funny bonnet. She can tell you the truth. She can tell you why I done May Dowling in. You arst 'er what I promised May on Benkoliday night, when May——"

"Silence!" cried the drowsy old gentleman.

"Silence!" cried Ellen's own little bloke.

"Silence in court!" exclaimed the corner man, amid a juniper-scented hush.

"Now," pursued the optimist to whom had been confided the charge of Ellen's soul and body, "I put it to you, Miss Prince, that the deceased was subject to fits?"

Ellen Wake screwed up her little eyes and gurgled. "Goo losh!" she cried, and continued to cry at appropriate intervals through hours and hours of talk.

Then somebody tugged at Ellen's sleeve, and pointed to a hole which had suddenly appeared at her feet, within the little paddock which encompassed her. Having put out her tongue at the poppies and having also uttered a number of beastly words (which caused those persons still remaining in the court

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to shake their heads—and snigger), Ellen descended into this hole, and was kept at the bottom of it for twenty minutes.

There were lights in the theatre when they unearthed her again. This confused her, so that she could not find the poppies.

All the funny people seemed to be quieter now than they were before she went down into the hole. They seemed to think they were in church. One of twelve bald men who faced her from an opposing row of pews was standing up: he seemed to be answering questions. He seemed to be shy about it. Nobody, to hear him quavering there, would believe that this was Bloomstein, the pawnbroker of Mile End Waste: *the* Bloomstein, Bloomstein the decisive. . . . Not that Ellen took much notice of him. She was looking for poppies.

At last she found them, just as Bloomstein, with a final quaver, sat down on his hat. In the hush which followed everybody looked at Ellen. Ellen had found the poppies and she was gurgling at them. Also (and this nearly winded the usher) she had applied to her nose a fat red thumb, the nail of which was cracked and blackened by reason of Ellen having been privileged to cultivate the manual arts.

The drowsy old gentleman, holding something black between the finger and thumb of his smooth, white hand, invited Ellen to speak.

So Ellen said, "May Dowling was a——"

"Hush!" exclaimed his lordship.

"Hush!" exclaimed his lordship's hiccup.

The dignified old gentleman then put on his head what appeared to be a small black kettle-holder.

"Goo losh!" cried Ellen Wake.

The old gentleman then addressed to Ellen, with a tone and look of gravity, some words which were utterly unintelligible to her. He then removed the kettle-holder. She then spoke.

"There's one thing, sir," said Ellen Wake: "I wish you would tell the foreman down below to gimme back my mahf-organ."

Under Western Eyes*

By Joseph Conrad

PART SECOND. II

Our daily relations were interrupted at this period for something like a fortnight. I had to absent myself unexpectedly from Geneva. On my return I lost no time in directing my steps up the Boulevard des Philosophes.

Through the open door of the drawing-room I was annoyed to hear a visitor holding forth steadily in an unctuous deep voice.

Mrs. Haldin's armchair by the window stood empty. On the sofa, Nathalie Haldin raised her charming grey eyes in a glance of greeting accompanied by the merest hint of a welcoming smile. But she made no movement. With her strong white hands lying inverted in the lap of her mourning dress she faced a man who presented to me a robust back covered with black broadcloth, and well in keeping with the deep voice. He turned his head sharply over his shoulder, but only for a moment.

"Ah! your English friend. I know. I know. That's nothing."

He wore spectacles with smoked glasses, a tall silk hat stood on the floor by the side of his chair. Flourishing slightly a big soft hand he went on with his discourse, precipitating his delivery a little more.

"I have never changed the faith I held while wandering in the forests and bogs of Siberia. It sustained me then—it sustains me now. The great Powers of Europe are bound to disappear—and the cause of their collapse will be very simple. They will exhaust themselves struggling against their proletariat. In Russia it is different. In Russia we have no classes to combat each other, one holding the power of wealth, and the other mighty with the strength of numbers. We have only an unclean bureaucracy in the face of a people as great and as incorruptible as the ocean. No, we have no classes. But we have the Russian woman. The admirable Russian woman! I receive most remarkable letters signed by women. So elevated in tone, so

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courageous, breathing such a noble ardour of service! The greatest part of our hopes rests on women. I behold their thirst for knowledge. It is admirable. Look how they absorb, how they are making it their own. It is miraculous. But what is knowledge? . . . I understand that you have not been studying anything especially—medicine for instance. No? That's right. Had I been honoured by being asked to advise you on the use of your time when you arrived here I would have been strongly opposed to such a course. Knowledge in itself is mere dross."

He had one of those bearded Russian faces without shape, a mere appearance of flesh and hair with not a single feature having any sort of character. His eyes being hidden by the dark glasses there was an utter absence of all expression. I knew him by sight. He was a Russian refugee of mark. All Geneva knew his burly black-coated figure. At one time all Europe was aware of the story of his life written by himself and translated into seven or more languages. In his youth he had led an idle, dissolute life. Then a society girl he was about to marry died suddenly and thereupon he abandoned the world of fashion, and began to conspire in a spirit of repentance, and, after that, his native autocracy took good care that the usual things should happen to him. He was imprisoned in fortresses, beaten within an inch of his life, and condemned to work in mines, with common criminals. The great success of his book, however, was the chain.

I do not remember now the details of the weight and length of the fetters riveted on his limbs by an "Administrative" order, but it was in the number of pounds and the thickness of links an appalling assertion of the divine right of autocracy. Appalling and futile too, because this big man managed to carry off that simple engine of government with him into the woods. The sensational clink of these fetters is heard all through the chapters describing his escape—a subject of wonder to two continents. He had begun by concealing himself successfully from his guard in a hole on a river bank. It was the end of day; with infinite labour he managed to free one of his legs. Meantime night fell. He was going to begin on his other leg when he was overtaken by a terrible misfortune. He dropped his file.

All this is precise yet symbolic; and the file had its pathetic history. It was given to him unexpectedly one evening, by a quiet pale-faced girl. The poor creature had come out to the mines to join one of his fellow convicts, a delicate young man, a mechanic and a social democrat, with broad cheekbones and large staring eyes. She had worked her way across half Russia

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and nearly the whole of Siberia to be near him, and, as it seems, with the hope of helping him to escape. But she arrived too late. Her lover had died only a week before.

Through that obscure episode, as he says, in the history of ideas in Russia, the file came into his hands, and inspired him with an ardent resolution to regain his liberty. When it slipped through his fingers it was as if it had gone straight into the earth. He could by no manner of means put his hand on it again in the dark. He groped systematically in the loose earth, in the mud, in the water; the night was passing meantime, the precious night on which he counted to get away into the forests, his only chance of escape. For a moment he was tempted by despair to give up; but recalling the quiet, sad face of the heroic girl, he felt profoundly ashamed of his weakness. She had selected him for the gift of liberty and he must show himself worthy of the favour conferred by her feminine, indomitable soul. It appeared to be a sacred trust. To fail would have been a sort of treason against the sacredness of self-sacrifice and womanly love.

There are in his book whole pages of self-analysis whence emerges like a white figure from a dark confused sea the conviction of woman's spiritual superiority—his new faith confessed since in several volumes. His first tribute to it, the great act of his conversion, was his extraordinary existence in the endless forests of the Okhotsk Province, with the loose end of the chain wound about his waist. A strip torn off his convict shirt secured the end firmly. Other strips fastened it at intervals up his left leg to deaden the clanking and to prevent the slack links from getting hooked in the bushes. He became very fierce. He developed an unsuspected genius for the arts of a wild and hunted existence. He learned to creep into villages without betraying his presence by anything more than an occasional faint jingle. He broke into outhouses with an axe he managed to purloin in a wood-cutters' camp. In the deserted tracts of country he lived on wild berries and hunted for honey. His clothing dropped off him gradually. His naked tawny figure glimpsed vaguely through the bushes with a cloud of mosquitoes and flies hovering about the shaggy head, spread tales of terror through whole districts. His temper grew savage as the days went by, and he was glad to discover that there was so much of a brute in him. He had nothing else to put his trust in. For it was as though there had been two human beings indissolubly joined in that enterprise. The civilised man, the enthusiast of advanced humanitarian ideals thirsting for the triumph of

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spiritual love and political liberty ; and the stealthy primeval savage, pitilessly cunning in the preservation of his freedom from day to day, like a tracked wild beast.

The wild beast was making its way instinctively eastward to the Pacific coast, and the civilised humanitarian in fearful anxious dependence watched the proceedings with awe. Through all these weeks he could never make up his mind to appeal to human compassion. In the wary primeval savage this shyness might have been natural, but the other too, the civilised creature, the thinker, the escaping "political" had developed an absurd form of morbid pessimism, a form of temporary insanity, originating perhaps, in the physical worry and discomfort of the chain. These links, he fancied, made him odious to the rest of mankind. It was a repugnant and suggestive load. Nobody could feel any pity at the disgusting sight of a man escaping with a broken chain. His imagination became affected by his fetters in a precise, matter-of-fact manner. It seemed to him impossible that people could resist the temptation of fastening the loose end to a staple in the wall while they went for the nearest police official. Crouching in holes or hidden in thickets, he had tried to read the faces of unsuspecting free settlers working in the clearings or passing along the paths within a foot or two of his eyes. His feeling was that no man on earth could be trusted with the temptation of the chain.

One day, however, he chanced to come upon a solitary woman. It was on an open slope of rough grass outside the forest. She sat on the bank of a narrow stream ; she had a red handkerchief on her head and a small basket was lying on the ground near her hand. At a little distance could be seen a cluster of log cabins, with a water-mill over a dammed pool shaded by birch trees and looking bright as glass in the twilight. He approached her silently, his hatchet stuck in his iron belt, a thick cudgel in his hand ; there were leaves and bits of twig in his tangled hair, in his matted beard ; bunches of rags he had wound round the links fluttered from his waist. A faint clink of his fetters made the woman turn her head. Too terrified by this savage apparition to jump up or even to scream, she was yet too stout-hearted to faint. . . . Expecting nothing less than to be murdered on the spot she covered her eyes with her hands to avoid the sight of the descending axe. When at last she found courage to look again, she saw the shaggy wild man sitting on the bank six feet away from her. His thin sinewy arms hugged his naked legs ; the long beard covered the knees on which he rested his chin ; all these clasped, folded limbs, the

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bare shoulders, the wild head with red staring eyes, shook and trembled violently while the bestial creature was making efforts to speak. It was six weeks since he had heard the sound of his own voice. It seemed as though he had lost the faculty of speech. He had become a dumb and despairing brute, till the woman's sudden, unexpected cry of profound pity, the insight of her feminine compassion discovering the complex misery of the man under the terrifying aspect of the monster, restored him to the ranks of humanity. This point of view is presented in his book, with a very effective eloquence. She ended, he says, by shedding tears over him, sacred, redeeming tears, while he also wept with joy in the manner of a converted sinner. Directing him to hide in the bushes and wait patiently (a police patrol was expected in the Settlement) she went away towards the houses, promising to return at night.

As if providentially appointed to be the newly-wedded wife of the village blacksmith, the woman persuaded her husband to come out with her, bringing some tools of his trade, a hammer, a chisel, a small anvil. . . . "My fetters"—the book says—"were struck off on the banks of the stream, in the starlight of a calm night by an athletic, taciturn young man of the people, kneeling at my feet, while the woman like a liberating genius stood by with clasped hands." Obviously a symbolic couple. At the same time they furnished his regained humanity with some decent clothing, and put heart into the new man by the information that the sea-coast of the Pacific was only a very few miles away. It could be seen, in fact, from the top of the next ridge. . . .

The rest of his escape does not lend itself to mystic treatment and symbolic interpretation. He ended by finding his way to the West by the Suez Canal route in the usual manner. Reaching the shores of South Europe he sat down to write his autobiography—the great literary success of its year. This book was followed by other books written with the declared purpose of elevating humanity. In these works he preached generally the cult of the woman. For his own part he practised it under the rites of special devotion to the transcendental merits of a certain Madame de S——, a lady of advanced views, no longer very young, once upon a time the intriguing wife of a now dead and forgotten diplomat. Her loud pretensions to be one of the leaders of modern thought and of modern sentiment, she sheltered (like Voltaire and Mme. de Stael) on the republican territory of Geneva. Driving through the streets in her big landau she exhibited to the indifference of the natives and the stares of the

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tourists a long-waisted youthful figure of hieratic stiffness, with a pair of big gleaming eyes, rolling restlessly behind a short veil of black lace, which, coming down no further than her vividly red lips, resembled a mask. Usually the "heroic fugitive" (this name was bestowed upon him in a review of the English edition of his book)—the "heroic fugitive" accompanied her, sitting, portentously bearded and darkly bespectacled, not by her side, but opposite her, with his back to the horses. Thus, facing each other, with no one else in the roomy carriage, their airings suggested a conscious public manifestation. Or it may have been unconscious. Russian simplicity often marches innocently on the edge of cynicism for some lofty purpose. But it is a vain enterprise for sophisticated Europe to try and understand these doings. Considering the air of gravity extending even to the physiognomy of the coachman and the action of the showy horses, this quaint display might have possessed a mystic significance, but to the corrupt frivolity of a Western mind, like my own, it seemed hardly decent.

However, it is not becoming for an obscure teacher of languages to criticise a "heroic fugitive" of world-wide celebrity. I was aware from hearsay that he was an industrious busy-body, hunting up his compatriots in hotels, in private lodgings and—I was told—conferring upon them the honour of his notice in public gardens when a suitable opening presented itself. I was under the impression that after a visit or two several months before, he had given up the ladies Haldin—no doubt reluctantly, for there could be no question of his being a determined person. It was perhaps to be expected that he should reappear again on this terrible occasion, as a Russian and a revolutionist, to say the right thing, to strike the true, perhaps a comforting, note. But I did not like to see him sitting there. I trust that an unbecoming jealousy of my privileged position had nothing to do with it. I made no claim to a special standing for my silent friendship. Removed by the difference of age and nationality as if into the sphere of another existence, I produced, even upon myself, the effect of a dumb helpless ghost, of an anxious immaterial thing that could only hover about without the power to protect or guide by as much as a whisper. Since Miss Haldin with her sure instinct had refrained from introducing me to the burly celebrity, I would have retired quietly and returned later on, had I not met a peculiar expression in her eyes which I interpreted as a request to stay, with the view, perhaps, of shortening an unwelcome visit.

He picked up his hat, but only to deposit it on his knees.

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"We shall meet again, Natalia Viktorovna. To-day I have called only to mark those feelings towards your honoured mother and yourself, the nature of which you cannot doubt. I needed no urging but Eleanor—Mme. de S—— herself has in a way sent me. She extends to you the hand of feminine fellowship. There is positively in all the range of human sentiments no joy and no sorrow that woman cannot understand, elevate, and spiritualise by her interpretation. That young man newly arrived from St. Petersburg, I have mentioned to you, is already under the charm."

At this point Miss Haldin got up abruptly. I was glad. He did not evidently expect anything so decisive and, at first throwing his head back he tilted up his dark glasses with bland curiosity. At last, recollecting himself he stood up hastily seizing his hat off his knees with great adroitness.

"How is it, Natalia Viktorovna, that you have kept aloof so long, from what after all is—let disparaging tongues say what they like—a unique centre of intellectual freedom and of effort to shape a high conception of our future? In the case of your honoured mother I understand in a measure. At her age new ideas—new faces are not perhaps. . . . But you! Was it mistrust—or indifference? You must come out of your reserve. We Russians have no right to be reserved with each other. In our circumstances it is almost a crime against humanity. The luxury of private grief is not for us. Nowadays the devil is not combated by prayers and fasting. And what is fasting after all but starvation. You must not starve yourself, Natalia Viktorovna. Strength is what we want. Spiritual strength, I mean. As to the other kind, what could withstand us Russians if we only put it forth? Sin is different in our day, and the way of salvation for pure souls is different too. It is no longer to be found in monasteries but in the world, in the . . ."

The deep sound seemed to rise from under the floor, and one felt steeped in it to the lips. Miss Haldin's interruption resembled the effort of a drowning person to keep above water. She struck in with an accent of impatience:

"But, Peter Ivanovitch, I don't mean to retire into a monastery. Who would look for salvation there?"

"I spoke figuratively," he boomed.

"Well, then, I am speaking figuratively too. But sorrow is sorrow and pain is pain in the old way. They make their demands upon people. One has got to face them the best way one can. I know that the blow which has fallen upon us so unexpectedly is only an episode in the fate of a people. You

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may rest assured that I don't forget that. But just now I have to think of my mother. How can you expect me to leave her to herself. . . ? ”

“ That is putting it in a very crude way,” he protested in his great effortless voice.

Miss Haldin did not wait for the vibration to die out.

“ And run about visiting amongst a lot of strange people. The idea is distasteful for me ; and I do not know what else you may mean ? ”

He towered before her, enormous, deferential, cropped as close as a convict ; and this big pinkish poll evoked for me the vision of a wild head with matted locks peering through parted bushes, glimpses of naked, tawny limbs slinking behind the masses of sodden foliage under a cloud of flies and mosquitoes. It was an involuntary tribute to the vigour of his writing. Nobody could doubt that he had wandered in Siberian forests, naked and girt with a chain. The black broadcloth coat invested his person with a character of common and austere decency—something recalling a missionary.

“ Do you know what I want, Natalia Viktorovna ? ” he uttered solemnly. “ I want you to be a fanatic.”

“ A fanatic ! ”

“ Yes. Faith alone won't do.”

His voice dropped to a still lower tone. He raised for a moment one thick arm ; the other remained hanging down against his thigh, with the fragile silk hat at the end.

“ I shall tell you now something which I entreat you to ponder over carefully. Listen : we need a force that would move heaven and earth—nothing less.”

The profound, subterranean note of this “ nothing less ” made one shudder, almost, like the deep muttering of wind in the pipes of an organ.

“ And are we to find that force in the salon of Madame de S——? Excuse me, Peter Ivanovitch, if I permit myself to doubt it. Is not that lady a woman of the great world, an aristocrat ! ”

“ Prejudice ! ” he cried. “ You astonish me. And suppose she was all that ! She is also a woman of flesh and blood. There is always something to weigh down the spiritual side in all of us. But to make of it a reproach is what I did not expect from you. No ! I did not expect that. One would think you have listened to some malevolent scandal.”

“ I have heard no gossip, I assure you. In our province how could we ? But the world speaks of her. What can there be in

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common in a lady of that sort and an obscure country girl like me ? ”

“ She is a perpetual manifestation of a noble and peerless spirit,” he broke in. “ Her charm—no, I shall not speak of her charm. But, of course, everybody who approaches her falls under the spell. . . . Contradictions vanish, trouble falls away from one. . . . Unless I am mistaken—but I never make a mistake in spiritual matters—you are troubled in your soul, Natalia Viktorovna.”

Miss Haldin’s clear eyes looked straight at his soft enormous face ; I received the impression that behind these dark spectacles of his he could be as impudent as he chose.

“ Only the other evening walking back to town from Chateau Borel with our latest interesting arrival from Petersburg, I could notice the powerful soothing influence—I may say reconciling influence. . . . There he was, all these kilometres along the shores of the lake, silent, like a man who has been shown the way of peace. I could feel the heaven working in his soul, you understand. For one thing he listened to me patiently. I myself was inspired that evening by the firm and exquisite genius of Eleanor—Mme. de S——, you know. It was a full moon and I could observe his face. I cannot be deceived. . . . ”

Miss Haldin, looking down, seemed to hesitate.

“ Well ! I will think of what you said, Peter Ivanovitch. I shall try to call as soon as I can leave mother for an hour or two safely.”

Coldly as these words were said I was amazed at the concession. He snatched her right hand with such fervour that I thought he was going to press it to his lips or his breast. But he only held it by the finger-tips in his great paw and shook it a little up and down while he delivered his last volley of words.

“ That’s right. That’s right. I haven’t obtained your full confidence as yet, Natalia Viktorovna, but that will come. All in good time. The sister of Viktor Haldin cannot be without importance. . . . It’s simply impossible. And no woman can remain sitting on the steps. Flowers, tears, applause—that has had its time ; it’s a mediæval conception. The arena, the arena itself is the place for women ! ”

He relinquished her hand with a flourish, as if giving it to her for a gift, and remained still, his head bowed in dignified submission before her femininity.

“ The arena ! . . . You must descend into the arena, Natalia.”

He stepped back a pace, bowed his enormous body, and was

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gone swiftly. The door fell behind him. But immediately the powerful resonance of his voice was heard addressing in the ante-room the middle-aged servant woman who was letting him out. Whether he exhorted her to descend into the arena I cannot tell. The thing sounded like a lecture, and the slight crash of the outer door cut it short suddenly.

III

WE remained looking at each other for a time.

"Do you know who he is?"

Miss Haldin, coming forward, put this question to me in English.

I took her offered hand.

"Everybody knows. He is a revolutionary feminist, a great writer if you like and—how shall I say it—the—the familiar guest of Madame de S——'s mystic revolutionary salon."

Miss Haldin passed her hand over her forehead.

"You know he was with me for more than an hour before you came in. I was so glad mother was lying down. She has many nights without sleep and then sometimes in the middle of the day she gets a rest of several hours. It is sheer exhaustion—but still, I am thankful. . . . If it were not for these intervals. . . ."

She looked at me and, with that extraordinary penetration which used to disconcert me, shook her head.

"No. She would not go mad."

"My dear young lady," I cried, by way of protest, the more shocked because in my heart I was far from thinking Mrs. Haldin quite sane.

"You don't know what a fine, clear intellect mother had," continued Natalie Haldin, with her calm clear-eyed simplicity, which seemed to me always to have a quality of heroism.

"I am sure . . ." I murmured.

"I darkened mother's room and came out here. I've wanted for so long to think quietly."

She paused, then without giving any sign of distress added: "It's so difficult," and looked at me with a strange fixity, as if watching for a sign of dissent or surprise.

I gave neither. I was irresistibly impelled to say:

"The visit from that gentleman has not made it any easier, I fear."

Miss Haldin stood before me with a peculiar expression in her eyes.

"I don't pretend to understand Peter Ivanovitch completely.

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Some guide one must have, even if one does not wholly give up the direction of one's conduct to him. I am an inexperienced girl, but I am not slavish. There has been too much of that in Russia. Why should I not listen to him? There is no harm in having one's thoughts directed. But I don't mind confessing to you that I have not been completely candid with Peter Ivanovitch. I don't quite know what prevented me at the moment . . ."

She walked away suddenly from me to a distant part of the room; but it was only to open and shut a drawer in a bureau. She returned with a piece of paper in her hand. It was thin and blackened with close handwriting. It was obviously a letter.

"I wanted to read you the very words," she said. "This is one of my poor brother's letters. He never doubted. How could he doubt? They make only such a small handful, these miserable oppressors, before the unanimous will of our people."

"Your brother believed in the power of a people's will to achieve anything?"

"It was his religion," declared Miss Haldin.

I looked at her calm face and her animated eyes.

"Of course, the will must be awakened, inspired, concentrated," she went on. "That is the true task of real agitators. One has got to give up one's life to it. The degradation of servitude, the absolutist lies must be uprooted and swept out. Reform is impossible. There is nothing to reform. There is no legality, there are no institutions. There are only arbitrary decrees. There is only a handful of cruel—perhaps blind—officials against a nation."

The letter rustled slightly in her hand. I glanced down at the flimsy blackened pages whose very handwriting seemed cabalistic, incomprehensible to the experience of Western Europe.

"Stated like this," I confessed, "the problem seems simple enough. But I fear I shall not see it solved. And if you go back to Russia I know that I shall not see you again. Yet once more I say: go back! Don't suppose that I am thinking of your preservation. No! I know that you will not be returning to personal safety. But I had much rather think of you in danger there than see you exposed to what may be met here."

"I tell you what," said Miss Haldin, after a moment of reflection. "I believe that you hate revolution; you fancy it's not quite honest. You belong to a people which has made a bargain with fate and wouldn't like to be rude to it. But we have made no bargain. It was never offered to us—so much

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liberty for so much hard cash. You shrink from the idea of revolutionary action for those you think well of as if it were something—how shall I say it—not quite decent.”

I bowed my head.

“You are quite right,” I said. “I think very highly of you.”

“Don’t suppose I do not know it,” she began hurriedly. “Your friendship has been very valuable.”

“I have done little else but look on.”

She was a little flushed under the eyes.

“There is a way of looking on which is valuable. I have felt less lonely because of it. It’s difficult to explain.”

“Really? Well, I too have felt less lonely. That’s easy to explain though. But it won’t go on much longer. The last thing I want to tell you is this: in a real revolution—not a simple dynastic change or a mere reform of institutions—in a real revolution the best characters do not come to the front. A violent revolution falls into the hands of narrow-minded fanatics and of tyrannical hypocrites at first. Afterwards comes the turn of all the pretentious intellectual failures of the time. Such are the chiefs and the leaders. You will notice that I have left out the mere rogues. The scrupulous and the just, the noble, humane and devoted natures; the unselfish and the intelligent may begin a movement—but it passes away from them. They are not the leaders of a revolution. They are its victims: the victims of disgust, of disenchantment—often of remorse. Hopes grotesquely betrayed, ideals caricatured—that is the definition of revolutionary success. There have been in every revolution hearts broken by such successes. But enough of that. My meaning is that I don’t want you to be a victim.”

“If I could believe all you have said I still wouldn’t think of myself,” protested Miss Haldin. “I would take liberty from any hand as a hungry man would snatch at a piece of bread. The true progress must begin after. And for that the right men shall be found. They are already amongst us. One comes upon them in their obscurity, unknown, preparing themselves. . . .”

She spread out the letter she had kept in her hand all the time and looking down at it:

“Yes! One comes upon such men!” she repeated, and then read out the words: “Unstained, lofty, and solitary existences.”

Folding up the letter while I looked at her interrogatively, she explained:

“These are the words which my brother applies to a young

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man he came to know in St. Petersburg. An intimate friend I suppose. It must be. His is the only name my brother mentions in all his correspondence with me. Absolutely the only one, and—would you believe it?—the man is here. He arrived recently in Geneva.”

“Have you seen him?” I inquired. “But, of course, you must have seen him.”

“No! No! I haven’t! I didn’t know he was here. It’s Peter Ivanovitch himself who told me. You have heard him yourself mentioning a new arrival from Petersburg. . . . Well, that is the man of ‘unstained, lofty and solitary existence.’ My brother’s friend!”

“Compromised politically, I suppose,” I remarked.

“I don’t know. Yes. It must be so. Who knows! Perhaps it was this very friendship with my brother which . . . But no! It is scarcely possible. Really I know nothing except what Peter Ivanovitch told me of him. He has brought a letter of introduction from Father Zosim—you know, the priest-democrat; you have heard of Father Zosim?”

“Oh yes. The famous Father Zosim was staying here in Geneva for some two months about a year ago,” I said. “When he left here he seems to have disappeared from the world.”

“It appears that he is at work in Russia again. Somewhere in the centre,” Miss Haldin said, with animation. “But please don’t mention that to any one—don’t let it slip from you, because if it got into the papers it would be dangerous for him.”

“You are anxious, of course, to meet that friend of your brother?” I asked.

Miss Haldin put the letter into her pocket. Her eyes looked beyond my shoulder at the door of her mother’s room.

“Not here,” she murmured. “Not for the first time at least.”

After a moment of silence I said good-bye, but Miss Haldin followed me into the ante-room, closing the door behind us carefully.

“I suppose you guess where I mean to go to-morrow?”

“You have made up your mind to call on Mme. de S——.”

“Yes. I am going to the Château Borel. I must.”

“What do you expect to hear there?” I asked in a low voice.

I wondered if she were not deluding herself with some impossible hope. It was not that however.

“Only think—such a friend. The only man mentioned in his letters. He would have something to give me, if nothing

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more than a few poor words. It may be something said and thought in those last days. Would you want me to turn my back on what is left of my poor brother—a friend ? ”

“ Certainly not,” I said. “ I quite understand your pious curiosity.”

“ —Unstained, lofty, and solitary existences,” she murmured to herself. “ There are ! There are ! Well, let me question one of them about the loved dead.”

“ How do you know, though, that you will meet him there ? Is he staying in the Château as a guest—do you suppose ? ”

“ I can’t really tell,” she confessed. “ He brought a written introduction from Father Zosim—who it seems is a friend of Mrs. de S—— too. She can’t be such a worthless woman after all.”

“ There were all sorts of rumours afloat about Father Zosim himself,” I observed.

She shrugged her shoulders.

“ Calumny is a weapon of our government too. It’s well known. Oh yes ! It is a fact that Father Zosim had the protection of the Governor General of a certain province. We talked on the subject with my brother two years ago, I remember. But his work was good. And now he is proscribed. What better proof can one require. But no matter what that priest was or is. All that cannot affect my brother’s friend. If I don’t meet him there I shall ask these people for his address. And, of course, mother must see him too, later on. There is no guessing what he may have to tell us. It would be a mercy if mamma could be soothed. You know what she imagines. Some explanation perhaps may be found, or—or even made up perhaps. It would be no sin.”

“ Certainly,” I said, “ it would be no sin. It may be a mistake though.”

“ I want her only to recover some of her old spirit. While she is like this I cannot think of anything calmly.”

“ Do you mean to invent some sort of pious fraud for your mother’s sake ? ” I asked.

“ Why fraud ? Such a friend is sure to know something of my brother in these last days. He could tell us. . . . There is something in the facts which will not let me rest. I am certain he meant to join us abroad—that he had some plans—some great patriotic action in view ; not only for himself, but for both of us. I trusted in that. I looked forward to the time ! Oh ! with such hope and impatience. . . . I could have helped. And now suddenly this appearance of recklessness—as if he had not cared. . . . ”

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She remained silent for a time, then obstinately she concluded:

“I want to know . . .”

Thinking it over, later on, while I walked slowly away from the Boulevard des Philosophes, I asked myself critically, what precisely was it that she wanted to know? What I knew of her history was enough to give me a clue. In the educational establishment for girls where Miss Haldin finished her studies she was looked upon rather unfavourably. She was suspected of holding independent views on matters settled by official teaching. Afterwards, when the two ladies returned to their country place, both mother and daughter by speaking their minds openly on local events, had earned for themselves a reputation of liberalism. The three-horse trap of the district police-captain began to be seen frequently in their village. “I must keep an eye on the peasants”—so he explained his visits up at the house. “Two lonely ladies must be looked after a little.” He would inspect the walls as though he wanted to pierce them with his eyes, peer at the photographs, turn over the books in the drawing-room negligently, and after the usual refreshments, would depart. But the old priest of the village came one evening in the greatest distress and agitation, to confess that he—the priest—had been ordered to watch and ascertain in other ways too (such as using his spiritual power with the servants) all that was going on in the house and especially in respect of the visitors these ladies received, who they were, the length of their stay, whether any of them were strangers to that part of the country, and so on. The poor simple old man was in an agony of humiliation and terror. “I came to warn you. Be cautious in your conduct for the love of God. I am burning with shame, but there is no getting out from under the net. I shall have to tell them what I see, because if I did not there is my deacon. He would make the worst of things to curry favour. And then my son-in-law, the husband of my Parasha, who is a writer in the Government Domain office; they would soon kick him out—and maybe send him away somewhere.” The old man lamented the necessities of the times—“when people do not agree somehow” and wiped his eyes. He did not wish to spend the evening of his days with a shaven head in the penitent’s cell of some monastery—“and subjected to all the severities of ecclesiastical discipline; for they would show no mercy to an old man,” he groaned. He became almost hysterical and the two ladies full of commiseration soothed him the best they could before they let him go back to his cottage. But as a matter of fact, they had very few

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visitors. The neighbours—some of them old friends—began to keep away; a few from timidity, others with marked disdain, being grand people that came only for the summer—Miss Haldin explained to me—aristocrats, reactionaries. It was a solitary existence for a young girl. Her relations with her mother were of the tenderest and most open kind; but Mrs. Haldin had seen the experiences of her own generation, its sufferings, its deceptions, its apostasies too. Her affection for her children was expressed by the suppression of all signs of anxiety. She maintained a heroic reserve. To Nathalie Haldin, her brother with his Petersburg existence, not enigmatical in the least (there could be no doubt of what he felt or thought) but conducted a little mysteriously, was the only visible representative of a proscribed liberty. All the significance of freedom, its indefinite promises, lived in their long discussions, which breathed the loftiest hope of action and faith in success. Then, suddenly, the action, the hopes, came to an end with the details ferreted out by the English journalist. The concrete fact, the fact of his death remained; but it remained obscure in its deeper causes. She felt herself abandoned without explanation. But she did not suspect him. What she wanted was to learn almost at any cost how she could remain faithful to his departed spirit.

IV

SEVERAL days elapsed before I met Nathalie Haldin again. I was crossing the place in front of the theatre when I made out her shapely figure in the very act of turning between the gate pillars of the unattractive public promenade of the Bastions. She walked away from me, but I knew we should meet as she returned down the main alley—unless, indeed, she were going home. In that case, I don't think I should have called on her yet. My desire to keep her away from these people was as strong as ever, but I had no illusions as to my power. I was but a Westerner, and it was clear that Miss Haldin would not, could not listen to my wisdom; and as to my desire of listening to her voice, it were better, I thought, not to indulge overmuch in that pleasure. No, I should not have gone to the Boulevard des Philosophes; but when at about the middle of the principal alley I saw Miss Haldin coming towards me, I felt I was too curious, and too honest, perhaps, to run away.

There was something of the spring harshness in the air. The blue sky was hard, but the young leaves clung like soft mist about the uninteresting range of trees; and the clear sun put

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little points of gold into the grey of Miss Haldin's frank eyes, turned to me with a friendly greeting.

I inquired after the health of her mother.

She had a slight movement of the shoulders and a little sad sigh.

"But, you see, I did come out for a walk . . . for exercise as you English say."

I smiled approvingly, and she added an unexpected remark :

"It is a glorious day."

Her voice, slightly harsh, but fascinating with its masculine and bird-like quality, had the accent of spontaneous conviction. I was glad of it. It was as though she had become aware of her youth—for there was but little of spring-like glory in the rectangular railed space of grass and trees, framed visibly by the orderly roof-slopes of that town, comely without grace, and hospitable without sympathy. In the very air through which she moved there was but little warmth ; and the sky, the sky of a land without horizons, swept and washed clean by the April showers, extended a cold cruel blue, without elevation, narrowed suddenly by the ugly, dark wall of the Jura where, here and there, lingered yet a few miserable trails and patches of snow. All the glory of the season must have been within herself—and I was glad this feeling had come into her life, if only for a little time.

"I am pleased to hear you say these words."

She gave me a quick look. Quick, not stealthy. If there was one thing of which she was absolutely incapable, it was stealthiness. Her sincerity was expressed in the very rhythm of her walk. It was I who was looking at her covertly—if I may say so. I knew where she had been, but I did not know what she had seen and heard in that nest of aristocratic conspiracies. I use the word aristocratic, for want of a better term. The Château Borel embowered in the trees and thickets of its neglected grounds had its fame in our day, like the residence of that other dangerous and exiled woman, Mme. de Staël, in the Napoleonic era. Only the Napoleonic despotism, the booted heir of the Revolution, which counted that intellectual woman for an enemy worthy to be watched, was something quite unlike the autocracy in mystic vestments, engendered by the slavery of a Tartar conquest. And Mme. de S—— was very far from resembling the gifted author of *Corinne*. She made a great noise about being persecuted. I don't know if she were regarded in certain circles as dangerous. As to being watched, I imagine that the Château Borel could be subjected only to a most distant observation. It was in its exclusiveness an ideal abode for hatching superior plots—whether

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serious or futile. But all this did not interest me. I wanted to know the effect its extraordinary inhabitants and its special atmosphere had produced on a girl like Miss Haldin, so true, so honest, but so dangerously inexperienced! Her unconsciously lofty ignorance of the baser instincts of mankind left her disarmed before her own impulses. And there was also that friend of her brother, the significant new arrival from Russia. . . . I wondered whether she had managed to meet him.

We walked for some time, slowly and in silence.

"You know," I attacked her suddenly, "if you don't intend telling me anything, you must say so distinctly, and then, of course, it shall be final. But I won't play at delicacy. I ask you point blank for all the details."

She smiled faintly at my threatening tone.

"You are as curious as a child."

"No. I am only an anxious old man," I replied, earnestly.

She rested her glance on me as if to ascertain the degree of my anxiety or the number of my years. My physiognomy has never been expressive, I believe, and as to my years I am not ancient enough as yet to be strikingly decrepit. I have no long beard like the good hermit of a romantic ballad; my footsteps are not tottering, my aspect not that of a slow, venerable sage. Those picturesque advantages are not mine. I am old, alas, in a brisk, commonplace way. And it seemed to me as though there were some pity for me in Miss Haldin's prolonged glance. She stepped out a little quicker.

"You ask for all the details. Let me see. I ought to remember them. It was novel enough for a—a village girl like me."

After a moment of silence she began by saying that the Château Borel was almost as neglected inside as outside. It was nothing to wonder at. A Hamburg banker, I believe, retired from business, had it built to cheer his remaining days by the view of that lake whose precise, orderly and well-to-do beauty must have been attractive to the unromantic imagination of a business man. But he died soon. His wife departed too (but only to Italy), and this house of moneyed ease, presumably unsaleable, had stood empty for several years. One went to it up a gravel drive, round a large coarse grass-plot, with plenty of time to observe the degradation of its stuccoed front. Miss Haldin said that the impression was unpleasant. It grew more depressing as one came nearer.

She observed green stains of moss on the steps of the terrace. The front door stood wide open. There was no one about.

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She found herself in a wide, lofty, and absolutely empty hall, with a good many doors. These doors were all shut. A broad, bare stone staircase faced her, and the effect of the whole was of an untenanted house. She stood still, disconcerted by the solitude, but after a while she became aware of a voice speaking continuously somewhere.

"You were probably being observed all the time," I suggested. "There must have been eyes."

"I don't see how that could be," she retorted. "I haven't seen even a bird in the grounds. I don't remember hearing a single twitter in the trees. The whole place appeared utterly deserted except for the voice."

She could not make out the language—Russian, French, or German. No one seemed to answer it. It was as though the voice had been left behind by the departed inhabitants to talk to the bare walls. It went on volubly with a pause now and then. It was lonely and sad. The time seemed very long to Miss Haldin. An invisible repugnance prevented her from opening one of the doors in the hall. It was so hopeless. No one would come, the voice would never stop. She confessed to me that she had to resist an impulse to turn round and go away unseen, as she had come.

"Really? You had that impulse?" I cried, full of regret. "What a pity you did not obey it."

She shook her head.

"What a strange memory it would have been for one. Those deserted grounds, that empty hall, that impersonal, voluble voice and—nobody, nothing, not a soul."

The memory would have been unique and harmless. But she was not a girl to run away from an intimidating impression of solitude and mystery. "No, I did not run away," she said. "I stayed where I was—and I did see a soul. Such a strange soul."

As she was gazing up the broad staircase, and had concluded that the voice came from somewhere above, a rustle of dress attracted her attention. She looked down and saw a woman crossing the hall, having issued apparently through one of the many doors. Her face was averted, so that at first she was not aware of Miss Haldin.

On turning her head and seeing a stranger, she appeared very much startled. From her slender figure Miss Haldin had taken her for a young girl; but if her face was almost childishly round, it was also sallow and wrinkled, with dark rings under the eyes. A thick crop of dusty brown hair was parted boyishly on the side

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with a lateral wave above the dry furrowed forehead. After a moment of dumb blinking, she suddenly squatted down on the floor.

"What do you mean by squatted down?" I asked, astonished. "This is a very strange detail."

Miss Haldin explained the reason. This person when first seen was carrying a small bowl in her hand. She had squatted down to put it on the floor for the benefit of a large cat, which appeared then suddenly from behind her skirts, and hid its head into the bowl greedily. She got up, and approaching Miss Haldin asked with nervous bluntness:

"What do you want? Who are you?"

Miss Haldin mentioned her name and also the name of Peter Ivanovitch. The girlish, elderly woman nodded and puckered her face into a momentary expression of sympathy. Her black silk blouse was old and even frayed in places; the black serge skirt was short and shabby. She continued to blink at close quarters and her eyelashes and eyebrows seemed worn out too. Miss Haldin speaking gently to her, as if to an unhappy and sensitive person, explained how it was that her visit could not be an altogether unexpected event to Mme. de S——.

"Ah! Peter Ivanovitch brought you an invitation. How was I to know? A *dame de compagnie* is not consulted, as you may imagine."

The shabby woman laughed a little. Her teeth, splendidly white and admirably even, looked absurdly out of place, like a string of pearls on the neck of a ragged tramp. "Peter Ivanovitch is the greatest genius of the century perhaps, but he is the most inconsiderate man living. So if you have an appointment with him you must not be surprised to hear that he is not here."

Miss Haldin protested that she had no appointment with Peter Ivanovitch. She became interested at once in that bizarre person. That last started off again.

"Why should he put himself out for you or any one else? Oh! these geniuses. If you only knew! Yes! And their books—I mean, of course, the books that the world admires, the inspired books. But you have not been behind the scenes. Wait till you have to sit at a table for a half a day with a pen in your hand. He can walk up and down his rooms for hours and hours. I used to get so stiff and numb as I sat that I was afraid I would lose my balance and fall off the chair all at once."

She kept her hands folded in front of her, and her eyes, fixed on Miss Haldin's face, betrayed no animation whatever. Their

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expression was that of quiet conviction. Miss Haldin, gathering that the lady who called herself a *dame de compagnie* was proud of having acted as secretary to Peter Ivanovitch, made an amiable remark.

"You could not imagine a more trying experience," protested the lady. "There is an Anglo-American journalist interviewing Mme. de S—— now, or I would take you up," she continued in a changed tone and glancing towards the staircase. "I act as master of ceremonies."

It appeared that Mme. de S—— could not bear Swiss servants about her person; and, indeed, servants would not stay for very long in the Château Borel. There were always difficulties. Miss Haldin had already noticed that the hall was like a dusty barn of marble and stucco with cobwebs in the corners and faint tracks of mud on the black and white tessellated floor.

"I look also after this animal," continued the *dame de compagnie*, keeping her hands folded quietly in front of her; and she bent her worn gaze upon the cat. "I don't mind a bit. Animals have their rights; though, strictly speaking, I see no reason why they should not suffer as well as human beings. Do you? But of course they never suffer so much. That is impossible. Only in their case it is more pitiful because they cannot make a revolution. I used to be a Republican. I suppose you are a Republican?"

Miss Haldin confessed to me that she did not know what to say. But she nodded slightly and asked in her turn:

"And are you no longer a Republican?"

"After taking down Peter Ivanovitch from dictation for two years, it is difficult for me to be anything. First of all, you have to sit perfectly motionless. The slightest movement you make puts to flight the ideas of Peter Ivanovitch. You hardly dare to breathe. And as to coughing—God forbid! Peter Ivanovitch changed the position of the table to the wall because at first I could not help raising my eyes to look out of the window, while waiting for him to go on with his dictation. That was not allowed. He said I stared so stupidly. I was likewise not permitted to look at him over my shoulder. Instantly Peter Ivanovitch stamped his foot, and would roar, 'Look down on the paper!' It seems my expression, my face, put him off. Well, I know that I am not beautiful, and that my expression is not hopeful either. He said that my air of unintelligent expectation irritated him. These are his own words."

Miss Haldin was shocked, but she confessed to me that she was not altogether surprised.

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"Is it possible that Peter Ivanovitch could treat any woman so rudely?" she asked.

The *dame de compagnie* nodded several times with an air of discretion, then assured Miss Haldin that she did not mind in the least. The trying part of it was to have the secret of the composition laid bare before her; to see the great author of the revolutionary gospels, grope for words as if he were in the dark as to what he meant to say.

"I am quite willing to be the blind instrument of higher ends. To give one's life for the cause is nothing. But to have one's illusions destroyed—that is really almost more than one can bear. I really don't exaggerate," she insisted. "It seemed to freeze my very beliefs in me—the more so that when we worked in winter Peter Ivanovitch, walking up and down the room, required no artificial heat to keep himself warm. Even when we are in the South of France there are bitterly cold days, especially when you have to sit still for six hours at a stretch. The walls of these villas are so flimsy. Peter Ivanovitch did not seem to be aware of anything. It is true that I kept down my shivers from fear of putting him out. I used to set my teeth till my jaws felt absolutely locked. In the moments when Peter Ivanovitch interrupted his dictation, and sometimes these intervals were very long—often twenty minutes, no less, while he walked to and fro behind my back muttering to himself—I felt I was dying by inches, I assure you. Perhaps if I had let my teeth rattle Peter Ivanovitch might have noticed my distress, but I don't think it would have had any practical effect. She's very miserly in such matters."

The *dame de compagnie* glanced up the staircase. The big cat had finished the milk and was rubbing its whiskered cheek sinuously against her skirt. She dived to snatch it up from the floor.

"Miserliness is rather a quality than otherwise, you know," she continued, holding the cat in her folded arms. "With us it is misers who can spare money for worthy objects—not the so-called generous natures. But pray don't think I am a sybarite. My father was a clerk in the Ministry of Finances with no position at all. You may guess by this that our home was far from luxurious, though of course we did not actually suffer from cold. I ran away from my parents, you know, directly I began to think by myself. It is not very easy, such thinking. One has got to be put in the way of it, awakened to the truth. I am indebted for my salvation to an old applewoman, who had her stall under the gateway of the house we lived in. She had a kind wrinkled face, and the most friendly voice imaginable. One day, casually, we

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began to talk about a child, a ragged little girl we had seen begging from men in the streets at dusk ; and from one thing to another my eyes began to open gradually to the horrors from which innocent people are made to suffer in this world, only in order that governments might exist. After I once understood the crime of the upper classes, I could not go on living with my parents. Not a single charitable word was to be heard in our home from year's end to year's end ; there was nothing but the talk of vile office intrigues, and of promotion and of salaries, and of courting the favour of the chiefs. The mere idea of marrying one day such another man as my father made me shudder. I don't mean that there was any one wanting to marry me. There was not the slightest prospect of anything of the kind. But was it not a sin enough to live on a government salary while half Russia was dying of hunger ? The Ministry of Finances ! What a grotesque horror it is ! What does the starving ignorant people want with a Ministry of Finances. I kissed my old folks on both cheeks, and went away from them to live in cellars, with the proletariat. I tried to make myself useful to the utterly hopeless. I suppose you understand what I mean ? I mean the people who have nowhere to go and nothing to look forward to in this life. Do you understand how frightful that is—nothing to look forward to ! Sometimes I think that it is only in Russia that there are such people and such a depth of misery can be reached. Well, I plunged into it and—do you know—there isn't much that one can do in there. No indeed—at least as long as there are Ministries of Finances and such like grotesque horrors to stand in the way. I suppose I would have gone mad there just trying to fight the vermin, if it had not been for a man. It was my old friend and teacher, the poor saintly applewoman who discovered him for me, quite accidentally. She came to fetch me late one evening in her quiet way. I followed her where she would lead ; that part of my life was in her hands altogether and without her my spirit would have perished miserably. The man was a young workman, a lithographer by trade and he had got into trouble in connection with that affair of temperance tracts—you remember. There was a lot of people put in prison for that. The Ministry of Finances again ! What would become of it if the poor folk ceased making beasts of themselves with drink ? Upon my word, I would think that finances and all the rest of it are an invention of the devil—if I believed in a personal devil. Only the belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary ; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness. Finances indeed ! ”

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Hatred and contempt hissed in her utterance of the word "finances," but at the very moment she gently stroked the cat reposing in her arms. She even raised them slightly, and inclining her head rubbed her cheek against the fur of the animal which received this caress with the complete detachment so characteristic of its kind. Then looking at Miss Haldin she excused herself once more for not taking her upstairs to Mrs. S——. The interview could not be interrupted. Presently the journalist would be seen coming down the stairs. The best thing was to remain in the hall; and besides, all these rooms (she glanced all round at the many doors), all these rooms on the ground floor were unfurnished.

"Positively there is no chair down here to offer you," she continued. "But if you prefer your own thoughts to my chatter, I will sit down on the bottom step here and keep silent."

Miss Haldin hastened to protest. On the contrary she was very much interested in the story of the journeyman lithographer. He was a revolutionist, of course.

"A martyr, a simple man," said the *dame de compagnie*, with a faint sigh, and gazing through the open front door dreamily. She turned her misty brown eyes on Miss Haldin.

"I lived with him for four months. It was like a nightmare."

As Miss Haldin looked at her inquisitively she began to describe the emaciated face of the man, his fleshless limbs, his destitution. The room into which the apple-woman had led her was a tiny garret, a miserable den under the roof of a sordid house. The plaster fallen off the walls covered the floor, and when the door was opened a horrible tapestry of black cobwebs waved in the draught. He had been liberated a few days before—flung out of prison into the streets. And Miss Haldin seemed to see for the first time, a name and a face upon the body of that suffering people whose hard fate had been the subject of so many conversations, between her and her brother, in the garden of their country house.

He had been arrested with scores and scores of other people in that affair of the lithographed temperance tracts. Unluckily having got hold of a great many suspected persons, the police thought they could extract from some of them other information relating to the revolutionist propaganda.

"They beat him so cruelly in the course of investigation," went on the *dame de compagnie*, "that they injured him internally. When they had done with him he was doomed. He could do nothing for himself. I beheld him lying on a wooden bedstead without any bedding, with his head on a bundle of dirty

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rags, lent to him out of charity by an old rag-picker, who happened to live in the basement of the house. There he was, uncovered, burning with fever, and there was not even a jug in the room for the water to quench his thirst with. There was nothing whatever—just that bedstead and the bare floor.”

“Was there no one in all that great town amongst the liberals and revolutionaries, to extend a helping hand to a brother?” asked Miss Haldin, indignantly.

“Yes. But you do not know the most terrible part of that man’s misery. Listen. It seems that they ill-used him so atrociously that, at last, his firmness gave way, and he did let out some information. Poor soul, the flesh is weak, you know. What it was he did not tell me. There was a crushed spirit in that mangled body. Nothing I found to say could make him whole. When they let him out, he crept into that hole, and bore his remorse stoically. He would not go near any one he knew. I would have sought assistance for him, but indeed, where could I have gone looking for it? Where was I to look for any one who had anything to spare or any power to help. The people living round us were all starving and drunken. They were the victims of the Ministry of Finances. Don’t ask me how we lived. I couldn’t tell you. It was like a miracle of wretchedness. I had nothing to sell and I assure you, my clothes were in such a state that it was impossible for me to go out in the daytime. I was indecent. I had to wait till it was dark before I ventured into the streets to beg for a crust of bread, or whatever I could get, to keep him and me alive. Often I got nothing, and then I would crawl back and lie on the floor by the side of his couch. Oh yes, I can sleep quite soundly on bare boards. That is nothing, and I am only mentioning it to you so that you should not think I am a sybarite. It was infinitely less killing than the task of sitting for hours at a table in a cold study to take the books of Peter Ivanovitch from dictation. But you shall see yourself, what that is like, so I needn’t say any more about it.”

“It is by no means certain that I will ever take Peter Ivanovitch from dictation,” Miss Haldin protested.

“No!” said the other, incredulously. “Not certain? You mean to say that you have not made up your mind?”

When Miss Haldin assured her that there never had been any question of that between her and Peter Ivanovitch, the woman with the cat compressed her lips tightly for a moment.

“Oh, you will find yourself settled at the table before you know that you have made up your mind. Don’t make a mistake, it is disenchanting to hear Peter Ivanovitch dictate,

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but at the same time there is a fascination about it. He is a man of genius. Your face is certain not to irritate him ; you may perhaps even help his inspiration, make it easier for him to deliver his message. As I look at you, I feel certain that you are the kind of woman who is not likely to check the flow of his inspiration."

Miss Haldin thought it useless to protest against all these assumptions.

" But this man—this workman—did he die under your care ? " she said, after a short silence.

The *dame de compagnie*, listening up the stairs where now two voices were alternating with some animation, made no answer for a time. When the loud sounds of the discussion had sunk into an almost inaudible murmur, she turned to Miss Haldin :

" Yes, he died," she said, " but not literally speaking, in my arms as you might suppose. As a matter of fact, I was asleep when he breathed his last. So even now I cannot say I have seen anybody die. A few days before the end, some young men found us out in our extremity. They were revolutionists, as you might guess. He ought to have trusted in his political friends when he came out of prison. He had been liked and respected before, and nobody would have dreamed of reproaching him with his indiscretion before the police. Everybody knows how they go to work, and the strongest man has his moments of weakness before pain. Why, even hunger alone is enough to give one queer ideas as to what may be done. A doctor came, our lot was alleviated as far as physical comforts go, but otherwise, he could not be consoled—poor man. I assure you, Miss Haldin, that he was very lovable, but I had not the strength to weep. I was nearly dead myself. But there were kind hearts to take care of me. A decent dress was found to clothe my nakedness. I tell you, I was not decent—and after a time the revolutionists placed me with a Jewish family going abroad, as governess. Of course I could teach the children, I finished the sixth class of the Lyceum ; but the real object was, that I should carry some important papers across the frontier. I was entrusted with a packet which I carried next my heart. The gendarmes at the station did not suspect the governess of a Jewish family, busy looking after three children. I don't suppose those Hebrews knew what I had on me, for I had been introduced to them in a very round-about way by persons who did not belong to the revolutionary movement, and naturally I had been instructed to accept a very small salary. When we reached Germany I left that family and

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delivered my papers to a revolutionist in Stuttgart ; after this I was employed in various ways. But you do not want to hear all that. I have never felt that I was very useful, but I live in hopes of seeing all the Ministries destroyed, finances and all. The greatest joy of my life has been to hear what your brother has done."

She directed her round eyes again to the sunshine outside, while the cat reposing within her folded arms had an air of lordly beatitude and sphinx-like meditation.

"Yes! I rejoiced," she began again. "For me there is a heroic ring about the very name of Haldin. They must have been trembling with fear in their ministries—all those men with fiendish hearts. Here I stand talking to you, and when I think of all the cruelties, oppressions, and injustices that are going on at this very moment, my head begins to swim. I have looked closely at what would seem inconceivable if one's own eyes had not to be trusted. I have looked at things that made me hate myself for my helplessness. I hated my hands that had no power, my voice that could not be heard, my very mind that would not become unhinged. Ah! I have seen things. And you?"

Miss Haldin was moved. She shook her head slightly.

"No, I have seen nothing for myself as yet," she murmured. "We have always lived in the country. It was my brother's wish."

"It is a curious meeting—this—between you and me," continued the other. "Do you believe in chance, Miss Haldin? How could I have expected to see you, his sister, with my own eyes? Do you know that when the news came the revolutionaries here were as much surprised as pleased, every bit? No one seemed to know anything about your brother. Peter Ivanovitch himself had not foreseen that such a blow was going to be struck. I suppose your brother was simply inspired. I myself think that such deeds should be done by inspiration. It is a great privilege to have the inspiration and the opportunity. Did he resemble you at all? Don't you rejoice, Miss Haldin?"

"You must not expect too much from me," said Miss Haldin, repressing an inclination to cry which came over her suddenly. She succeeded, then added calmly: "I am not a heroic person!"

"You think you couldn't have done such a thing yourself, perhaps?"

"I don't know. I must not even ask myself till I have lived a little longer, seen more . . ."

The other moved her head appreciatively. The purring of

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the cat had a loud complacency in the empty hall. No sound of voices came from upstairs. Miss Haldin broke the silence :

"What is it precisely that you heard people say about my brother ? You said that they were surprised. Yes, I supposed they were. Did it not seem strange to them that my brother should have failed to save himself after the most difficult part—that is, getting away from the spot—was over ? Conspirators should understand these things well. There are reasons why I am very anxious to know."

The *dame de compagnie* had advanced to the open hall-door. She glanced rapidly over her shoulder at Miss Haldin, who remained within the hall.

"Succeed to escape," she repeated, absently. "Didn't he make the sacrifice of his life ? Wasn't he just simply inspired ? Wasn't it an act of abnegation ? Aren't you certain ?"

"What I am certain of," said Miss Haldin, "is that it was not an act of despair. Have you not heard some opinion expressed here upon his miserable capture ?"

The *dame de compagnie* mused for a while in the doorway.

"Did I hear ? Of course, everything is discussed here. Has not all the world been speaking about your brother ? For my part the mere mention of his achievement plunges me into an envious ecstasy. Why should a man certain of immortality think of his life at all ?"

She kept her back turned to Miss Haldin. Upstairs from behind a great dingy white and gold door, visible behind the balustrade of the first floor landing, a deep voice began to drone formally, as if reading over notes or something of the sort. It paused frequently, and then ceased altogether.

"I don't think I can stay any longer," said Miss Haldin. "I may return another day."

She waited for the *dame de compagnie* to make room for her exit, but that last did not move. She appeared lost in the contemplation of sunshine and shadows, sharing between themselves the stillness of the deserted grounds. She concealed the view of the drive from Miss Haldin. Suddenly she said :

"It is not necessary ; here is Peter Ivanovitch himself coming up. But he is not alone. He is seldom alone now."

Hearing that Peter Ivanovitch was approaching, Miss Haldin was not so pleased as she might have been expected to be. Somehow she had lost the desire to see either the heroic captive or Madame de S——, and the reason of that shrinking which came upon her at the very last minute is accounted for by the feeling

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that those two people had not been treating the woman with the cat kindly.

"Would you please let me pass?" said Miss Haldin at last, touching lightly the shoulder of the *dame de compagnie*.

But the other, pressing the cat to her breast, did not budge.

"I know who is with him," she said, without even looking back. More unaccountably than ever Miss Haldin felt a strong impulse to leave the house.

"Madame de S—— may be engaged for some time yet, and what I have got to say to Peter Ivanovitch is just a simple question which I might put to him when I meet him in the grounds on my way down. I really think I will go. I have been some time here, and I am anxious to get back to my mother. Will you let me pass, please?"

The *dame de compagnie* turned her head at last.

"I never supposed that you really wanted to see Madame de S——" she said, with unexpected insight. "Not for a moment." There was something confidential and mysterious in her tone. She passed through the door, with Miss Haldin following her, on to the terrace, and they descended side by side the moss-grown stone steps. There was no one to be seen on such stretches of the drive as were visible from the front of the house.

"They are hidden by the trees over there," explained Miss Haldin's new acquaintance, "but you shall see them directly. I don't know who that young man is to whom Peter Ivanovitch has taken such a fancy. He must be one of us, or he would not be admitted here when the others come. You know what I mean by the others. But I must say that he is not at all mystically inclined. I don't know that I have made him out yet. Naturally I am never for very long in the drawing-room. There is always something to do for me, though the establishment here is not so extensive as the villa on the Riviera. But still there are plenty of opportunities for me to make myself useful."

(To be continued)

The Coming of Smith

SMITH has always been a good fellow in England since his first registration in the Domesday Book, content, whether his Christian name be Timothy or Ahasuerus, in his brawn and honesty and unimaginativeness with what sufficiency of means his office in the community procured him. In the old days of princely wars, Smith was a bowman, a stout fighter, a sheep-stealer, who laid down his life as carelessly for a Frenchman as he did for a stolen lamb. His husbandry became the joy and pride of England. He was a good merchant, a good tippler, a good roysterer. Born the first archer he became the first sailor, the first explorer, the first gentleman, and, incidentally, or possibly derivatively—though Smith had no conscious knowledge of it—some Englishmen became the first writers in the modern world.

So that Smith has done well both for himself and his country, and there is no gainsaying the fact. His martial record is as honourable and brilliant as that of Rome: his Empire is even larger. Not Cæsar or Hannibal or Cleopatra are greater names to him than Nelson or Clive or Queen Elizabeth; not even Solomon with all his glory can outshine the magnificence of India; the fact is that Smith, plain, blunt, honest Smith, has become a law unto the civilised world and the greatest name in history. And all this while through the centuries, Smith has coveted no man's "other thing"—except such as belonged to the foreigner; has lived and thrived as simple liegeman, conquering and civilising mankind. For Smith the law of England was evolved. It was Smith who created what is known as the "English gentry," and hewed and toiled for them. Out of Smith there have come our insularity, our Puritanism, our love of fair-play, our phlegm, our individualism, our cant, our ignorance, our pugnaciousness, our common sense, our hearts and ships of oak. Out of Smith there has come London; there has come the silk-hat; there has come the British Empire.

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YORKSHIRE is the best place to see the type of Smith, but one may see it also in the expression of bull-dogs. Nor has Smith, as an individual or as a class, ever complained of his lot whether in the social or economic sphere. For none of the internecine wars, revolutions, risings, riots have been the work of Smith. Magna Carta was not his affair. When the Red Roses warred against the White, Smith fought Smith but for duty and ale. The great revolution which gave England liberty was quintessentially an aristocratic movement led by men of order and government, who fought for a Conservative principle. Smith was quite pleased when Guy Fawkes was tortured to death, and he burns the effigy of him to this day. The Gordon Riots troubled him little, though, as a class, Smith has always been somewhat touchy about Papal authority; nor, coming down to modern times, has Smith shown any iconoclastic disposition except occasionally towards football referees, or in a larrikin larking way at the hustings.

It is true he stood by, more or less, approvingly when Cromwell cut off the head of the King, but, as before said, that was the work of an aristocratic Puritanism, and Mrs. Smith generally favoured the long-haired Cavalier. The Fall of the Bastille, as all the stupendous events which followed in France, left Smith utterly cold. Marx, Lassalle, '48—Smith had no use for this "stupid foreign braggadocio." He never heard of Liebknecht and Bebel—the two men who have made international Social Democracy the immense force it is to-day in Europe. "Them foreign Socis," with their theories and theorems, their millenniums and shibboleths, their "iron laws" of wages and party class discipline—these were no things for Smith, who was a Free Trader, an Englishman, and a snob.

SMITH had his unions, he did not want political ideas and ideals of class warfare. The drawing-room Socialism of Oxford, of later-day Fabianism was far too theoretic, too abstract, too "classy" (if the truth must be told) for him; and so the nineteenth century came to an end, and it found Smith still plain and blunt and honest, entirely ignorant of the leavening movement of democratisation that had begun to shake even the stratocracy of Germany, entirely at the beck of that specious flunkeyism that has governed England since the Battle of Waterloo with the gentility of the Victorian antimacassar. And

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those who ruled grew vainglorious. The immunisation of Smith, from all foreign and (therefore) noxious tenets, economic doctrines and theories, they took to be a proven fact, and they took grave liberties too: constitutional, political, economic, personal, and then jubilantly they plunged Smith into the Boer War.

DEATH is a good teacher at all times, but death and poverty together are a philosophy in these commercial days, powerful as the religious fanaticism of our ancestors. For the first time in his collective state, Smith as Smith began to think; and more, he positively began to question—this and that, and all kinds of matters connected with the Army and the Government, and the causes and meanings of things which hitherto he had always taken for granted to lie beyond and out of his jurisdiction. There is no doubt at all that Smith was a different man after the peace of Bloemfontein from any genus of Smith known during the last six decades; a Smith with a dull brooding resentment against the forces that had led him into war, a Smith with an aching sense of responsibility which was slowly forming into a conscience.

He was in this uncertain and evolutionary state when he was presented with a regular “stumper” in the shape of a new political toy called Tariff Reform. He did not understand it in the least, and so still with the feeling of resentment upon him, when the time came, he threw out the Tories pell-mell from the office and governance of the country. And then a strange thing happened. If the war taught Smith to think, Tariff Reform taught him to learn. He began to read—dull, dry, German books on economics and Tariff schedules. He began to get up figures, tables of exports and imports, the incidence of taxation, of the cost of living in other countries, comparative values of bread and dripping, beef and horse-flesh, pork and black bread, rent and beer, sausage and potatoes, and this led him to the field of political economy in the tangle and raddled intricacies of which he has been immersed ever since.

SEE what he has done. Three times in succession he has deliberately sent back the Liberals into power with a mandate of destruction: to destroy that they may build up. Smith has never done so stern, so democratic a thing before. In spite

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of the pendulum, and all the gifts promised out of the Trojan horse of Protection, Smith has voted "Rad." in somewhat the same dogged way that he used to vote Tory. If elections have any value, any moral at all, the purpose of Smith is plain enough. He has placed his fist in the palm of Mr. Asquith. There for the nonce we may leave it.

THIS English Smith is the characteristic citizen of the age. He is the product of the democratisation of Europe, which again is the bastard of capitalism. It is rather a curious fact, for it is being brought about in precisely the contrary way to that predicted in Marx's *Capital*. In that work, which is still the standard of international Socialism, Marx laid it down as axiomatic of his whole economic theory that the growth of capitalism must inevitably lead to such utter misery and poverty that at last the workers of the world would rise and by force "expropriate the expropriators." The very opposite to-day is the case. Capital and Labour would seem to be growing more and more interdependent. It is not the masses who are breaking down the barriers of class tradition, of social prestige, of princely privilege, of feudalism, of autocracy, of nationalism, who are to-day leavening, democratising the world, but the power of capital which is essentially democratic and international. It is the materialism of modern life, which is the direct and logical result of capitalism, that is revolutionising our whole social body politic, and the very reason of state. Even as the horse gives way to the engine, so is the servant becoming the master.

THAT is to say, the equations of men are equalising. Such is the prime lesson of America, of the growing peoples in the New World generally. The office-boy of to-day may be the millionaire of to-morrow. It is no longer birth, privilege, nepotism, aristocratic power and tradition which can make a man powerful to-day, but the genius of individual success. And we see it in all trades and professions, even in literature. A couple of decades ago the 'Varsities gave the intellectual tone to England; they were the supreme tribunal of thought and culture. Can they be held to be so to-day, with the new power of popular education, the new technical schools, the growing dissatisfaction at the compulsory teaching of Greek, the new demand for practical and scientific education? The movements of to-day are not headed by University men. We admit

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that our public schools are deficient as educational media, apt to engender a class spirit out of touch with the hard exigencies of modern life. More and more we find that the leaders in literature and modern thought are not men who have been to either University. Instead of the intellect of the privileged classes taking part and directing the movements of the day, now the movements direct them. Here very notably the new democracy of Smith is a sign of the times.

SOCIETY—the old rigid, exclusive society—has disappeared. South Africa blasted the last strongholds remaining—to-day, as the wife of the Prime Minister recently remarked in a court of law, “extravagance is rather a passport to it.” Smith again—Smith grown rich. Between America and the chorus girls of London our aristocracy is being rapidly democratised. When a lord now needs money he marries an American, and every time a lord marries one he socialises himself with Smith. Money, the rapidity of life, cheap education—these are the wings of Smith. They carry him into every drawing-room, into office, into power whether literary, political or economic. No King can make a war to-day, scarcely any Government. That is a discovery the German Emperor made years ago when he fraternised with Dr. Ballin and Krupp, and other great captains of industry. He broke down the whole tradition of Prussian pipeclay court etiquette. The Americanisation of Germany is one of the most palpable changes in the Empire.

Now in Germany the Universities are the nurseries of intellectual movements and agitation; it is the students (they are called students there), under the direction of the professors (*Die Gelehrten*), who make the politics for the politicians, the economics for the Pan-Germans, the wisdom for the people; but in modern England it is Smith. Things have changed curiously in the last decade. Even Wilde is out of date. It is no longer the most “important” thing in life for a youth to learn how to “tie his tie.” Smith can do that now just as well—Smith with his dicky and his million press, his cheap classics, his sensible education, his gumption and his “Standard bread.” At the side of Smith the Varsity lad gives an impression of unreality. As Smith educates himself and expands, the other seems to draw further and further into a world of his own class creation, apart from the driving forces of life, splendid with his games and spats and idiosyncrasy.

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CLUBLAND—where is it? The old silk-hatted Assembly of Westminster—what is it to-day? The old Squire of Coverley—who thinks of him in these days of motors and aeroplanes? The English gentleman—what, ah, what is *he* achieving? His panache is gone, and, as if he knows and recognises it, he now strolls about London in a bowler and a lounge suit. Around, in front, behind him there peers the keen countenance of Smith. He comes down from the 'Varsity, the hero of many "colours," and finds his father's prosperous business run by Brown, who only a few years ago was the office-boy. And Brown gives him his first lessons in book-keeping. And on every side these "big" men seem to be all Browns, all whilom office-boys, men who have come up somehow from somewhere, by dint of character and labour and application. And by-and-by Brown lends our 'Varsity hero a fiver.

CHIVALRY is out of date, too, as some women are beginning to realise. What else is the Women's Emancipation Movement but the feminine soul of Smith? We all now know too much, or too little—which is much the same thing. The burdens of matrimony, the bondage of the marriage laws, the social and economic condition of women—Miss Smith is tired of them. It is part of the new *bourgeoisie* movement, the fierce economic struggle for life. As the sense of religion, belief, that is, in orthodox dogma or creed, tends to weaken, so the sanctity of the marriage union loses, too, its tradition. To-day, marriage is becoming more and more a union of interest, of convenience. What Montaigne said of it long years ago is truer than ever to-day: "The birds without despair of getting in—the birds within despair of getting out." It almost looks indeed as if a third and epicene sex were slowly evolving itself, a sex that will be lone and motherless. And such a sex would be the logical appanage of Smith.

ENGLAND, Europe to-day, is being run for Smith. It is Smith with his cheaper seats that make the theatres pay; it is for Smith that plutocratic entertainers now cater—the mob press, the admirable cheap reprints, the cheap histories and encyclopædias, the evening schools, the flabby literature, the electric theatres, the rinks, and the advertisers, our politicians with their "people's" nostrums advertised and "posterred," as the quacks and the medicine men boom their pills and cheap cures for all the diseases of humanity. "There is money in Smith," as all writers, dramatists, actors, bill-posters, journalists,

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and capitalists have found out. Even the Tory Party cannot table a Bill that does not bear the hall-mark of Smith. And the long run of Tory politics, which culminated in the rout of 1906, was due almost exclusively to the glamour of "Joe," with his people's personality and exotic buttonholes, and that quarterstaff spirit of plebeian England.

How are the mighty fallen ! Or, to put it in a truer way, how mighty have the lesser become. In countries like Russia, like Spain, Smith is still in bondage. He is uneducated ; he cannot read or write—therefore he cannot think. But in France Alfonse is omnipotent. In Germany, where he is still kept down by the most powerful military and autocratic organisation in modern history, Michael is a thinking Socialist—three millions and a half voting solidly as one man. Now in England he has begun to think too. It is the modern weapon of advertisement that has popularised Smith, as it were ; shown him his power, flattering and beguiling him until the dull inarticulate voice of Smith has grown into a mighty megaphone of authority quickened with a mass conscience. The socialisation of England has begun. It began with the stupendous failure of the Tories at the end of the last century when they taught Smith to think, and now, like marionettes in a puppet-show, they are dancing on his strings.

SMITH, in fine, is the central figure in modern England, and he has come, as men say, to stay. His advent in public life by no means presupposes Socialism, revolution or anarchism, for he is essentially a rational being, the product of his materialistic environment, out chiefly for himself. In a sound sense therefore he is a Conservative. As every man owning a business seems to be only too anxious to secure his custom, Smith sees quite clearly that he will have an easy time of it in a world where he can obtain a sample of nearly everything he needs by posting a coupon, whether it is a hair-brush or a Coronation sweet-pea. Such a man would be ungrateful to be a revolutionary, and, as a matter of fact, he is not. The only real danger in Smith is that he is an Englishman, for Englishmen are not as other men, so that should the education of Smith proceed so far as to open his eyes to some of the evils in the social fabric, one hesitates to think what rash and stupendous thing the estate Smith might not accomplish.

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IMAGINE, say in another two decades or so, the then enlightened Smith taking the lead in the world of art and culture, and refusing to live in the gloom and fog of London. Imagine Smith, having got beyond the 'Varsity standard of dramatic entertainment, crying out: "We won't have these boy and girl plays any more. Give us Shakespeare; give us art; give us Shaw. We won't have this baby censorship; these libraries telling us what to read and what not to read; this midnight closure, whereby a man cannot have a decent supper after the theatre without indigestion; this Sunday shutting up of theatres and the people's pleasures; this want of joyous *cafés*, of places to dance in, these horrible and demoralising public-houses." Imagine this robustious "Kipps" of a Smith insisting upon a free stage, a national opera and repertory theatre, a free literature, with a great public organ of his own, run not for party politics, but for honest news and business. Imagine Smith solemnly telling the headmasters of Eton and Harrow that it was high time they taught not a "little Latin and less Greek," but no Greek and some German. Imagine Miss Smith as the new Mary Wollstonecraft. Imagine Mr. Smith objecting to and stopping the heavy fees charged by the Lord Mayor's powdered coachman—well, here, it is true, the brain whirls like "Willy, waltzing round and round."

As Oxford and Cambridge cease to guide the thought and culture of the country, so Smith will obtain their direction. It is the paradox of education; and as plutocracy has broken through the walls of aristocracy, and democracy has broken through the walls of society, thus will Smith necessarily and inevitably acquire the tone and distinction of the schools. Only Smith will regard it as a means to an end, not as an end unto itself. The difference is material. It is the application of the office-boy *versus* the conscious irresponsibility of the "family."

LORD ST. IVES may say to himself: "Egad, there's only one St. Ives," but Smith will retort: "Aye, aye, but there are ten million Smiths." As well fire a hundred-ton gun at a mediæval stained glass window. Like the power of armies, the power of Smith is in numbers. That is the new message he brings to us all. He is the chartered piper of the age, the shorn lamb of a solicitous capitalism. In his name Kings

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move and speak, and Governments bow low in reverence, and he has etched upon the world the name of Demos. The material of all labour, he threatens to become its brain. There is no longer any stay to him, since we have given him the written word and taught him the use of its mysteries. Smith will progress. Smith will endure. Smith is the expression of the twentieth century.

Now that the struggle between the Peers and the Commons has begun once more, it will be well to remember that the Liberals have been sent back to power for the third time in succession, with the mandate of Smith to end the question of the Lords' Veto once and for all time. No other construction of the General Election is tenable. That being the case, and the Peers having admitted the anachronism of their privilege, it is only rational to hope that the Lords who have always worked cheek by jowl in this country with feudal Smith, will respect his wishes now that he is not feudal. To attempt after three elections a sort of forlorn raid would be inconceivably futile. It would consolidate only what it was meant to disintegrate. It would be the policy of sheer anarchy.

FAR better recognise the advent of Smith publicly and honourably. The Peers who stand above party politics should decline any longer to be made the tools of party machination. It is politically imperative to demand the acceptance of the Parliament Bill by the Upper House, indeed any other policy on the part of Mr. Asquith would be weak and undignified. The Peers must surely see that. But it is equally important that they should realise that behind the Prime Minister stands Smith, the plain blunt man who has learnt to think. That is the *mise en scène* of the situation. To defy it would be folly. To seek to stem the inevitable by needless delay or vexatious procedure would be as unworthy as it would prove useless. All half-measures must be unacceptable. The crying need of Smith is for the Parliament Bill.

The Declaration of London

By Frederic Harrison

ONE has known a class of litigants who, having trusted their case to very competent advocates, turn round on them at the close of a satisfactory compromise and grumble angrily because they have not got all that they expected in their suit. Laymen as they are, they go into the pleadings and criticise the law of the eminent king's counsel they briefed. They argue very learnedly about some technical concession their side has made ; they shut their eyes to the valuable rights they have successfully asserted ; and they will listen to nothing but to the minor points they have had to give up. Much of this sort is now taking place about ratifying the rules of the International Conference on the maritime laws of war.

Here are two preliminary provisos that must be insisted on when discussing the Declaration. The first is that the international agreement must stand or fall *as a whole*. It is now *à prendre ou à laisser*. We have to take it—or to fling it back. It is now too late to issue fresh instructions to our delegates. It is waste of time—even silly and unmannerly—to discuss modifications and petty *corrigenda* to this bulky, complicated document. All criticism is idle unless it points to acceptance or rejection *en bloc*.

The second proviso is that, if any question should be kept clear of party politics, this ought to be free from the least taint of the kind. It is in vain that the most active critics of the new rules disclaim any party interest and assure us that their zeal is pure and unadulterated patriotism. They may think so themselves quite honestly. But from which benches do they speak ? In which organs of the party Press do they find support ? Why is the Foreign Office heckled day after day and week after week ? Surely, from the party managers' point of view, it is held to be good business to keep up a hot fire upon Sir Edward Grey and his advisers ? And then, to think how scandalous it would be to suffer a national issue of such tremendous importance to drift into a device for embarrassing Mr. Asquith ?

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Let us remember that this question is a single whole, and can only be properly judged by politicians and lawyers treating it as an all-round single body of rules. Until experts in the laws of war have mastered the effect of the give-and-take clauses and have explained the general effect on a balance, it is useless for politicians to seize on some separate clause or set of clauses. In the long run, it is for politicians viewing the whole international horizon to decide *pro* or *con*. Seamen as such, merchants as such, chambers of commerce and insurance offices, speaking from the interests of traders, brokers, and business agents of any kind, inevitably express one side of the problem. It is right to attend to all they have to submit. We may trust that their interests have not been overlooked. But vast and far-reaching international problems cannot be settled simply with reference to the convenience of this or that market. This is not the time to re-open the sectional demands made by traders and Chambers of Commerce. They have been heard during the negotiations. But when they tell us (upon trade grounds) to reject the Declaration, their advice ought to be taken *cum grano mercis*. They can hardly pretend that they are speaking as politicians. They are, no doubt, patriotic enough. But are they statesmen of wide experience and foresight? Naturally, they see truly what losses war might inflict upon them. Alas! war will inflict loss and suffering on most classes!

A striking example of the presumptuous ignorance with which traders assail our Foreign Office may be seen in the long document issued by the London Chamber of Commerce, dated February 10, and published in the *Times* of February 15. This respectable council has the rashness to declare that "according to the *present rule of International Law*, destination for the armed forces of the enemy is the sole destination which justifies capture in the case of food-stuffs," &c. &c.

That assertion is a laughable blunder in law. Any tyro going in for his first examination could tell the council that there is no such rule of International law. There is no rule of International Law on that matter at all. The rule so stated may be that which has been British practice, and the rule which Britain has sought to get its powerful neighbours to recognise. But France and Germany have insisted on their claim to make food-stuffs liable to capture generally. They refused at the Hague to accept the British practice, and would not sign any agreement which contained it. And other nations support them. The point indeed is the great *crux* of the whole problem. And Britain may be thankful that it at last obtained some

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modification of a practice so ominous to our island by securing specific limitation of "conditional contraband." To reject the new Declaration would be to leave our country in war exposed to the naked stringency of the rule that *all* food-stuffs may be declared contraband. Such may not be a rule of International Law, but it is a practice which Germany, at any rate, would hold itself free to enforce. Here, as so often elsewhere, the London Chamber of Commerce chooses to call the British practice "a rule of International Law," though it is resolutely rejected by our most powerful rival. Well may our Foreign Office mildly remind the Chamber that they are under a misapprehension as to the existing rules of International Law.

Again, the point laboured by the Chamber of Commerce in their letter of February 10, that the Declaration allows the free destruction of neutral prizes, rests upon a second mare's nest, "that the destruction of neutral prizes is a violation of the law of nations." This also, in this bare form, is not so much a mare's nest as an ignorant blunder. There is no such rule in the law of nations. It is not the rule of British Prize Courts, and has never been asserted by our Government. In the recent war, Russia again and again asserted her right to sink neutral ships, and Britain failed to obtain redress. At the Conference all the great European Powers, as well as the United States, maintained their right to sink neutral ships. We did our best to get restrictions placed on this most ominous claim. And we have obtained some valuable restrictions, and also the right to appeal from the Prize Courts of the belligerent to an international tribunal.

Here again the Chamber is resting its case upon a gross misstatement of the actual practice of the various nations, by calling a British practice "a rule of the law of nations," and even misunderstanding the British practice and decisions. The entire contention of these Chambers rests from top to bottom on the false assumption that British case-law is "the law of nations," or else on the Bombastes Furioso swagger that Britain must enforce its own wishes upon all the rest of the world. The real point to consider is not what Britain does and asks to have done, but what great foreign nations have done in the past and claim to do again. It is *their* rules of the sea—not *our* rules—which concern us. We have got them mitigated in the Declaration. And those who ask us to reject the Declaration are asking us to have the practice kept in what to us is their worst and most dangerous form.

We must also be on our guard not to throw ourselves into the arms of our gallant seamen. They speak, of course, from

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the point of view of their profession. Even those who have mastered the scientific rules of the higher seamanship may mislead us if we allow them to draw off our minds from the general international *modus vivendi*—or rather, *belligerandi*. They appeal to our own *Naval Prize Manual* and to the orders and practices of our own Admiralty. They cite Sir Edward Grey's instructions to our delegates at the Hague. And they ask if the rules in the Declaration do not derogate from these. They do in some respects. When we won some concession from other Powers, we had to make some ourselves. For seamen to quote the rules of our own service and our own official manuals as decisive implies some confusion of thought. The question is not what is to be found in our manuals, but in those of great maritime Powers and possible enemies.

If we were at war with any one of these, as the laws of maritime capture and contraband now stand, the thing which would concern our traders and our people would be, not the rules of our own Navy, but the rules of their navy and their Prize Courts. When we went into the Conference, it was understood that each Power would submit for examination, and possible revision, its own practice and manual, and might consent to some modifications if it could obtain modifications from others—if, in short, some common rules could be devised to bind all Powers alike. In a sense this has been done. It is therefore mere sophistry for a gallant and accomplished seaman to cry out that the new rules would qualify the settled orders of our own Admiralty. Of course, they would and must do so if we made ourselves parties to a code of common rules to be observed by the civilised world. The only question is, whether a common code is better than general confusion and the conflict of law.

One cannot treat this question without notice of the able and patriotic publicist who leads the attack on the Declaration. But he is really more out of it as an authority than all the rest, by reason of the long crusade he has waged for the extreme views of Naval Prize law. Keen critic of so many First Lords, amateur admiral as he is, and understudy to the popular admiral who has just pulled down his flag, my eloquent friend, Mr. Bowles, is disqualified as an impartial judge by the fact of his incessant advocacy of obsolete doctrines dear to the Blue Water sailor. No man living has fought for them with more energy or with such brilliant enthusiasm. But he asks too much, and would lead us into impossible dilemmas. The good sense of the public has long agreed that the famous rules of Paris in 1856 must be not only maintained, but enlarged. To ask us to go back to

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Nelson and Lord Stowell, when all the conditions of naval warfare are changed, when the whole frame of international relations is recast—this would be fighting windmills or commanding the tide to stand still. Much as I admire Mr. Bowles' energy, oratory, and patriotism, I am sure that his championship of the *status quo* by rejecting the new rules has really ruined that cause, because even the *status quo* does not satisfy him. He would go back to the *status quo ante* 1856, and pit the British fleet to meet the world in the way that Nelson met Napoleon. That, at any rate, is a wild impossibility. And one who criticises the Declaration of London by throwing aside the Declaration of Paris places himself outside the current of modern civilisation, and gives us not only impossible, but even dangerous counsels in the twentieth century amid all the changed relations of States and the novel conditions of future wars.

Seamen are willing to admit that we gain something in the new rules as to blockade. This, no doubt, used to be a mighty engine of ours during the long war, but the new conditions of modern seamanship make it doubtful if we should count on any return to our old continental system. In any case, it is not the side of the new rules which its supporters will care to press. It would have to be a very special case in which our country could resort to anything remotely like blockades in the time of Lord Stowell. We should find that it would do us far more harm by turning friends into foes and vexing neutrals than by any direct effect on an enemy.

Nowadays we hear far more from the noisiest group of panic-mongers about the risk of being ourselves blockaded than about the advantages we might gain by blockading an enemy's ports. Seamen, traders, the public, and the Press constantly forget that each of the matters at issue has to be regarded, not from any single point of view, not even from a double point of view, but from three points of view. They affect (1) the belligerent who is attacking, (2) the belligerent on his defence, and (3) the neutral. What is good for the first may be worthless for the second, and mischievous to the third. The critics seize on any one of the three sides of the question which seems most likely to represent the Foreign Office as sacrificing the country, or to show how the British Navy is going to the dogs.

There is a popular cry of the Blue Water school that, unless the navy is permanently and perfectly supreme without a hitch or a break, these islands would be starved into submission and all our industries stopped for want of food and raw materials. This has gone so far that even experienced soldiers have been

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heard to doubt if any territorial land defence would be of the slightest use. The cry that our islands could be effectually and completely blockaded even for a month, in its extreme panicky form, is, no doubt, quite unreasonable. Any one conversant with the history of naval war must be satisfied that the immense circuit of all the British islands and their position in the most exposed Atlantic and northern seas must make absolute blockade a task impossible to all the navies of the world combined. We have the highest of British authorities in our naval service to reassure us that such a vast blockade is strategically impossible, even if all other conditions seemed to favour it.

But on the other hand, the interference by an enemy with the enormous masses of food and industrial material required week by week to keep our huge population in health and at work, this, no doubt, is a very serious problem—perhaps the greatest of all problems. Now, the new rules certainly give us very important guarantees both as to food and also as to raw materials. As to these last, we now have a definite rule that the materials stated in the Declaration are free—in no case liable to capture. The cotton industry, the woollen, silk, flax, leather, and other manufactures would not be contraband. If we reject the Declaration, they may be declared contraband, and by some Powers certainly would be so declared. Food-stuffs are placed in the category of *conditional* contraband, whereas by the practice of several great Powers, they may now be treated as generally liable to seizure. The food-supply is, however, a matter so important and so complicated that it must be treated separately.

The new rules as to *conditional* contraband and *continuous voyage* give us real security for food-stuffs in war, if we compare these rules, not with our own ruling and practice, but with the state of things if the Declaration were to lapse. We have gained our point for the doctrine of “continuous voyage” in all *absolute* contraband. The surrender of the doctrine of “continuous voyage” in the case of the *conditional* contraband of food-stuffs really works out in our own favour. Food, borne across the Atlantic, would be consigned and carried to a neutral port within easy reach of our own coast, and would not now be liable to capture. This, on the whole, is the greatest gain in the Declaration. By giving up an old practice as a dominant belligerent, we get the protection extended to an island threatened with blockade. Those who clamour for everything that Nelson could do in his prime shut their eyes to what might happen if we ourselves were on the defence.

The outcry against the Declaration rests upon the gross

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fallacy of claiming what we should like instead of accepting what we can get, of comparing what would be best for us with what is offered us in compromise. If the new International Court be not all we should wish, it is obviously better than the Prize Court of an enemy. If an enemy may violate the new rules, he may violate any rules, and even new rules or inadequate rules are better than none at all. The critics of the Declaration assume every possible circumstance against their own country, and then they cry out that the protection it gives us is not perfect.

The only thing for serious politicians to consider is this : Would the new rules leave us on safer ground than under the anarchy as it is to-day when each Power asserts its own will ? On the whole, we should be on safer ground. And the attack rests either on party hostility or gross misconception of international law.

The Cross-Currents of Unionism

By Sidney Low

THE Conservative sentiment is as strong in the country just now as the Conservative party is weak. The elections revealed both facts. Seldom has an Opposition gone to the polls more uncertain of itself, its leadership, its principles, its policy, equipped with a worse strategic scheme, or more scantily provided with commanding personalities. In England it is generally possible to point to one or two imposing figures about whom an electoral conflict gathers, the champions, the standard-bearers, or the dashing *sabreurs* of the opposing hosts. But in 1910 it cannot be said that there was any one of the Conservative chiefs who embodied and concentrated the enthusiasm of millions of his fellow countrymen. If there was a Conservative protagonist it was Mr. F. E. Smith; and after all Mr. Smith is not yet a statesman, or even a man of original ideas, but only an exceedingly clever, unextinguishably fluent, and vociferously active platform-speaker—a brisk, capable, energetic, industrious politician who will push his own fortunes far. *Non tali auxilio* will the Conservatives emerge from their tangled thickets of doubt and division into the clear light of a great purpose, an inspiring aim. Yet it was the smaller men, the younger lieutenants, who fought the battle and hurled the legions upon the foe, not the older chiefs, the Paladins of many trampled fields: Mr. Balfour, who disconcerted the one ardent and whole-hearted section of his followers at the very opening of the fray, Lord Lansdowne who after risking the constitution in defence of aristocracy suddenly threw open all the guarded gates to the democratic inrush, Mr. Austen Chamberlain *magni nominis umbra* gloomily acquiescent in a policy he dislikes. Feebly led and imperfectly disciplined, the Unionists formed their ranks for the onslaught, with no answering watchword to the exultant shout of “Away with the Lords,” and “Down with the Food Taxes.” Yet they made a good fight of it; they polled nine-twentieths of the electorate; in Great Britain as a whole they nearly won;

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over a large part of England they did actually win. It is a testimony to the real strength of the Conservative feeling, which will assert itself even though it has no luminous guidance through the "fog of war," though it scarcely knows what it is fighting for.

II

It does not know what it is fighting for: but it knows what it is fighting *against*. Tens of thousands of voters marked their ballot-papers for the Unionist candidate, not because they loved Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne more, but because they loved the Radical Ministers less. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill are just now the most valuable assets of the Conservative party. Without them it were poor indeed; for they focus the rays of anger and of distrust which burn in the hearts of many myriads who Have Something and tremble lest that something should be taken from them. In that wonderful book, *The New Machiavelli* of Mr. H. G. Wells, there is a cynical Oxford Don who scoffs at the notion that "love and fine thinking" can be the dominant motives of political action.

"Hate," said the little man, emphasising his point with a clumsy fist, "hate's the driving force. What's morality?—hate of rotten goings-on. What's patriotism?—hate of interloping foreigners. What's Toryism?—hate of disturbance. It's all hate—hate from top to bottom. . . . If you couldn't get hate into an election, damn it! people wouldn't poll."

There is truth in this, though not the whole truth. In all social and political movements there are two rival impulses, two antithetic stimuli. Men are moved by Love or Hatred, by Hope or Fear, by the instinct to Construct or the instinct to Defend; and he who understands mankind, who can inspire them to great deeds, will rely upon one or the other if he cannot rest on both. Hope and Fear, these are two Gorgonic forces which animate the soul of man in its political functioning. And it is because Radicalism has frightened so many persons who have property—though it be but a savings-bank deposit book—to guard, and a certain defined status in the social scheme to maintain, that the vote for the Unionists was so heavy, in spite of everything.

III

The Conservative party has always been divided between the two elements. Since the first ministry of Pitt, it has balanced itself more or less between those who hoped and those

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who feared, between the reformers and the preservers, between the advocates of democratic progress and the champions of established order, between the great interests and the great aspirations. The fissure was never quite closed though it was bridged over for working purposes. Throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century there was always a progressive, or what we should now call a socialistic wing, willing to modify existing institutions and abolish prevailing privileges to the end that life might be rendered better worth living for the mass of men. The principle of the older Conservative party was based on national and collectivist action, whereas their opponents found their inspiration in promoting individual effort. The one was national, the other oligarchic. The idea of liberty was the nobler side of the old Whig doctrine as the idea of ethical order was that of the Tories. In the eighteenth century the latter were much more distinctively the party of the people than their rivals. The Whigs were "Parliament men," and they studied with an exclusive devotion that section of the population which swayed the balance of electoral power. On the other side, from Bolingbroke down through Pitt, Canning, Huskisson, Disraeli, and Randolph Churchill, there is a steady succession of Tory leaders who were democratic in the sense that they looked to the nation as a whole rather than the enfranchised minority in whom the Whigs, the Liberals, and the Radicals put their trust.

The distinction was to some extent based on fundamental differences in the conception of political action and the functions of the State. The older Liberals were devoted heart and soul to the philosophical doctrines which Scottish philosophers and economists had developed from the speculations of the French physiocrats. They believed in free contract, Free Trade, in *laissez-faire*, in unbridled competition, in individualism in all its developments, in the limitation of the scope of government so far as possible to the tasks of defence and police. It was no mere accident that caused the Liberals to embrace Free Trade sooner and more cordially than their adversaries, for Free Trade is only the application of the theory of individualism in the economic sphere. Nor again was it through accident or the influence of a single energetic personality that the Tories led the way in social reform by supporting Lord Ashley's Factory Acts, and so making the first breach in the iron wall which an aggravated individualism had thrown round the sufferings of the proletariat. The Conservatives were social reformers all through that dark half-century in which State action was

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denounced by the prevailing school of middle-class economists and philosophers as a species of mental aberration. Men like Southey, the young Disraeli, not to mention Carlyle, and Ruskin, and Froude, were uplifting their voices in favour of national organisation and socialistic legislation, while triumphant Liberalism, borne aloft on the chariot of the manufacturers and the shopkeepers, was loudly acclaiming free contract and free competition as the ultimate word of political wisdom. To this school it appeared, as it has appeared to many since, that the ideal might be attained by a regenerated and revived Toryism:—

Even now it is not dead, but sleepeth; and in an age of political materialism, of confused purposes and perplexed intelligence, that aspires only to wealth because it has faith in no other accomplishment, as men rifle cargoes on the verge of shipwreck, Toryism will yet rise from the tomb over which Bolingbroke shed his last tear to bring back strength to the Crown, liberty to the Subject, and to announce that power has only one duty: to secure the social welfare of the People.

So wrote the author of *Sybil*; and the author of *Past and Present* and *Latter-Day Pamphlets* was asking more vehemently for systematic organisation, regulation, scientific control, the welding together of orders and classes for a common purpose:—

This that they call "Organising of Labour" is, if well understood, the Problem of the whole Future, for all who will in future pretend to govern men. . . .

In the course of long strenuous centuries, I can see the State become what it is actually bound to be, the keystone of a most real "Organisation of Labour"—and on this Earth a world of some veracity, and some heroism, once more worth living in! . . .

You cannot lead a Fighting World without having it regimented, chivalried: the thing, in a day, becomes impossible; all men in it, the highest at first, the very lowest at last, discern consciously, or by a noble instinct this necessity. And can you any more continue to lead a Working World unregimented, anarchic? I answer, and the Heavens and Earth are now answering No! The thing becomes not "in a day" impossible; but in some two generations it does. . . .

Victorian Liberalism had little sympathy with such writing. It found it unpractical, and thought it the mere sentimentality of poetical visionaries when placed beside the calm wisdom of the Benthames, the Cobdens, and the Mills. The sounder political insight was supposed to be with the legislators and lawyers who held that a trade union or any other combination of working men was opposed to the sacred principle of buying everything, including labour, in the cheapest market, and selling it in the dearest. It was in January 1867 that Mr. Justice Blackburn, in the Court of Queen's Bench, declared that any combination to raise wages was a conspiracy and a misdemeanour. "Everybody knows," said his lordship, "that the total aggregate happiness of mankind is increased by every man being left to

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the unbiassed, unfettered determination of his own will and judgment as to how he will employ his industry and other means of getting on in the world." That was the fashionable *laissez-faire* doctrine of the day, a doctrine which had been promulgated with so much pontifical authority that few persons in actual practice ventured too stringently to condemn it. But while it was enthusiastically accepted by the Liberals, there was always a strong body of Tories who never gave it their full acquiescence, and kept alive a constant spirit of protest and opposition. They held that "the unfettered determination of his own will and judgment" ought not to be recognised as the sole guide and criterion of a man's action, but that the community as a whole had a perfect right, nay an imperative duty, to fetter the said will and judgment so that they might operate to the advantage of the nation, not for the exclusive benefit of their individual possessor. They did so even while Cobden was writing angrily of "the Socialist fools" on the Tory benches who were helping a Tory Home Secretary to limit the hours of labour of women and children in factories against the bitter opposition of Bright and other Radicals.*

IV

We have read of dishing the Whigs. But it was the Tories who allowed themselves to be dished over social reform and progressive politics. The Liberals stole their clothes while they were bathing. When democracy began to break into the guarded enclosure of privilege the Tories should have been the pioneers of the host. Tory or anti-Liberal writers and speakers had pointed to the road; Tory statesmen had flung open the gates, when the working man invaded the preserves which the Whigs had kept for the shopkeepers. But though parties may be inspired by ideas they are usually governed by interests. The labour voter presently began to use his political power as kings and nobles and landowners and manufacturers before them had used theirs. He proposed to improve his material situation and make himself more comfortable, even if in that process he interfered rather seriously with the comfort of other people. It was quite natural; it was what any reasonable supporters of the enlarged franchise might have expected. Did they suppose that the working man, the unpropertied citizen generally, wanted the vote for fun? Does any one imagine that he would fail to employ that convenient

* Morley, *Life of Cobden*, vol. i. c. 13.

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weapon for his own benefit? At first indeed he was rather bewildered by it, afraid lest it should "go off" unexpectedly, and generally inclined to handle it cautiously under the eye of experienced instructors. But year by year his confidence increased, and he showed a keener disposition to employ the resources of the State in order to redress the economic balance in his favour. And when it came to the point Tory leaders had to remember that the greater number of the persons who voted for them had more to lose than to gain. They forgot their solicitude for the democracy in their anxiety about the threatened interests, and allowed the Liberals to identify themselves with a movement that was really opposed to the spirit and tenets of Liberalism.

For the last twenty years the socialistic conception has been gradually dominating the majority of the voting masses. Not socialism as a definite and formulated economic doctrine: *that* they largely distrust, even if they understand it. But if socialism is repudiated the socialistic temper prevails; by which I mean the temper that roused Cobden's ire in the passage quoted above, the temper that will not leave the lives and destinies of women and children (or even men) to the beneficent operation of "natural laws," the temper of those who think that it is not the main duty of the State to keep the ring, while individuals pummel one another inside the ropes under the Queensberry rules of free competition. A nation organised, regulated, equipped with a Government actively and purposefully engaged in promoting "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," exacting suit and service for the common weal from every citizen, and in return ensuring to every citizen the conditions of a humane and civilised existence—that was the old Tory ideal, the inspiration of the greater "intellectuals" of the nineteenth century who opposed the Pigwash gospel, as Carlyle called it, which regarded life in society as a soulless struggle and an endless scramble. And it is this conception, dimly seen, and disguised as insurgent Radicalism or misunderstood Socialism, which has been steadily permeating the constituencies. The avowed socialists, Fabians and the like, are an unimportant middle-class clique. But the *socialisers*, if I may coin a word, the collectivist democrats are a mighty multitude. In the cultured circles of the metropolis, I believe we regard Ruskin's economics and sociology with amused indifference. But to thousands of young working men, young clerks, and shop-assistants, and elementary school-teachers, in the North and in the Midlands, John Ruskin is a prophet before the

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Lord, and to them the flame that issues from his lips is a fire from heaven.

V

All this diffused fermenting force might have been concentrated by the Tories into creative energy. Out of the vague stirring of the popular impulse, the inarticulate revolt against the existing social theory, Conservative statesmen might have evolved a great constructive movement, with themselves at its centre. They could have built up the new ethical state on the ruins of a demoralised individualist system; they had a chance to substitute for the Liberal idea of Freedom, which had become the handmaid of confusion and waste, the Tory principle of scientific Order. They could have absorbed Radicalism and Socialism in a Tory Democracy. They could have re-shaped the economic structure of the nation while maintaining, with the concurrence of the new electorate, imperialism, nationalism, religious education, the military strength of Britain based on universal service. The truth was revealed in fitful flashes of insight to Randolph Churchill, the one man of genius Toryism has thrown up since the death of Disraeli.

But those who led and controlled the party had no heart in such work. Randolph Churchill, with all his brilliancy and his emotional fervour, was irregular, capricious, egotistical, uncertain, one who might inspire but could not lead. His was *vox clamantis in deserto*, a voice that awakened no answering echoes in the ranks of the solid propertied men, landowners, house-owners, factory-owners, wealthy tradesmen, successful lawyers, the Cecils, Smiths, Devonshires, Stanhopes, Halsburys, Ridleys, Hamiltons, and Stanleys, who swayed the Unionist Councils for twenty years. Mr. Chamberlain, indeed, who was a socialising democrat never really at peace with orthodox Liberalism might have succeeded where Churchill failed. But he became involved in other interests, first in the fight with Home Rule, then in the policy of Empire, which captivated his imagination and absorbed his energies. He forgot that he had been a reformer and remembered only that he was a Unionist and an Imperialist. In some degree that was the case with the Conservatives in general. They had many things to occupy them in those agitated decades. There was the Irish question, to which a quite exaggerated importance had been given by the personality of Gladstone and the dramatic events of 1885 and 1886. After Home Rule had faded temporarily into the

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background with the defeat of the Rosebery Government and the divisions of the Nationalists, came an agitated period of international politics, the scramble for Africa, the rise of Germany, disputes with France, and then the long strain and stress of the South African War. And after that was over Mr. Chamberlain whirled the party into the fiscal eddy, and in its preoccupation with Tariff Reform many other things were ignored.

Engaged in maintaining the Empire and counteracting foreign rivalry, the Conservative leaders lost touch with the movement of domestic politics. They sank easily into association with the defence of vested interests. They did not notice the leaven that was working in the proletariat; their party remained static while the time called for a dynamic and constructive programme. The Liberals dished the Tories and captured the proletariat democracy. Mr. Lloyd George is applying Mr. Chamberlain's doctrine of "ransom," and Mr. Winston Churchill is doing for the Liberals what his father might have done for the Conservatives if he had been given the chance.

VI

Relying on Tariff Reform and the volume of middle-class support which the new fiscal policy obtained, the Lords felt strong enough to dispute the verdict of the polls after the return of the Liberals to office. The effort culminated in the rejection of the Finance Bill of 1909. That proceeding was a grave tactical error; for it assumed that the policy of redistributing property by direct taxation was unpopular, whereas it is the natural result of the ideas and teaching which have sunk into the popular mind. To set themselves deliberately against this tendency, to oppose it baldly and nakedly in the interests of property and property-owners, was to invite defeat; and a defeat in which was involved the subjugation, if not the political extinction, of the House of Lords. It was not worth while to risk so much on the chance that Tariff Reform might have gained sufficient ground in the constituencies to turn the electoral balance. Tariff Reform was the one popular arrow in the Unionist quiver; but it was not popular enough. The advantages it offered to a hungry democracy were vague and uncertain compared to those of the "People's Budget" brought forward by a Government which had just instituted Old Age Pensions.

The General Election of January 1910 made that point

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clear. Yet the policy of Lord Lansdowne and the Peers—the policy of a stern, proud, straightforward, uncompromising, patriotic, and loftily consistent reaction—was really more successful than many Conservatives who had reluctantly acquiesced in it could have imagined. It gathered in all the defensive, the actively conservative, forces. Those who could never think of Mr. Lloyd George without feeling a pain in the trousers-pocket, those who distrusted the enervating effects of paternalism, those who clung to the old stern conception of liberty, those who would honestly rather see England free than England sober, those who were selfishly determined to keep all they had and get all they could, those who thought that property, freedom, the family, religion, nationality, were imperilled by proletarian aggression—all these were with the Conservatives. They had two prime assets: the doctrine of Tariff Reform, behind which lay the large inspiration of Imperial Union; and the maintenance of the constitution, that is to say of the existing social order, with its established gradation of classes, privileges, and property-rights. Not much room here, it is true, for Tory-democracy, for progressive conservation. But there is always something that inspires confidence, in a strong, hard, definite doctrine, backed by the courage that will die in the last ditch sooner than yield. And undeniably there were many thousands of Tories who rejoiced in the thought that the party had drawn in behind its ramparts, that it had done with compromise, that it would spend itself in grim inexorable resistance to the advancing legions of Spoliation and Revolution.

VII

That was how matters looked in the spring of 1910. In the spring of 1911 they bear a very different aspect. It turned out that the Lords were not prepared to die in the last ditch. They attach so little value to the old constitution that they are quite ready to throw it to the Irish wolves and the mountain-foxes of Wales. They discovered last session that the hereditary principle is an obsolete abuse not worth defending; they care so little for their own august chamber that they are anxious to anticipate their opponents in transforming it into a brand-new elective and selected council; they are so enamoured of democracy that they wish to introduce a democratic innovation compared to which adult suffrage is

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mild; and they will abandon without a murmur all control over finance.

This last surrender must be extremely bewildering to some of those who supported the attack on the 1909 Budget. For that great effort was based on the assumption that the Lords, as representing the minority in the constituencies and the conservative forces of the nation generally, have a right to refer back to the people any financial legislation of a novel or hazardous kind. If the Peers now tamely abandon this right of protest they are admitting that it ought not to have been exercised two years ago. Their case was that one party in one House of Parliament should not be able to effect a financial revolution in one session. Having risked, and in fact destroyed, the hereditary principle and the ancient constitution in order to assert that proposition, the Peers, on second thoughts, have come to the conclusion that it is not worth quarrelling over. They never expect to throw out a Budget again. In that case was it worth while throwing out a Budget at all?

One does not see even now why Mr. Lloyd George's Finance Bill was treated in this fashion unless the proceeding was to be followed by further action. There was nothing particularly violent or dangerous about the 1909 Budget, which in many respects deserved its popularity. But it was regarded as the thin end of the wedge; it was supposed to be the beginning of a process by which landed property, and eventually other kinds of property, would be visited with penal taxation. That, one understood, was what justified the Peers in putting their foot down. They felt that the fight must be made some time or other between the new and the old principles of taxation—revenue taxes *versus* political taxes—and they decided that the time had come for the struggle. Then because they have lost the first battle, which they could hardly have expected to win, they precipitately withdraw from the campaign! A strange policy—all the more strange when one reflects that the thin-end-of-the-wedge argument was, in fact, entirely sound. The Budget of 1909 was the beginning of a series, not the end. The process it embodied or suggested will continue. The transfer of property-rights by means of taxation will go on. There will be more examples of "democratic finance," more "confiscatory" Budgets! Has anything then been gained by a defiance which has been allowed to flicker out so swiftly? The attitude of unbending resistance to democracy and revolution has been exchanged for one of effusive welcome. The old Conservatives are routed at last. The official leaders of the Unionists, the

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officials Peers at their head, are committed to a programme which is both democratic and revolutionary.

VIII

The Referendum sets the seal on the success of the Tory-democrats. It is a fatal blow to the men who stand by the traditional parliamentary constitution, with its vestiges of aristocracy and its elaborate balance of powers. It makes the People sovereign as they have never been, as no great people ever have been, before. It does away with the Cabinet-and-caucus oligarchy, which Liberals love; but it does away also with the barriers that impede the full and unrestricted impulse of the Popular Will. Its use may be limited at first to the decision of constitutional questions or disagreements between the two Houses of Parliament; but in the end it cannot fail to be extended to general legislation, as the examples of Switzerland and Australia show. It is another great weapon for the democracy, the numerical majority of the electors. It was Lord Lansdowne, if I remember rightly, who invented the "big revolver" phrase in its application to Tariff Reform. Big revolvers in the hands of men who want something which others would like to keep from them are not harmless toys. The Referendum will be used, as it is in Australia, as the parliamentary vote has been used in this country, in the interests of the Many at the expense of the Few. If that is not expected or desired this novel exercise of the direct popular vote should be withheld. And as the Conservative leaders, so far from withholding it insist that it must be granted, it is to be presumed that they are prepared to face the natural consequences. One can only infer that the right wing of the party, the official wing, has come over to the Tory-democrats. From them democracy will be able to get what it wants more directly than from the Liberals. And what it *does* want ought to be clearly understood. It wants a better way of living, more comfort, more opportunities, more equality between classes and individuals, and—it comes to that in the end—more money. For such objects it will, most naturally, employ any new political machinery placed at its disposal. That is what we must expect.

It would be idle to assert that all who call themselves Conservatives are pleased with these swift mutations. There are many who wish that their chiefs had stuck to the old solid line of resistance, who think that Conservatism should still mean the defence of property and status, who are disgusted at all

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this democratic paltering. They are following their leaders in a mood of veiled mutiny, and would not be reluctant to replace them. There is scope for the revival of a resolute, uncompromising, fiercely logical, honestly obstructive Tory party: a party which has a distrust of the people only tempered by prudence, a party which means to defend property as long as it can, and vindicate the "law of nature" against socialism and collectivism. That party might have many elements of strength, the strength of a genuine conviction, with the strength of panoplied selfishness, the strength of a stern sincerity, the strength of a hard consistent intellectualism, the strength of all the menaced interests and the perturbed privileges. And such a party might play a dignified and an honourable rôle. Perhaps it would never get into office; it might be doomed to perpetual opposition; but it would be a steady drag upon the progressive wheel, able to slow down the whole machine even if it could not bring it to a standstill. And if the right man should engage to give impetus to the movement a man with a "magnetic" personality, who could raise the standard of stern revolt against the spirit of concession and compromise, a Lyndhurst or a Lord George Bentinck, he might help to make history in the next few years.

Meanwhile the Unionist party as a whole is unhappy. It is distracted and divided by the startling, quick changes of its official directors. Even the democratic wing is confused. For years it has been assailing its "official" board, and seeking a politician of ability and reputation who could be placed at the head of its own slightly irregular commando. Mr. Wells, in his novel, gives them a leader who provides the kind of policy they want, a suitable compound of Imperialism and Socialism. But in real life the brilliant Machiavel of the story has not so far come to the front. The Tory democrats, sometimes patronised and sometimes snubbed by London Unionist newspapers, have not of late years found a public man of the first rank to express their views with conviction. They had never hoped to capture Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour, and are rather disconcerted by their good fortune. Unuttered doubts assail them, doubts to which rude Radicals give expression when they improperly suggest that these eminent persons are no more democratic and progressive than they have been at any previous stage of their distinguished careers.

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IX

There remains Tariff Reform, and here also matters have altered for the worse since the last General Election but one. Tariff Reformers have sustained two painful shocks during the past few months. The first was Mr. Balfour's Albert Hall declaration, now adopted in the authorised programme, which took the heart out of many ardent Tariff Reformers and left on them the impression that their fiscal remedy was after all an open question and might be shelved if found inconvenient. Still sore from that wound, they have had to face the afflicting news from Canada. The Reciprocity Agreement fell like a thunderbolt upon the Tariff Reform ranks. Nobody seems to have had the least expectation of it, though those who have followed Canadian affairs closely ought to have been aware, as Mr. Fielding has said, that a favourable reciprocity arrangement with the United States would have been welcome in the Dominion any time during the past half-century. There is much opposition to it all the same in Canada itself, and as I write it is still uncertain whether it will go through.

But whether it does or not the havoc it has worked among the English supporters of the new fiscal policy is not to be made good. Even if the Washington Convention should not be ratified there is no dependence to be placed on Canada in any scheme of Imperial Commercial Union; for it is perfectly clear that the United States could shatter the arrangement at any moment by simply lowering its own tariff wall and giving its neighbour free access to a hundred-million market. And without Canada there is small chance for an Imperial Tariff Union. So the Preferential side of the Chamberlain plan goes; and to many Unionists it was the best and most attractive side—that phase in which it was linked to the nobler conception of Empire and racial union. And Tariff Reform, stripped of its Imperial integument, will be revealed somewhat nakedly as mere insular Protection. In that capacity can it have a chance of success with the people of the United Kingdom? Or is it “not only dead but damned” once again?

It may survive if its supporters are prepared for some further changes. The progressive Tories have adumbrated a truth which they have not grasped in its entirety when they insist that Tariff Reform must be associated with Social Reform. That is so; but not with social reform on the cheap, not with the social reform that will leave the relative balance of material enjoyment unchanged. Protection can do little to add to the

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sum of national wealth; but it is a mighty instrument to regulate its diffusion. It does not aid production, but it can control distribution. "Tariff Reform or Socialism" is an incorrect antithesis. The conjunction should be changed. It would be nearer the mark to talk of Tariff Reform *and* Socialism. Protection is a form of state-socialism just as Free Trade is individualism in the economic sphere. In the one case you leave the whole business of buying and selling to private initiative, and "enlightened selfishness"; in the other you say, "You shall not sell *where* you please, you shall not buy *what* you please; but your buying and selling shall be directed into such channels as we—the State—consider most beneficial." To fix by tariff the price of commodities is as much State-socialism as it is to fix the price of labour by Act of Parliament. This is well understood in countries where the economics of Protection have been scientifically studied; and the one English economist with a European reputation who has written on Tariff Reform, Professor Ashley of Birmingham, argues strongly on the same side. He wants to set up a high tariff, not in order to make the nation wealthier but to make it better. He would take active measures to promote the iron and steel manufacture and depress the trade in confectionery, because he thinks it more advantageous for a virile population to roll steel ingots than to bottle sweetstuff.

That is one aspect of the matter. Here is another revealed in the following communication from the Berlin correspondent of a London evening newspaper:

In order to diminish the privation suffered by the poor, municipalities are trying to cut down prices by means of eliminating the retailer's profit, and selling food products in their own depots. In Berlin the high price of meat has diverted municipal initiative into another direction. As sea-fish is not taxed, municipalities have decided to encourage its consumption instead of meat, and have set about opening fish-shops and markets of their own. . . . The Charlottenburg municipality yesterday decided to join this movement and to open a sea-fish market and set about teaching the population how to prepare and cook fish. Strong opposition was offered against the municipality thus competing with the local tradesmen; but the advocates of the new departure replied that something must be done to mitigate present conditions under which poor people often do not eat meat for weeks at a time. . . . The controversy shows the remarkable way in which enterprises usually condemned as Socialistic are being adopted as a corrective to Protectionism; and thus, to a large extent appear to be its complement. Germans are encouraged in this movement by the news of similar "socialistic" undertakings in other Protectionist countries, particularly Russia, where in everything, from bread and meat to book-publishing and theatres, municipalities compete remorselessly with private enterprise.*

Germany, in fact, carries the policy of Protection into all

* *Westminster Gazette*, February 11, 1911.

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departments of its public administration, though it is afraid to organise its politics on democratic lines and so turns its social-democrats into Radicals or revolutionaries. In Australia they have Democracy, Socialism, and Protection working together in an entirely logical fashion. The Australian manufacturer is protected by tariffs or by rebates on his raw materials against foreign competition. But the direct effect of that would only be to put money into his pocket at the expense of the community. Therefore the Labour Government proposes to penalise him in various ways if he does not allow the community as a whole to share in the advantages artificially secured to him by keeping his prices down and his wages up. They have no notion of making Protection a mere gift to the protected interests, which must be the case where it prevails with a strictly individualistic system of internal trade, as in America at the present day, or in England before 1846. Protection, under a ruling democracy, means a State schedule of wages and a State tariff of prices. Unless it can be so arranged that the poor will become a little richer (and probably the rich a little poorer), Ruling Democracy will have none of it.

Are the Unionists prepared for the new Nationalism on these lines? If so they may still have Tariff Reform. They may be allowed to combine it with Imperialism, with the Big Navy, with compulsory service, which is another complement of the system—as they also recognise in Germany and Australia with the maintenance of monarchy, the church, the aristocracy, and other things it values. They can make Protection an integral part of that closer organisation of the nation for peace and war which must be accomplished if we are to hold our own in either. But will they be equal to the sacrifices this policy must entail? Perhaps so; they have made many sacrifices already. We may yet live to see Mr. Ramsay Macdonald bringing in a Bill to provide marriage-portions for working men's daughters out of the proceeds of a duty on imported millinery, and Mr. Balfour submitting it to a Referendum.

The Canadian-American Reciprocity Agreement

By Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., M.P.

THE surprise with which the Tariff Reformers now seem to be overwhelmed at the news of the Reciprocity Agreement, is one more result of their persistent misunderstanding of Canadian fiscal history, Canadian development, and the spirit that inspires the Canadian people. They have from the first been led astray by their besetting delusion that it would be possible for them in one way or another to "noble" Canadian products and trade for Great Britain to the exclusion of other countries. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the originator of the idea, furnished himself one of the first and most striking examples of the ludicrous misapprehension of Canadian views in the celebrated schedule of prohibited industries proposed in his speech at Glasgow on October 6, 1903. As the version of that speech subsequently published in book form gives a revised and inaccurate report of what Mr. Chamberlain said, it may be well to quote the exact words used by him on that occasion :

After all, there are many things which you do not now make, many things for which we have a great capacity of production. Leave them to us as you have left them hitherto. Do not increase your tariff walls against us, pull them down where they are unnecessary to the success of this policy to which you are committed. Let us in exchange with you have your productions in all these numberless industries which have not yet been erected.

This proposal by Mr. Chamberlain, who was always disposed to regard the arrangement with the Colonies as a bargain, was evidently in his mind at a still earlier date. Speaking in London on June 9, 1896, he referred to the suggestion that while the Colonies "should be left absolutely free to impose what protective duties they please both upon Foreign countries and upon British commerce, they should be required to make a small discrimination in favour of British trade, in return for which we are expected to change our whole system and impose duties on food and

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raw material." On this suggestion he made the following outspoken comment :

Well, I express again my own opinion when I say that there is not the slightest chance that in any reasonable time this country, or the Parliament of this country, would adopt so one-sided an agreement. The foreign trade of this country is so large, and the foreign trade of the Colonies is comparatively so small, that a small preference given to us upon that foreign trade by the Colonies would make so trifling a difference—would be so small a benefit to the total volume of our trade—that I do not believe the working classes of this country would consent to make a revolutionary change for what they would think to be an infinitesimal gain.

While on the subject of Mr. Chamberlain's love for a bargain, it may be well to point out that that statesman threw away, without any return, one of the best objects of barter in an arrangement with the Colonies which any British statesman could desire. He bestowed upon the Dominion, without any equivalent to this country, the enormous advantage granted to it by the Amendment of the Trustees Act, putting Canadian government and municipal securities on the same basis as our own, and thereby enabling the smallest Canadian municipality to raise money on better terms than certain great Powers, such as Germany, Russia and Japan, by giving them access to the cheapest money market in the world. That, in reality, was a preference given gratis to Canada at the cost of diminishing the value of British "gilt-edged" securities, and it was of far greater importance to the Canadians than the proposed two-shilling duty on wheat could ever possibly be. If at the time we had had a statesman of really wide vision and foresight, that great advantage accorded to Canada might have been utilised for securing a far more favourable tariff for our goods from the Canadians than they have ever had under the existing preference arrangement, while it would furthermore have been an important step towards eventual Free Trade between Great Britain and her most important Colony.

One of the peculiar difficulties of following the Neo-protectionist arguments on preference, as on their other proposals, are the changes which those arguments have undergone from the commencement of the Tariff Reform propaganda.

It has suited the Tariff Reform propagandists in this country constantly to represent the Canadians as clamouring for the adoption of their preference scheme, while they further tried to secure its acceptance in this country by vague threats of impending disaster to Great Britain and the Empire, alternately of a political and a commercial character. As a matter of fact, that clamour has existed only in their own imaginations.

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A reference to some of the statements of Colonial Ministers on this subject will dispose of the idea that any pressure of the kind referred to has been brought upon the Mother Country. The attitude of Canada was very clearly expressed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1897, and by Mr. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, at the second Colonial Conference in 1902. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said :

If England were willing to give us a preference over other nations, taking our goods on exceptionally favourable terms, I would not object. . . . It would be a great boon. But for how long would it last ? Would it be an advantage in the long run ? That is what men who think beyond the passing moment have to ask themselves. Suppose England did such a thing and abandoned her Free Trade record, she would inevitably curtail the purchasing power of her people. And do you not think we should suffer from that—we who alone have natural resources enough to feed your millions from our fertile lands ? I have too great a belief in English common sense to believe they will do any such thing. What we have done in the way of Tariff Preference to England we have done out of gratitude to England, and not because we want her to enter upon the path of Protection.

The Canadian attitude is still more clearly expressed in the statement by Mr. Fielding in 1902 :

We do not profess that we want to introduce British goods to displace goods made by the manufacturers of Canada. That is a point upon which we must speak with great frankness. Whether or not it was a wise policy for Canada to foster her manufactures by high duties is a point hardly worth discussing now ; we must deal with things as we find them. We had very high duties under the former tariff. The present Government have reduced those duties very materially, especially in the case of British goods. Many things of British manufacture paid 40 per cent., 50 per cent., or 60 per cent., but we have reduced these now down to 23 per cent. from Great Britain, and we think that in those cases we have gone about as far as we can without sacrificing our own manufacturers. The interests are very large : the interests of the capital invested, the labour and the banking interest, and the many other interests which cluster round a great industry. Therefore, if we are asked to reduce our duties and bring in British goods, and displace Canadian manufactures, we must frankly say that it is not possible for us to do so. But we say that it is quite possible to give an advantage to British goods in some cases by raising the tariff.

The most rudimentary acquaintance with the history of this discussion in Canada, shows clearly that the Canadian manufacturers who have welcomed the advocacy of Protection in England as a means of strengthening in the Dominion that Protection from which they themselves profit, never have had any intention, so far as it lay in their power, to allow British manufacturers to compete on anything like equal terms with their own products. The nature of the gift offered to Great Britain by these manufacturers, the so-called Imperialists of the Dominion, is clearly shown by their attitude towards preference to England during the inquiry carried on by the Tariff Commission in different Canadian provinces in 1906.

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This attitude is aptly symbolised by the action of a protectionist firm of cotton manufacturers at Valleyfield, the industrial Venice of Canada, who, after running up the Union Jack over their mill, immediately proceeded to submit to the Commission a demand for increased duties in the cotton schedules with the object of reducing the imports from Lancashire. In the evidence given by manufacturers before the Commission, the British Preference was frequently attacked, the witnesses speaking of London and Liverpool as "foreign" and of Englishmen who came to Canada in search of orders as "foreigners." Yet many of those "Canadians" who thus proclaimed their newly acquired nationality hailed from the very districts whose imports they wished to exclude from Canada. Mr. Porritt, in his *Sixty Years of Protection in Canada*, points out that the Canadian quarrymen who were endeavouring to exclude Aberdeen granite, were themselves chiefly Scots from Aberdeen. One of them confessed to Mr. Porritt that he expected the people at home would think they were "darned mean."

Mr. Porritt says, "It is difficult to recall a single session of the Commission in industrial Canada in which the preference (to Great Britain) was not attacked by the manufacturers." On the other hand, the farmers constantly and enthusiastically defended preference—they, together with the importers of textiles in Montreal and Toronto, being urgent in their pleas for the repeal of the Tariff Act amendment of 1904 which curtailed it. "The farmers commended the preference because it afforded some relief from the tariff and because it served as a tie to the Mother Country. They realised that as a result of the good feeling towards Canada, Great Britain gave a sentimental preference to Canadian products, and that they had already a market in England for all their produce."

Of course, in the resolution passed by Canadian manufacturers at public meetings and intended for British readers, their real intention to "protect" themselves effectively from British competition is not so plainly expressed, although it is sufficiently obvious. Thus, for instance, in a resolution of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the "substantial preference to the Mother Country" is made subject to the condition that "the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to all Canadian producers." The Ottawa Board of Trade in November 1903 also insisted upon such a form of Protection as would "reasonably safeguard such industries and business interests as have been developed under the existing tariff conditions."

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A great deal of the difficulty of British trade with Canada, as with the Protectionist Colonies generally, consists in the tariffs secured by the Colonial manufacturers against English goods, which in Canada in particular heavily burden the woollen and cotton industries. On the other hand, the only real hope of relief from this burden lies in the general lowering of the tariff walls, in response to the protests of the consuming masses. Those flag-waving colonial patriots seem to think that they have done something very generous when they give this country a preference over her foreign competitors, while the duty to which her goods are still subject is sufficient, practically, to exclude or greatly hamper them in favour of the protected colonial article.

Speaking in Parliament at Ottawa on February 9, 1911, Mr. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, thus characterised this type of Colonial Imperialist: "Unable to deal with the question (of reciprocity) on its merits, many opponents are beating the big drum of Imperialism and thereby insulting the intelligence of the Canadian people."

As to the alleged damage done to Imperial interests by the manner in which the Liberals are said to have held the Colonies at arm's length, and rejected offers by the latter of which nobody had ever heard, the best answer is to be found in the statements of responsible Canadian Ministers, including Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and in the resolutions of the farmers of Canada, who have been the most consistent and effective supporters of preference to England, and the only class directly interested in the Tariff Reformers' proposal. The Hon. W. S. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, telegraphing on February 7, 1911, to the High Commissioner for Canada, not only disposed of the fears that the Reciprocity Agreement might seriously affect imports from Great Britain and that discrimination would be made in favour of the United States and against this country, but expressly stated that

Canada's right to deal with the British preference as she pleases remains untouched by the agreement. The adoption of the agreement will probably lead to some further revision of the Canadian tariff, in which the Canadian Parliament will be entirely free to fix the British preferential tariff at any rates that may be deemed proper.

The determination of the Canadian farmers as expressed in the resolutions laid by them before Sir Wilfrid Laurier on December 16, 1910, is equally clear. They state that they

also favour the principle of the British preferential tariff, and urge an immediate lowering of the duties on all British goods to one-half the rates charged under the

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general tariff schedule, whatever that may be ; and that any trade advantages given the United States in reciprocal trade relations be extended to Great Britain.

They likewise advocate

such further gradual reduction of the remaining preferential tariff as will ensure the establishment of complete Free Trade between Canada and the Motherland within ten years ;

and add

that the farmers of this country are willing to face direct taxation in such form as may be advisable to make up the revenue required under new tariff conditions.

That the Canadian Government is inspired by precisely the same desire is evident from the statement made by Mr. Fielding, the Finance Minister, in the Canadian House of Commons on January 26, 1911, in the course of which he said :

Of course, as a general principle, whether Great Britain is to be interested or not, any duty that may be lowered to any foreign country, according to our well-established policy, would be at the same time lowered to Great Britain, and a clause will be inserted in the resolutions which I shall have the honour to propose providing that where in any case the duties are lowered the benefit shall be extended to Great Britain. As a matter of fact, they are only lower on a few items of food-stuffs than the preferential rate, and they are articles which Great Britain does not send us at all. Notwithstanding, I think that if this arrangement be confirmed, it would probably lead to some readjustment of our tariff here and there, in order that we may maintain, as we fully intend to do, the principle of the British preference, and that the concessions under the tariff now existing may be maintained under the condition of affairs when the arrangement is made. . . . The preference is a great and important question. We have dealt with it in the past, we shall deal with it again. I do not want to import into this discussion anything of party colour, but I ask my hon. friend if he does not think that the British preference may safely be trusted in the hands of the men who created it ?

If any further proof were needed that the "one-sided bargain" proposed by Mr. Chamberlain is not necessary for the maintenance of Canadian loyalty, it would be found in the indignant protests of representative Canadians against the Tariff Reform thesis that their loyalty could only be secured by the payment of a price.

As a matter of fact, it is evident to all those who have followed the development of the Tariff Reform propaganda in this country that their proposals have always been too vague for any business man to base practical calculations upon them. That vagueness and inaccuracy still continue, as may be seen by the statement of the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons on February 6, which in its reference to thirty years during which Canada vainly offered preference to Great Britain, and his suggestion that reciprocity with the United States is a new departure, furnishes an interesting illustration of the "persistent

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sloppiness" rightly attributed by Mr. Asquith to the whole propaganda.

In Canada the movement in favour of reciprocity with the United States goes back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It assumed an exceptionally vigorous character in 1846 on the adoption of Free Trade by this country and the concurrent grant of greater fiscal freedom to the British North American provinces, complaints being made that Peel had not on that occasion secured from the United States the free admission of Canadian products. The reciprocity which was then demanded was eventually secured by the Elgin-Marcy Treaty, which remained in force from 1854 to 1866, when it was brought to a close by the United States. The renunciation of that Treaty, which had greatly stimulated the trade of both countries, was deeply resented in Canada, yet so great was the desire of the Canadian people to restore a similar agreement with the States that both Conservative and Liberal Administrations sent Commissioners to Washington to promote it in 1892 and 1898-99, numerous other attempts being made with the same object both before and after those dates, while for many years the offer of reciprocity retained its place upon the Canadian Statute Book. Indeed, absolute Free Trade both in manufactures and natural products was advocated in the Liberal campaign carried on in 1888 by Sir Richard Cartwright, and it was the reciprocity plank, formally adopted in 1893, which won the election for the Liberals in 1896. It was only the persistent refusal of Washington to consider the suggestion and the decision in 1896 to raise a tariff wall against the Dominion that forced the Canadians into the independent development of their own resources and the search for trans-oceanic markets east and west.

It should hardly be necessary to recall that preference was introduced by the Laurier Ministry in 1897 in redemption of the Free Trade pledges made by them in the preceding campaign in which they defeated the Conservatives. Those Canadian Conservatives who now, in opposition, are such strong advocates of preferential arrangements with the Mother Country gave no preference whatever to Great Britain from 1887 to 1896, during which period they were in power, any more than the British Conservative Tariff Reform party took any practical steps during their long term of office to grant to Canada the preference which they advocate. Speaking at Lethbridge on August 31 last, Sir Wilfrid Laurier taunted his Conservative opponents with their opposition to reciprocity on the ground that it

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might endanger the British preference. He recalled that it was the Conservatives who had always opposed that preference, and that on its introduction in April 1897, Sir Charles Tupper, the leader of their party, declared it was going to destroy Canadian manufactures.

They repeated that for one or two years, and then they had to abandon the cry because the manufactures were not destroyed. The tall chimneys did not topple over, but became stronger, and there were more of them. They had another cry, which was that it was not patriotic to give the preference to the trade of the Mother Country unless the Mother Country was prepared to give us the preference in her own markets also. . . . Why did we give it? First of all, because it suited us to do so.

Here it may be recalled that at an earlier date, between 1879 and 1887, strong protests were made from time to time in this country against the protective policy of Canada against England—among the most noteworthy being that by John Bright at Birmingham in 1885 and those in both Houses of Parliament in 1887.

The subject of a probable reciprocity arrangement was, of course, keenly discussed in the Dominion as well as in the United States last autumn. It was both advocated and opposed on many different grounds. In Canada, some of the most weighty opinions I heard expressed, while approving of it in principle, merely expressed doubt as to the possibility of ever arriving at anything like a fair bargain with the American negotiators. In fact, it was more a question of terms than of principle that gave rise to doubts on the part of some Canadians as to the wisdom of entering into any negotiations at all. This is not surprising in view of the repeated rebuffs which proposals for reciprocity on the part of the Canadians had formerly met with at Washington.

As usual in protectionist countries, all those sections in both countries who benefit by the tariffs at the expense of the rest of the community are very vocal. The depressing experience of the Canadians in the past thus led to a kind of blindly fatalistic conviction that it would be impossible ever to find a body of public opinion strong enough to overcome the resistance of the interested advocates of the *status quo*. Even the Canadian friends of reciprocity were very doubtful whether the negotiations would lead to any practical results. But this time the hands of Sir Wilfrid Laurier were undoubtedly much strengthened by the revelation of the force of Free Trade feeling in the growing West of Canada, a force which he had himself had an opportunity of gauging during his tour through those provinces

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last year, and which found a visible and impressive symbol in the large and important deputation of farmers that came to Ottawa on December 16 to lay their views before the Government.

On the other hand, the swing of the pendulum in a democratic direction at last year's election in the United States—a swing due in the main to a passionate revolt of the American people against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, a revolt so universal that it took by surprise even the cleverest electioneers and had to be witnessed on the spot to be thoroughly realised—forced the hands of the Republican Executive. It made obvious to the Republican leaders that they must swim with the tide or be prepared to see their party submerged at the Presidential Election in 1912. The significant fact that not only President Taft but Colonel Roosevelt supports the ratification of the Reciprocity Agreement, and that some of the oldest “standpat” high-tariffers among the Republican chiefs have taken the same course, is the best indication of what popular feeling in the United States is believed to be by those who have made it the business of their lives to keep their finger on the public pulse.

This combination makes it practically certain that the Reciprocity Agreement will be ratified in both countries and that little heed will now be paid to those representatives of sectional interests who were formerly all-powerful at Ottawa and Washington. It is not to be expected that when once this breach has been made in the tariff wall it will ever be rebuilt, or even that the barrier will be allowed to remain intact in other directions. Already the farmers' organisations in America are beginning to demand reductions in the tariff on manufactured articles as compensation for the fact that they are themselves to be exposed to the free competition of their Canadian rivals in their own business.

Let us consider for a moment the character of the Reciprocity Agreement which the United States has now been driven to accept by the combined effect of the popular revolt against high prices and the growing needs of her own manufacturers for fresh supplies of cheap raw material. The new arrangement, which does not take the formal shape of a treaty, but is to come into effect by concurrent legislation at Ottawa and Washington, comprises a comparatively large schedule concerned chiefly with food products of all kinds that are made reciprocally free in both countries. This free list comprises :

Live animals and poultry, corn and fodder, fresh vegetables and fruits, dairy produce, oils, seeds, fish, salt, mineral

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waters, half-finished timber in various forms, plaster rock, mica, feldspar, asbestos, &c., glycerine, talc, sulphate of soda, carbon electrodes, rolled iron or steel sheets and plates, steel wire, galvanised iron, &c., type-casting and type-setting machines, barbed fencing wire, &c., coke, wood-pulp and paper.

The second schedule establishes identical rates of duty for a considerable number of semi-manufactured food products : fresh meats, bacon and ham, wheat and other flours, oatmeal, barley malt, pearl barley, &c. ; macaroni, biscuits, candied peel, fruits and confectionery of all kinds, pickles and syrups, mineral waters in bottles, essential oils, &c. ; a long list of agricultural implements, stone, roofing-slate, asbestos, printing ink, cutlery, clocks and watches, &c. ; printer's cases, canoes and small boats, feathers, surgical dressings, plate-glass, motor vehicles, machines for the manufacture of wood-pulp, musical-instrument cases, &c.

Special rates of duty are granted for other articles specified in two further schedules, C and D, including aluminium, laths, sawed boards, iron ore, coal, cement, trees, condensed milk, biscuits, canned fruits, &c.

A little consideration of the foregoing categories will show that the concessions granted by Canada to the United States will interfere very little with British imports. During the debate on the Address Mr. Sydney Buxton pointed out that out of the total British trade with Canada of £20,000,000 only about £800,000 is affected by the Reciprocity Agreement, so far as preference is concerned. Of that amount £477,000 worth of British goods still retain a Preference of 10 to 12 per cent., thus leaving a balance of no more than £316,000, or 1½ per cent., of British imports to Canada, the duties on which will in future be identical with those on American goods. At the same time the reciprocity agreement will afford great relief to the Canadian no less than the American masses, and considerably increase their capacity for the purchase of manufactured articles, which cannot fail to benefit British trade with Canada.

Many of the arguments that have been used in the Press and in the recent discussion in the House of Commons as to the effects of the proposed reciprocity arrangement, if ratified, more especially those dealing with the question of transportation and political results, simply ignore existing conditions. A great deal has been made of the statement, for instance, that the traffic flowing now from west to east will hereafter flow from north to south, and that this must seriously damage the great

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transportation lines of Canada as well as our own commercial interests. The best practical answer to this allegation is the fact that great railway men in Canada and the powerful interests which they represent do not share this apprehension. The way in which the enormous traffic now passing from Canada to the United States and *vice versa* has been ignored, as well as the large transit trade of Canadian corn through American ports in the winter months, reveals a woeful lack of study of the subject. It seems to be entirely forgotten that even under existing conditions the total trade between the United States and Canada considerably exceeds that between Canada and the Mother Country. While in the year ending March 31, 1909, the total trade of Canada with the United States was \$285,265,717, or, say, £59,000,000, that with Great Britain was only \$204,302,113, or £42,000,000. A further noteworthy circumstance is that while the total imports of Canada from the United States were \$192,661,360, or more than double the amount of Canadian exports taken by the United States, which amounted to \$92,604,356, the British imports to Canada were but little over half the amount of the exports from Canada to Great Britain, that is to say, \$70,556,738 worth of imports as against \$133,745,375 worth of exports. In 1908, 19,768,000 bushels of Canadian wheat were shipped in transit through the following American ports: Baltimore, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Portland, while 506,105 barrels of Canadian flour were forwarded through the same ports in the same year.

As a matter of fact, both in Canada and the United States there is naturally a flow from west to east of agricultural products, while water transportation is open from the heads of the lakes down to the seaports on the east coast. The wheat areas of both countries have to a large extent the same outlet at the head of Lake Superior. On the other hand, there is a large traffic north and south, not merely in manufactured goods but in such heavy articles as coal, coke, lumber, &c. No one who has visited the two countries and realised what a purely artificial and arbitrary line of division the customs tariffs have raised between two peoples who have so much in common in life and thought, will be surprised to find that at a favourable political juncture like the present, old jealousies are being put aside, sectional, selfish interests are being overridden, and common sense is having its way after a lapse of many years. That the industrial population of Maine and Massachusetts should be precluded from the use of the agricultural produce of Quebec, so suitable for the

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cultivation of fruit and vegetables ; that the wheat-growers of Alberta and Saskatchewan should be cut off from the American central market, with its growing industrial population ; that two countries whose coal deposits are placed by Nature in the case of Canada at the extremities, and in that of the United States mainly in the centre of a line of frontier extending for about three thousand miles,—is a condition of things which could not in reason be expected to continue, and which no amount of artificial straight-waistcoating on the part of our Tariff Reformers could have maintained in the long run.

If the idea that an extension of trade between Canada and the United States must draw the Dominion into the political orbit of its great neighbour were well founded, this process would already be manifest, as no force in this world could permanently prevent the growth of trade between these two populations. Indeed, there has never been, nor is there now, any political foundation for this hypothesis. The Canadian people are a very distinct political entity, and the sense of Canada's nationhood is what most impresses any visitor to that country. Whatever may have been the fears or hopes of those who years ago looked forward to Canada ultimately entering the Federation of the United States, I do not think that any statesman in either country would to-day, in spite of Mr. Champ Clark's misunderstood joke, seriously consider that eventuality as one worth discussing.

A number of prominent Canadians, some of them supporters of the Tariff Reform standpoint in this controversy, have effectively helped to dispose of the idea that Great Britain is likely to suffer seriously either from an economic or political standpoint in consequence of the Reciprocity Agreement. According to the *Daily Mail* correspondent at Ottawa, in a telegram dated February 7, 1911, several Conservative newspapers in Canada considered that the Agreement was not only a good thing for the Dominion, but would do no harm to the Empire. Sir Donald Mann, Vice-President of the Canadian Northern Railway, goes as far as to say that the arrangement will benefit English trade, while Sir W. Mackenzie, president of that railway, repudiates the idea that the Agreement will throw Canada politically into the arms of the United States. He does not think that it will have any political effect whatever, and asserts that there will be no tendency under it to weaken the ties between the Dominion and the Mother Country. Sir W. Mackenzie does not believe that a large proportion of the Canadian wheat crop will be diverted to the south. The Americans, he says,

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now produce all the wheat they require, and if they import wheat from Canada, they will themselves have all the more to export.

It is not necessary to conclude, as many here do, that the increase of American trade means a diminution of British trade with Canada. In fact, the figures for the five years 1905-1909 show that the trade of this country and the United States with Canada have increased concurrently within that period. In a great number of products England cannot possibly compete with the United States in the Canadian market, as is evident when it is remembered that to a large extent Canada's imports from the United States consist of commodities such as agricultural produce, including bread-stuffs, sugar, and raw tobacco; animal, fishery, and forest products; and minerals comprising coal, oils, and ores. In the matter of manufactures, the fact that the habits and conditions of life of the Canadians are so similar to those of the States gives a great advantage to American manufacturers. The latter are already making articles for their own immense market which are equally suitable for Canadian requirements. The English manufacturer, on the other hand, is in a very different position, as, in order fully to meet the Canadian demand, he would have to establish special departments, new designs, models and patterns adapted to the local conditions of what is for him, up to the present, a relatively small market. When in Canada I heard many complaints of a certain want of adaptability on the part of British manufacturers to the requirements of their Canadian customers, and of an unwillingness either to study or to comply with local requirements, with the result that many merchants who preferred English goods owing to their superior workmanship were unable to sell them. Another advantage enjoyed by the American manufacturer is proximity to his customer, which enables both to enter more easily into direct personal relations.

To compensate for these natural disadvantages, English manufacturers will have to devote more money and thought to the establishment in Canada of stocks, warehouses, and other facilities with the object of enabling their customers readily to obtain supplies of spare parts and all those little details that mean so much in the conduct of industrial enterprises, and in the smooth working of their daily routine. Our firms would also need to organise a more energetic propaganda for British goods in the Dominion, and to take into account the necessity of relieving themselves as far as circumstances permit of the handicap imposed by the difference in currency and weights in Canada. They

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should accommodate themselves to Canadian requirements in those respects, and base their calculations on the dollar currency and on the short ton of 2000 lb., which is universally adopted on the North-American continent. There can be no doubt that a certain revision of the methods of British manufacturers in these respects would do much to increase the sale of English goods, the solidity and high quality of which are fully appreciated by the Canadians, who would be glad to do business with our firms in preference to any other if a greater attention to their requirements made it possible for them. There is a huge business awaiting our manufacturers in the Dominion, a vast country with unlimited resources, and a rapidly growing market, in which closer attention and greater energy will do far more to foster their trade than tariff crutches, with their paralysing influence on enterprise.

Although it may be a long time before a state of absolute Free Trade comes into existence between the two great kindred States of North America, it is now quite clear that there the apostles of high protection have had their day. How far this swing of the pendulum may lead in the immediate future to a further demolition of tariff walls it is difficult to forecast. The moral effect, however, of the practical proof in both countries that the free exchange of products leads to greater prosperity and not to mutual destruction, cannot, if properly emphasised, be lost upon the intelligent democracies of the two most progressive States of the American Continent. All those who hold that an increase in the world's trade, the reduction of artificial barriers, and the most economic use of the varied potentialities of the earth are a gain for humanity must rejoice to think that a great step in the direction of universal Free Trade has been taken in the conclusion of the Reciprocity Agreement between Canada and the United States.

Sumurūn

SINCE the Bacchanale of Pávlova and Mordkin, London has seen no such beautiful and artistic a thing as the Persian fantasia on *The Arabian Nights*, called *Sumurūn*, now played by Max Reinhardt's company from the Deutsches Theater at the Coliseum. It is not acted as it was in Berlin. The thing is much abbreviated. We see only a torso of the real *Sumurūn*; yet fore-shortened, mutilated, Anglicised even, it is still a thing of joy and beauty—the most delicious thing in London.

Here is a performance original and entirely beautiful in colour, in art, in atmosphere, recalling our childhood notions of *The Arabian Nights* so vividly that we are one "with yesterday's seven thousand years," amid the perfumes and the cups of Omar. It is not a ballet. No player speaks. The scenery is simplicity itself, yet with the first appearance of the dreamy, love-sick merchant we are caught and transported into a world of gourds and pipkins, bastinadoes and pomegranates, Jins and assassins, and a very Aladdin atmosphere of sensuous Oriental imagery. And so well is it done, so artistically is it woven and knit together, so natural is the quaintness of its exaggerated fantasy, that the story itself interests us and we feel quite pleased when the curtain falls on a wholesale murder scene that would have delighted even the audiences of Shakespeare. We expect love and passion, daggers and hunchbacks, lovers and princesses, magic kisses and things in a tale of the Arabian Nights, and we get them—even to a negro eunuch who does a bit of a Yankee cake-walk. Perhaps the only character lacking is the Dodo of old-world enchantment; but the carpet is there, and there are wonderful boxes which carry these lovers straight into the harem and we go with them back thousands of years ago into Central Asia.

The charm and art of this wordless play is its simplicity. Rarely have more beautiful effects of light and scene been seen on the stage. Sometimes it is a wall, at others a bed—a delicious bed rising into a gigantic lamp—and again the outside of the palace; and then the harem, which is a court with plashing

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fountain and corridors which run along at the back ; and each scene takes us right out of the theatre as by some fairy spell. Then there are the dresses—exquisitely dainty raiments of colour that seem to exhale the perfume of Araby. And the women ! Well, they look strangely Oriental somehow, though we know they are German ; and they are all ravishingly thin and nimble, flitting and gliding about, “apparelled like the spring” ; and when they entice the dreamy merchant into the harem and dance to him and caress him, why, all the magicians of Persian lore could not make a man happier.

But beside the dresses, the scenery, the women, there are the men ; the hunchback, a wonderfully dramatic performance his ; the dreamy merchant, the ardent prince, the old sheik who owns the harem, and various other quite delightful people ; clowns, guards, and other incidental characters, and the Sherif of the Bazaar who is a delight. And the music is charming. And each one has his motif, so that one gets to know when the sheik is going to appear by his introductory motif, when the hunchback, when the lover, when Sumurūn, and the other women, each and every one in turn. The music is a quaint motley—soft, caressing, with bits of Wagner, bits of ballet music ; so good of its kind that, unless very musical, one needs to hear it more than once to appreciate the charm and subtlety of it. The whole thing is carried out with a delicious fantastic exaggeration of characterisation, deportment and suggestion, singularly refined and quaint—which, in itself, is a triumph of stage management, and keeps the whole piece in the land of fantasmagoria. With the motif, every character has his or her walk and entry ; right across the stalls on to the stage they come from some magic spot at the back of the pit. Perhaps the most delightful moment in the play is the processional scene, only lasting a few moments, when they all file past, the women whirling round and round like the people on the old friezes. Curiously enough, the very artificiality of it all renders it strangely real. The sense of the theatre disappears. The true *optique* of illusion is created. “*C'est du vrai*,” one exclaims, and really it is the nearest we shall ever get in this world to the mysteries of the Arabian Nights.

Rumour has it that there have been complaints about the dresses, though none of the women are one-half as naked as Maud Allan, and if so one can only weep tears of mortification for the soul of England. For this is a strangely beautiful performance. It has the joy in it of a great painting, a glow of spring and colour like an African sunset. It seems to draw a

SUMURŪN

curtain upon a new world, a world of haunting, sensuous pageantry. The pleasure of it is at once physical and illusionary. It might have been—just ordinary, pretty but tiresome, even vulgar. As it is, it is a great work of art, and no one who has an eye for a spot of colour will ever forget it: the yellow and black silk garment of *Sumurūn*, with her gipsy daintiness, and her kiss with the dreamy merchant; the fierce glamour of atmosphere; the sense of cruelty and passion; that wonderful bed, the eunuch's silks, the hunchback's grief, the harem, the Sherif, a thousand and one impressions of beauty that haunt one like a caress.

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ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

LIFE AND HABIT: AN ESSAY AFTER A COMPLETE VIEW OF EVOLUTION.

By SAMUEL BUTLER. A. C. Fifield, 44 Fleet Street, London. 5s.

Perhaps the most conclusive proof, if one were needed, of the arrogance of the human species is to be found in the fact that the man who was the first to succeed in convincing his fellow men of the truth of evolution, was he who first refused to admit that the intelligence of the living things themselves played any part in bringing about the changes to which evolution is due. Buffon perceived the fact of evolution; so did Erasmus Darwin; so did Lamarck, but they all believed that the purposive efforts of the living things themselves played at least some part in bringing it about; and they likewise all failed to convince their contemporaries of the fact of evolution. Charles Darwin threw the intelligence of the performers in the evolutionary pageant overboard, and put forward, as an explanation of evolution, the theory of natural selection which went straight to the unimaginative heart of the mid-Victorian.

From that time Evolution was accepted as intellectual coinage; with "Evolution" on one face, and "Natural Selection" on the other face of the coin. From that time evolution became, in the most strictly literal sense of the words, lifeless and hopeless—lifeless because, according to the theory of natural selection, living things have not evolved by virtue of any of their essentially vital attributes; and hopeless because, according to the theory of natural selection, no effort of ours can make our children better than their fathers; and because the only way to fight our most formidable enemy, disease, is to expose ourselves to the risk of contracting as many diseases as we can, in order that those of us who are susceptible to one or more of them may be eliminated.

Evolution remained this automatic, lifeless thing until 1877, when *Life and Habit* appeared, and put the breath of life into its nostrils.

We read *Life and Habit* in the spring of 1909. We had been brought up in the school of natural selection; our lectures on Evolution began with Charles Darwin. Evolution, as explained by natural selection, was a drab thing in which we had to believe. The change wrought in us by reading *Life and Habit* was miraculous. An extraordinary change had also come over the living things we saw. They appeared as they had never appeared before. They wore an uncouth aspect which was unfamiliar, and yet strangely familiar, to us. They were alive. Evolution from that time became a thing in which it was not a necessity, but a joy, to believe.

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About a year later the biological library committee of one of our leading scientific institutions met. Of the large number of works which it considered, one only was rejected; Butler's *Life and Habit*. *A Monograph of the Fossil Barrabidæ* was at once passed with subdued murmurs of respectful applause; as were other works of like nature. *Life and Habit* was not merely rejected; it was made the subject of ridicule. One of the committee opened it at random, and read a sentence in which "frog" and "soul" occurred. The suggestion that a frog had a soul provoked roars of laughter. To be acceptable to scientific orthodoxy you must not say that a frog has a soul. If you do, you will be laughed at. But if you say that a sea-urchin's egg has a *psychont* (which is only another word for soul) you will be treated with deference. The future lies with those who prefer the laughter.

JOHN VIRIAMU JONES, AND OTHER OXFORD MEMORIES. By EDWARD BAGNALL POULTON, D.Sc., M.A. Longmans, Green. 8s. 6d. net.

Considering the glamour which hangs over the three or four years of a man's Oxford life, and the romantic memories which become so quickly associated with them, it is strange that more and better books are not written to enshrine these memories. The invariable comment of a University man upon the University novel is that it is not in any sense true to life; the more welcome, therefore, are the unpretentious volumes of reminiscences which occasionally appear. To the comparatively small number of the latter Professor Poulton has just given us a welcome addition. The period dealt with in this volume which is, in part only, the history of a great friendship, is from 1876 until the present day. Viriamu Jones, who was a giant in his day, must have had an extraordinary power of making friends, a power which it is easy to realise after looking at the fine strong face which is shown in the frontispiece. He was principal of University College, Cardiff, and at Oxford took high honours in Mathematics and in the Science School. But his life-work was the building up of modern Universities in big industrial centres, and his first success was to be elected Principal, and Professor of Mathematics and Physics in Frith College, Sheffield. Two years later, at the age of twenty-seven, he was given the first Principalship of the University College of South Wales. To the development of this institution he devoted his life, and for seventeen years he spent his energies in building up the reputation of the new college, though latterly he also took a leading part in the foundation of the University in Wales. He became a F.R.S. in 1899, and died in 1901. His statue stands in University College, Cardiff, and bears the following inscription: "This statue was erected by his friends in memory of his wise, unwearied spirit, and of a life devoted to the service of his country."

Professor Poulton has collected a number of intimate stories about his friends, which will bring back to any Oxford man the familiar fragrance of old days. On the subject of Oxford Reform Professor Poulton has much of interest and value to say; he is a strong believer in Oxford, in a progressive Oxford that is to say, revitalised by the modern spirit. Something of the freshness of his faith is symbolised in the bright green-and-white covers, the colours of Jesus College and of Wales.

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A HOLIDAY WITH A HEGELIAN. By FRANCIS SEDLÁK. A. C. Fifield. 3s. 6d. net.

On page 46 the author, referring to Hegel's revision of the *Science of Logic*, says: "It may safely be taken for granted that he was by then fully competent to say just what he wished to say; and to say it, too, in the simplest possible way." It is to be hoped that, before Mr. Sedlák sits down to write another book, he will try to get a little nearer to a simple method of expression. Hegel's *Science of Logic*, his *Phenomenology*, or any works of his which one may take up, are lucid, forcible, and compel attention independently of the reader's view of the subjects on which they treat. Sedlák's attempt at an exposition of the Hegelian system is complex, bewildering phrase-building, and is far more likely to frighten its would-be readers away from Hegel than to make converts to the system which it essays to expound.

THE PARTY SYSTEM. By HILAIRE BELLOC and CECIL CHESTERTON. Stephen Swift.

Belloc *plus* a Chesterton on the evils of the Party System ought to be entertaining, and, as a fact, they are so, literally boiling over with literary and righteous indignation. What they say is unquestionably true. Our Party System has reached a stage of absurdity. What with Mr. Balfour's nepotism, the power of money, the flagrant sales of titles, the disciplinarian treatment meted out to unruly members—see Harold Cox, Carlyon Bellairs, Belloc himself—party politics has now resolved itself into an open game of time-servers and placemen under the tyranny of the Front Benches and the rival leaders. People should certainly read this formidable indictment. And the authors have not been squeamish. There is the case of Mr. Masterman who, in 1908, voted for the Right to Work Bill, but when in May of the same year he accepted a place with a salary of £1200 a year (now £1500), he voted next April against the same Bill. As the authors remark, he seems to be regarded as a politician of exceptionally high ideals. Then there is the conspiracy of the rival leaders; the Front Bench conspiracy; the secret use of party money and the payments of money; the traffic of titles and the Press. This last subject has only been treated in a note—which is a pity, for it is most germane to any real consideration of the evil. On this question they must write another book. That might be highly sensational. People can read this work with profit, but it is to be feared many will remark, "Well, it's a game isn't it, like the ring—for a knock-out?"

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. By EDWARD SCRIBNER AMES, Ph.D. Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

Dr. Ames divides his inquiry into two parts—or rather three. First he investigates the origin of religion in the race. Then he gives us a logical, if not altogether persuasive, account of the rise of religion in the individual. And finally he discusses the place of religion in the experience of the individual and society. Religion is to him, not a searching after God, but the symbolic effort of human society to express its highest ideals and of the individual to identify his will with the social will at its noblest. Anthropologists will feel that Dr. Ames is inclined to be rather

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dogmatic in his generalisations about the origins of sacrifice, prayer, ceremonials, belief in spirits and so forth. His book, indeed, is rather the able presentation of an idea than an impartial survey of facts. His marked bias considerably lessens the force of some of his arguments.

THE LADY. By EMILY JANE PUTNAM. Putnam's. 10s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Putnam's studies of the lady in Greece, in Rome, and during the Middle Ages, are brilliant and well-composed, and her chapters on the lady of the Renaissance, the lady of the *salon*, the blue-stocking, and the lady of the Slave States in America are also exceedingly interesting. She draws a clever parallel between the Oriental treatment of the lady in feminist Athens and the robust freedom enjoyed by women in anti-feminist Rome. Perhaps the most controversial statement in the book is that the Middle Ages inherited baths and cleanliness from the classic civilisations and that it was only with the Renaissance that dirt triumphed. Unfortunately, there are no footnotes or references for such statements as this. One can hardly call this a fault, however, in Mrs. Putnam's sparkling and imaginative pages.

BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

AMURATH TO AMURATH. By GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL. London: Heinemann. 16s. net.

It has been left for a woman to write what is perhaps the finest book of Eastern travel produced in England since Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta*. There is latent in all women something quick and irrational which is the germ of the traveller's most necessary endowment, an intuitive knowledge of strange personalities. The instinct which tells us when to beware and when entirely to trust is a gift the possession of which is of great value in every corner of Europe, and becomes a matter of life and death among the fanatical tribes of the desert. Miss Bell has further a literary power already proved in *The Desert and the Sown*, which enables her to call up in a few words the very heat and smell of the desert. She has done for the scarred and ill-charted wastes of Mesopotamia and the desert to the west of the Euphrates, what Isabelle Eberhardt did so vividly, in her few tragic years, for the outskirts of the Sahara. But the latter had, we believe, the advantage of native blood; while Miss Bell adds to the sense of atmosphere and existing life a sound scholarship and archaeological knowledge acquired in the school of such men as Mr. D. G. Hogarth, and the veteran Sir William Ramsay, with whom she collaborated in *The Thousand and One Churches of Asia*. Of the antiquarian and geographical results of her journey it is impossible to speak here. But perhaps we may refer to the most important piece of work accomplished, the architectural study of the Sassanian palace of Ūkheidir; for we think her plans and photographs make it clear that it cannot be later than the Mohammedan conquest, and is probably a definite monument of the Lakhmid power at Hīrah.

Exactly two years ago Miss Bell started with her caravan from Aleppo, struck the Euphrates at Tell-Ahmar, travelled down the left bank to Anah, where she crossed again, and so, riding always about six hours a

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day, to Hît—Hît where the primitive furnaces of the asphalt-burners are still smoking and stinking as they smoked undoubtedly in the days of Herodotus, and stank to produce the tribute of bitumen exacted by Thothmes III. From Hît Miss Bell plunged into the desert which is given over to the lawless power of the Deleim, well recompensed for the danger by Ukheidir, and, may we add, by the friendship of that delightful Sheikh of the Deleim, Muhammad el 'Abdullah, who sang a *kasidah* in honour of a motor-car; a motor-car in which some hardy traveller had ventured across the desert the year before. She rejoined her caravan at Museyib by way of Kerbela, the Mecca of Persian Mohammedans; so holy is its soil that "the Khâns are insalubrious, to say the least," she reminds us, owing to the fact that they are packed with dead bodies awaiting their final burial in the shadow of Hussein's tomb. She visited the German excavations at Babylon, Seleucia of the Diadochi, and Ctesiphon of the Sassanians, and so came to Baghdad at the beginning of April. Thence she travelled up the Tigris to Mōsul, Zâkhō, Diyarbekr, Kharput, and Cæsarea; joined the Baghdad Railway at Bulgurlu, and by the end of June was in Konia.

The map which accompanies the volume is admirably clear, although the chief topographical results of her journey, in the identification of historical sites on the Euphrates, have been published in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*. But we may notice that it follows Kiepert in marking 'Ukbarâ to the north of Wāneh, while Miss Bell in the text expressly reverses their position, noting that she "rode from 'Ukbarâ in a north-westerly direction and reached Wāneh in forty-five minutes."

No part of the world's surface which has seen the rhythmic generations of men build glory out of the dust, is richer than Mesopotamia in memories of empire and civilisation. Standing on some brown mound by the Euphrates, marked only by an elementary water-wheel which for a season fringes the desert with green, we can look back over a recession of strong dynasties and conquering armies. For many stages of her journey Miss Bell substituted for the ordinary guide-books the works of Xenophon and Ammianus Marcellinus. The Roman Empire, which for us Occidentals constitutes in a sense the whole of modern civilisation, is the merest incident in the land of Nineveh and Babylon. Yet while the British Museum has made us realise, to a certain extent, the imperial majesty of Hittites and Assyrians before Greece and Rome, we remain unconscious of the brilliant civilisations developed in the same lands during the Ages we presume to call Dark. If we read in Marco Polo that very short chapter of the Fall of Baghdad before the Mongols of Hūlagū, we do not think of the five hundred years of 'Abbasid Empire that then fell down, though of its most brilliant ruler, Hārūn-al-Rashīd, we have made a figure in a fairy tale: yet the Caliphate of Baghdad was only a period in the history of Islam, and even Islam is a modern incident in the history of this land. Here many towns in different ages have risen on the same sites, as at Manbij, which you may call, if you please Bambyce, or Hierapolis. And as the German excavator at Kal' at Shergât was driven to plan one city by a system of underground tunnels, in order to leave undisturbed the superimposed foundations of another, so we are to imagine three cities, Callinicum, Rakkah, and Rafikāh built successively over the Nicephorium

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founded by Alexander, and all four jumbled into a common mound of ruins by the end of the thirteenth century.

Cities and Thrones and Powers
Stand in Time's eye
Almost as long as flowers,
Which daily die:
But, as new buds put forth,
To glad new men,
Out of the spent and unconsidered Earth
The Cities rise again.

Now it is the Turkish Empire which represents civilisation in the waste, with here and there an isolated guard-house, containing two or three unpaid soldiers: they meditate on the unharvested desert, which is given over to a network of raids among the still lawless Bedouin. But this was two years ago; and then already rumours were to be heard everywhere of "Liberty" and "Constitution," strange new commodities to be had from Stambul, but generally regarded as unnecessary if not positively dangerous. Miss Bell entered Mōsul on the morning of Mehmed's accession, which may have been the beginning of a new era.

We fear we have only indicated vaguely the substance of this book without conveying anything of its charm. After all the rumours and remains of empires we come back to the camp-fire under the stars, with the murmur of the Great River in the darkness, while the faithful Fattuh, resourceful, solemn, and ingenuous, prepares the tent in the desert, undisarmed by the memories of the past or the prospect of the future.

Miss Bell writes broadly and simply of all these things, and often, as, for instance, in the prefatory letter to Lord Cromer, touches the grand style. Literary style, after all, like every other art, is a matter of emotion. Many a writer has attained greatness *quia multum amavit*; and Miss Bell loves the land and the people of whom she tells.

MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS OF HELENA MODJESKA. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

There was material here for what might have been a very delightful autobiography. The personality of the authoress reveals itself as both simple and lovable; her early life, first in Poland and later in the wilds of California, was full of incident; all the experiences and triumphs of a great actress were available for a background to the scene, and her distinguished acquaintanceships for its enlivenment. Yet the story falls a little flat. The weight of the book (4 lb.) may possibly have something to do with the feeling of weariness with which we put it down. It is profusely illustrated, and most of the notable artists of Europe and America figure upon its pages—from Paderewski to Longfellow.

A VACABOND IN THE CAUCASUS. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. London: John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Stephen Graham, working in London like an exemplary citizen, suddenly realised, with the help of Carlyle, that for the good of his soul and probably, though he does not mention it, for the good of his body, he must "escape from prison."

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Acting on this vague feeling he went off for a year's tramp in Russia, to enjoy a double escape, from modern England and from civilisation. He spent the winter with friends in Little Russia, and as a student in Moscow; living the life which we all know vaguely from the novels, and feasting on a few kopecks a day, as only a student can. But with the spring he was off to Vladikavkaz, and began his wandering—tramping through the mountains and sleeping under the stars. His descriptions of the coming of summer in the Caucasus are among the best in a good-spirited book. Mr. Graham always writes well, and by some gift of sympathy gives us through all his humorous pictures of dirt, vodka, and ignorance, a real sense of the Russian temperament. For there is a power that gives that sprawling Empire a clearer individuality perhaps than any other European nation, which we have vaguely perceived here in London across the most conventional footlights, in the personality of a Russian dancer or the sound of a *balalaika*.

SHANS AT HOME. By Mrs. LESLIE MILNE. Illustrated. Murray. 15s. net.

Mrs. Milne has written a joyous book about a delightful people. She is at once a scientific observer and an entertaining gossip, and even the lay reader, who has never heard of the Shans before, and now learns for the first time that they live somewhere between Burmah and Siam, will be fascinated by the description of their schools, their marriage customs, their relations with the spirits, their games, their funeral ceremonies, their medicine, their toil in plantation and jungle, and, above all, of their happy children. *Shans at Home* is more than a travel book. It is an intimate picture of the life of a people. The season has produced few books more pleasant both in the writing and in the illustrations.

FICTION

THE PROFITABLE IMBROGLIO. By ADRIAN HAYTER. London: Duckworth. 6s.

We hope that book-buyers will hasten to encourage Messrs. Duckworth's enterprise in publishing this amusing tale. Imagine the ordinary publisher's timid surprise at being asked to offer the libraries a novel, a story of romance and intrigue, with literary allusions on every page, and a hero who is a scholar and talks admirable nonsense flavoured with quotations from the Latin poets! The vein of *The New Arabian Nights* is not exhausted, if only publishers will encourage its working. And whoever wishes to support good literature should insist on having even his detective stories delicately written. We know, remembering Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Grand Babylon Hotel*, that a shilling shocker may be a work of art and humour; and there is a charm about the frivolity of a serious literary artist comparable, I suppose, to that of Burne-Jones' caricatures.

The Profitable Imbroglia is a tale, graceful, humorous, and scholarly, of a mysterious society of Ten, moving in the highest circles of politics and finance, who are accidentally discovered by a quiet but appreciative student of Silver Latin, *satis temerarius*; his talent for adventure is justly

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rewarded by a professorship as well as by Lettice with her cloud of brown hair.

But who is "Adrian Hayter"? A scholar with a knowledge of London and journalistic life; who combines the study of Petronius and Apuleius with a catholic taste in English poetry from Shakespeare to John Davidson; rather careless in correcting his proofs, and in referring to the painter of the *Idyll* as Maurice Greiffenstein: there cannot be many men in London answering to this description—though there was a man in the Café de l'Europe the other night reading Propertius in the smoke; which should stimulate Adrian Hayter to give us another Imbroglío.

WIDDERSHINS. By OLIVER ONIONS. London: Martin Secker. 6s.

"What makes you dance Widdershins?" said the King's daughter, as you will remember, to the old crone, in one of Stevenson's fables. And we are tempted to address the same question to Mr. Oliver Onions: why does he long to make our flesh creep when he has the power to stir in us some more permanent emotion? There is no doubt about Mr. Onions' literary power: in the setting and the telling of a short story, in touches of character and reality, in sense of words and form, he must be placed in the first rank of artists. Advancing time has laid the ghost story proper; it is apt to degenerate, where it survives, as in one or two stories in this book, into a study of madness, which is no proper subject for an artist, any more than the pathology of any other horrible disease. But what fine stories are the best of the others, dealing with some sorts of "kinks in time" (as Mr. Wells said years ago in one of his own stories): "Phantas," of an Elizabethan sailor on his sinking ship who sees and speaks with his own reincarnation in command of a modern destroyer; a story, we venture to say, worthy of Mr. Kipling in the days before the invention of imperial shorthand. "The Accident," which quite small details at the beginning and the end make absolutely convincing. And "Io," a masterly and beautiful conjunction of clerkly life and Dionysiac ecstasy. Another of these stories, by the way, called "The Cigarette Case," is a curious parallel to the account recently published by two ladies of their queer visit to Versailles.

IMPATIENT GRISELDA, A COMEDY IN RESOLVED DISCORDS. By LAWRENCE NORTH. Martin Secker. 6s.

"Jack always kisses me good-night, just like Robert," says Mrs. Lightfoot; "that is always reassuring for a mother." And so Jack is asked to come and live with them, that is, with Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot, and Robert and Griselda. Luckily, since Mr. North is an optimist, Mrs. Lightfoot was born—or shall we say, created—to be wrong. Besides, she soon becomes suspicious, and this conduct puts thoughts into their heads. So far so good; but Griselda has a talent for music, and is determined to emancipate herself, in spite of her mother's oppositions; and true emancipation has no room for man. Still, in a moment of domestic tension, she becomes engaged to Jack. The next morning she runs away and breaks off the engagement. A few years later she returns to England, the greatest pianist of her age. Jack proposes a few times more, but how can he show he is anything but a loafer? Oh, he has been studying music in the

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interval, and finding Griselda asleep, he wakes her by playing one of her own compositions, with a verbal exposition of its meaning. His sympathetic understanding wins the day.

It is a light and merry theme, and quite unreal. Mr. North seems hardly conscious enough of its unreality. Instead of contenting himself with drawing sparkles from its polished surface, he pretends to illuminate the depths beneath with long analyses of motives and characters. But his dialogue is as sparkling as the theme demands, and we heartily commend it to readers who have any portion of Jack Horner's talent.

LA VAGABONDE. Par COLETTE WILLY. Ollendorff, Paris.

La Vagabonde is personal from title to colophon ; it is written in the first person : the heroine is a woman who has divorced her husband and has gone on the music-hall stage to earn her living. The husband is described as a liar by nature and an altogether infamous reptile, who takes his wife's money and beats her while making her associate with his cast-off mistresses. This part of the book is far too bitter ; it has all the faults of a photograph and a caricature combined, and therefore is probably taken from life.

But when Madame Willy paints her life as a music-hall dancer and singer and describes the dawn in her sore heart of a new love she passes into literature and writes like a great artist. In no French novel has love been handled with this realistic directness and truth and this charm of passionate tenderness. The end of the book is in the air. Here we evidently meet again the disturbing note of personal experience.

The book is admirably written ; the style is easy, supple, vivid, full of light and life, an excellent example of that super-excellent thing, modern French prose. If only Madame Colette would write a book without thinking of her husband, or if she would follow the example of Goethe and get rid of her bitterness by telling the whole story of her husband's infidelities and their effect on her the public would have reason to congratulate itself.

BARKER'S. By E. H. LACON WATSON. John Murray. 6s.

Barker's is a publishing firm of prodigious respectability which awakens to find itself in a commercial backwater. New blood is introduced in the shape of the hero—we are not quite sure whether he is intended to be the hero, although he gets most of the limelight—who tries to mend matters by a disastrous business transaction with a notorious lady novelist, and by a valiant effort to establish a book-stall magazine. Mr. Watson depicts authors and journalists, and hints at the financial problems of publishing with good humour and obvious inside knowledge. His pictures of the Pen and Ink Club will interest, especially those who may think they can recognise under that name a lively portraiture of a certain club and its members known to privileged people in Fleet Street. And around these matters he has woven a love story of unusual interest.

This reviewer's instincts are ever in the direction of looking for sign of literary influence and parentage, so Mr. Watson must not take amiss a final observation that in telling his story through the mouth of a detached and somewhat melancholy bachelor of a metaphysical turn of mind and

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possessed of superabundant modesty, the author of *Barker's* has perhaps paid Mr. W. J. Locke that compliment which has rightly been termed the sincerest flattery.

GENERAL LITERATURE

REGILDING THE CRESCENT. By F. G. AFLALO. Martin Secker. 10s. 6d. net.

Had this book concerned English matters instead of Turkish affairs the author would probably have reaped a little crop of libel actions out of his enterprise, for the *Who's Who* of Turkish politics with which he opens his subject is decidedly frank. The characterisation of Abd-ul-Hamid is more than frank, for in a brief relation of some aspects of the late Sultan's life the writer has given an admirably clear portrait of this villain in the unending melodrama of the East.

The phrase, "the ruling Turk has hitherto had no proper sense of his obligations," epitomises the writer's view, and is ominous with regard to the future of the country. To change this attitude is, apparently, to modify the national character, and between this Herculean task and the almost equally difficult business of divorcing religion from politics—revising the Koran—it appears that the Young Turks have, to adopt a current Westernism, bitten off more than they can chew. So much for the standpoint from which the author views Turkey.

In his work he has compiled a brief—all too brief—handbook for students of the Turkish situation. The book is admirably concise, but from its brevity one gathers an impression of condensation, of much untold behind the told. The story of the well-engineered revolution of 1908-1909 is related dramatically and well, and a sketch is given of the work of the early parliaments; the rest is outline—solid, useful, and compiled with careful regard to relative values, but still outline only.

The merit of the book is such as to give rise to the hope that some day its author may find time to compile a fuller history of the inception of the Young Turkish movement. In this volume he has provided what should prove a standard though unpretentious work of reference on the subject. A number of excellent illustrations add value to the book.

GETTING ON: THE CONFESSIONS OF A PUBLISHER. By JOHN ADAMS THAYER. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.

Smart! Or, to pronounce it rightly, as of the soil, smar-r-r-rt, with the vowel effect as of the D string of a violin tuned flat. It is the right adjective to describe the book, and the one moreover, which the writer would at any time, one suspects, have selected as the adjective in the dictionary most complimentary and to be desired in reference to himself. We are dealing with autobiography, and, whatever modesty he may affect, the writer of his own life stands committed always to an opinion that his is a career which other men want to read about, and ought to read about, and concerning which they cannot be expected to wait until the panegyrics are pronounced ultimately and finally by a second person.

Getting On is a dazzling sketch of the smart hustling career of a strenuous publisher hailing from that land which proclaims "git on, or git out," as the ultimate maxim of business life.

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It is a breezy, breathless, self-confident sort of book, with odd and rather repellent glimpses of the American commercial ideal, also of the American man whose natural piety expresses itself in a sort of easy profanity. It is well printed and clearly expressed, and demonstrates in a quite disheartening way how unlovely a thing even our time-honoured English tongue can become under the rapid pen of a smart and successful American business man.

JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN. Edited by ELIZABETH BISLAND. Constable. 12s. net.

This volume forms a valuable appendix to the well-known *Life and Letters*, also associated with Mrs. Bisland's name ; but it has an independent interest of its own. The series of intimate letters to Basil Hall Chamberlain, which cover nearly 400 pages, were written in the space of four years. All Hearn's most characteristic and most charming qualities appear in them ; and his life—that is, his reading, his reflections and impressions—unfolds itself liberally from day to day. The letters to W. B. Mason are only less important because there are fewer of them. The volume closes with a dozen or more very sweet *billets* sent to Mrs. Hearn by her husband when he was away on a holiday.

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE. By W. H. HUDSON. Methuen.

This is the work of a genuine lover of letters, a man of the open weald. A trace almost of the gipsy lingers in this volume, so full of the air is it, of the long, knubbed Downs of Wiltshire hard by Salisbury Cathedral and the great relics of the Druids. And rightly the only figures that flit across it are the sheep and their shepherds, gaunt, silent, weather-wise fellows these, with whom the author has often stood in intimate communion. It is no easy thing to know a shepherd, but Mr. Hudson knows them as they know their sheep. Delightful are their tales, their quaint reminiscences of the land, their knowledge of nature and animals, their wonderful loneliness. All through the book there come the scent and savour of the soil, of those naked downs—chalk which spoils everything, as Gilpin said—with their monotony and desolation, bareness and sadness, unchanged since the days of the Conquest. Mr. Hudson is also a great stylist. The art is much concealed, but it is there, and as one reads one feels oneself drawn irresistibly as by a spell, and the stories of these sheep and shepherds and their dogs become real and beautiful. Once more Mr. Hudson has shown himself to be the truest writer on animals living.

POETRY AND DRAMA

BRITANNIA POEMS : SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND SATIRICAL. With a Preface on Poetry and Politics. By H. V. STOREY. Oxford : Shelley Book Agency. 3s. 6d. net.

In his preface Mr. Storey deals first of all with the fact that he sent out for review forty-eight copies of his last book, *Home Once More*, and received only twenty-nine notices : he is a little annoyed with the nineteen papers which ignored it. But he can hardly expect an editor to return,

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at his own expense, all the volumes which he has no space to notice. However Mr. Storey treats his grievance sensibly and not without humour. When he turns to Poetry and Politics we cordially agree with many of his vigorous remarks on poetry and its subject-matter. But we doubt if great poems have survived, as he implies, *because* they were polemical; if this were so we should not be so frequently offended by the parson who professes to admire Shelley's poetry while ignoring his opinions.

We sympathise again with Mr. Storey when he advocates nationalism in English poetry; and when he claims the right to be didactic and topical, to produce "sermons in rhyme."

Having said so much by way of introduction, Mr. Storey leaves to the reader and critic the question "whether these *Britannia Poems* are beautiful sermons or have enough of power in them to be poetic with the vigour of truth and far vision?" The answer is unfortunately in the negative.

Some of the pieces in blank verse come near, in spite of clumsiness, to being good simple rhetoric, but Mr. Storey has no fire, no choice of language, no sense of rhythm. He is a good politician.

SONNETS. By FERDINAND EARLE. Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net and 5s. net.

Mr. Earle "frets not at his cell." To him "the apparently rigid rules of sonnet-making adapt themselves wonderfully to the needs of the craftsman"; more easily, it must be added, to his prose than to his poetry. Three or four vague and disconnected "fancies" about a single subject can be twisted readily into a form, into which a simple emotion of a poet must be hammered white-hot. Mr. Earle is not prosaic, but he has not sustained enough poetic impulse to fill his fourteen lines. They read too like a series of "happy thoughts," obscure by reason of their disconnection.

Apparently his chief interest is in technique. He experiments with a new arrangement of rhymes in the octet—*abbbaaab*.

"MID-CHANNEL." A Play by SIR ARTHUR PINERO. Heinemann.

Mid-Channel had a short run in London, and was pronounced a failure; yet, in spite of its glaring faults, it ranks among the few fine psychological studies written by an Englishman for the Modern English Stage. The faults are faults in construction which, if the author's name were unknown, could be dismissed as the result of inexperience.

As it is, it is difficult to imagine why Sir Arthur chose so clumsy a title, or why he wrote so inflated a speech as the one from which it is taken; why he created such dummy figures as Mrs. Pierrepont, Ethel Pierrepont, and Peter Mottram, or why he made Leonard Ferris go straight from Zoë when she dismissed him, and propose marriage to her girl friend on the same day. So much for the faults. But now we come to its merit—straightforward, hard, commonplace, crude, reality! Zoë and Theodore Blundell have lived together for thirteen years. They have discovered that their marriage has been a failure. They get on each other's nerves; and that is the crux of the whole tragedy. The climax comes after the first of the many masterly scenes.

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"THEODORE (*starting up*). Oh.

He goes to the bell and rings it continuously.

"ZOË (*wildly*). Why do you keep on ringing that bell ?

"THEODORE (*in a loud voice*). I suppose I can ring the bell if I like !

"ZOË. You can go to the devil if you like !"

He goes. He writes her a cruel note, encloses his key, packs his things and, setting up a "bachelor" flat, pretends to be happy.

Zoë, misunderstood and left to herself, is too restless to stay where she is ; taking her maid, she goes to Italy, not pretending to be happy at all.

She is followed to Florence by one of her "tame robins," and allows him to travel about with her. After a few months she comes home and goes to her husband. She hears his confession, forgives him, and agrees to take him back. Then he asks for an account of her jaunt to Italy. Bit by bit he drags the truth from her, and she tells it all : "It was in Florence I first lost my senses. I'd been pitying you, hating myself for the way I'd served you. . . . Trying to concoct a letter to you. And then one came from *him*, telling me you . . . were having a splendid time. . . . It made me furious . . . and when he came through to me I was half beside myself. . . ."

All the important scenes are written with this insight into human nature, human folly and weakness, which grips us by the sheer unvarnished truths it brings to light. It is a real tragedy of everyday life. If it had been less ugly it would not have been true. There is too much empty technique in our modern art—it is Reality of Feeling we want, and this we get in *Mid-Channel*.

BALDUR THE BEAUTIFUL. By GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD. Putnam's Sons.

Miss Litchfield is a serious and accomplished poetess, who has the courage to undertake hard labours and carry them through. Although her theme and treatment are both, perhaps, a little academic, her work is remarkable and deserves attention. The name of Baldur at once suggests that of Matthew Arnold to English readers, but the poem is wonderfully free from any reminiscence of Baldur Dead. Its blank verse is handled with variety and boldness, everywhere dignified and adequate, and in some passages impressive and beautiful. The inset lyrics break the flow of the narrative without quite justifying themselves, and those that come from the mouth of Baldur are the least successful. It is a safe rule that divine achievements may be alluded to but not exemplified.

Although every precaution is taken, the Proprietor will not be responsible for the loss of, or damage or any other accidents that may occur to, the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration.